

PHOTOPLAY

AUGUST
25 CENTS
30 cents in Canada



Earl Christy

JANET
GAYNOR

13 Irresistible Women



★ Sweets to the sweet — and that means Tutti-Frutti for RKO's fascinating Sidney Fox.



★ You'd think Wheeler and Woolsey, RKO comics, would agree, but Bert goes for minty Spearmint —



★ While Robert Woolsey thinks nothing quite equals tangy Cinnamon.



★ Thelma Todd, lovely RKO star, votes for Peppermint because of its peppy taste.



★ Sidney Blackmer, captured by RKO from the Broadway stage, claims Licorice as his favorite.

*Five
Fresh
Flavors*

DELICIOUS—quality chewing gum in a crisp candy coating. You are sure to like them.

FLAVORFUL—choose your favorite Tempters from Peppermint, Spearmint, Licorice, Cinnamon, or Tutti-Frutti. Try one of each. You'll like them all.

COLORFUL—a different and tempting color for every sparkling flavor.

FRESH—the candy coating seals the flavor in 'til your first exciting taste.

Four Tempters in a transparent pack. Three packs for five cents. Five flavors to choose from. Chew them every day.



Multi-Ring Circus! A mighty drama. An eye-and-earspectacle. Thousands of extras, 500 horsemen galloping up Palace stairs in a cavalcade of fury...priests in solemn procession...the most gorgeous wedding ever screened...all against a background of marvelous music and choral singing.

With the Reigning Beauty of the Screen. MARLENE DIETRICH as the woman of fire, leading Hell-riding Cossacks or as the woman of love, surrounded by her admiring courtiers, has never been more beautiful. Gowned in twenty different costumes, she is truly and incredibly lovely.

MARLENE DIETRICH

in "THE SCARLET EMPRESS"

with John Lodge, Sam Jaffe, Louise Dresser

Directed by JOSEF VON STERNBERG

If it's a Paramount Picture, it's the best show in town!



If Robert Louis Stevenson had
traded his pen for a camera..



Wallace
B E E R Y
Jackie
COOPER
IN ROBERT LOUIS STEVENSON'S
TREASURE ISLAND

Little did he know that one day his immortal story of "Treasure Island" would come to life...just as his other thrill-novel "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" captivated the world. Two million copies of "Treasure Island" have quickened the heart-beat of men, women and children.

Glorious news that each exciting moment has been recaptured to stir your soul! Wallace Beery is Long John Silver, and Jackie Cooper is the adventurous youth Jim Hawkins, whose boyish loyalty will grip your emotions, as he did before when he adored his "Champ" with tear-dimmed eyes. Lionel Barrymore too, gives his most thrilling performance. See the cast of all-stars!

It is a great picture and Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is proud to have devoted its vast resources to the production of this, the year's important entertainment!

WALLACE BEERY *as* Long John Silver
JACKIE COOPER *as* Jim Hawkins
LIONEL BARRYMORE *as* Billy Bones
OTTO KRUGER *as* Dr. Livesey
LEWIS STONE *as* Captain Smollett
"CHIC" SALE *as* Ben Gunn
WILLIAM V. MONG *as* Old Pew
DOROTHY PETERSON *as* Mrs. Hawkins

Directed by Victor Fleming • Produced by Hunt Stromberg
A METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER PICTURE

PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY, *Publisher*
William T. Walsh, *Managing Editor*

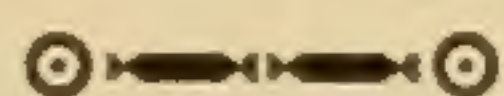
Vol. XLVI No. 3

August, 1934



Winners of Photoplay
Magazine Gold Medal for
the best picture of the year

1920
"HUMORESQUE"
1921
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"
1922
"ROBIN HOOD"
1923
"THE COVERED WAGON"
1924
"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"
1925
"THE BIG PARADE"
1926
"BEAU GESTE"
1927
"7th HEAVEN"
1928
"FOUR SONS"
1929
"DISRAELI"
1930
"ALL QUIET ON THE
WESTERN FRONT"
1931
"CIMARRON"
1932
"SMILIN' THROUGH"



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On the Cover—Janet Gaynor—Painted by Earl Christy

Published monthly by the PHOTOPLAY PUBLISHING CO.

Publishing Office, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

Editorial Offices, 221 W. 57th St., New York City

The International News Company, Ltd., Distributing Agents, 5 Bream's Building, London, England

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YEARLY SUBSCRIPTION: \$2.50 in the United States, its dependencies, Mexico and Cuba; \$3.50 Canada; \$3.50 for foreign countries. Remittances should be made by check, or postal or express money order. CAUTION—Do not subscribe through persons unknown to you.

Entered as second-class matter April 24, 1912, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

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The Audience Talks Back

When the audience speaks the stars and producers listen. We offer three prizes for the best letters of the month—\$25, \$10 and \$5. Literary ability doesn't count. But candid opinions and constructive suggestions do. We must reserve the right to cut letters to fit space limitations. Address The Editor, PHOTOPLAY, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.



Let it not be said that Mae West is the men's own idol, for our mailbag tells another story. This buxom Gibson girl, who appears in "It Ain't No Sin," now has quite an edge on the feminine market

THE \$25 LETTER

The old silent drammers were thrill packing
slammers
That everyone liked to attend;
And though not constructive or sexy seductive
You cheered from beginning to end.

Them were the days of the old drammer
plays
You could watch with a right good will;
You'd stand for a time then you'd drop in a
dime
For the starting of "Buffalo Bill."

The "kids" would start stamping as Bill Hart
went romping
And knockin' the Indians down;
He'd shoot more than twenty while lead flew
aplenty
And drive all the varmints from town.

LET'S settle this Garbo-Hepburn dispute once and for all. Opinions on the subject have been coming in such great numbers that it didn't seem fair to close the issue without everyone having a say. But now we've all had time, and next month readers will state their final choice. Or if two thrones in the fairyland called Hollywood seem to be the solution, you'll hear about that.

There is great interest in who will be the lead if a film on the life of Napoleon is produced.

Praise for "House of Rothschild" in which George Arliss gives such a remarkable portrayal, is being shouted from the housetops.

And our article, "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," in June issue, has created more of a stir than anything published in recent months.

When tough William Farnum played "Westerns" gal-darnum
He'd fan it with any stranger;
He travelled the plain like the real "Buck Duane"
In that thriller, "The Lone Star Ranger."

While smilin' John Bunny in stunts that were funny
Just kept the whole house in a roar;
His comedy trainin' was so entertainin'
It filled every seat to the door.

STANLEY WORDEN, Oxford, N. Y.

THE \$10 LETTER

The comic strips portray teachers as double-eyed dames with enough hair to put the Sutherland Sisters out of a job. But they never picture us as we often picture ourselves—rushing madly out the schoolroom door, wildly tearing out hair as we run.

If you've tried to keep the attention of forty-odd (and I mean odd) youngsters during a spring geography or civic topic period, you'll sympathize.

The movies have done more for teachers than earthquake-proof buildings and free air at recess.

EVA DUNBAR, Oakland, Calif.

THE \$5 LETTER

We, of the alien audience, view with alarm the possibility of the United States Congress barring foreign actors from American films.

We realize that American pictures will lose a large following abroad. Immediately their pictures will be boycotted, regardless of the high esteem in which such lovely stars as Joan Crawford, Claudette Colbert, Katharine Hepburn, Mae West and many more popular favorites are held.

American films owe their high standing to the farsightedness of directors, who realize that art and artists are international.

The large increase in movie attendance in the States and in foreign countries is without doubt to be attributed to the directors' understanding of their public, who frequently require a new face and a new technique.

MAY MOSSE, St. Georges, Bermuda

A CHAMPAGNE TOAST!

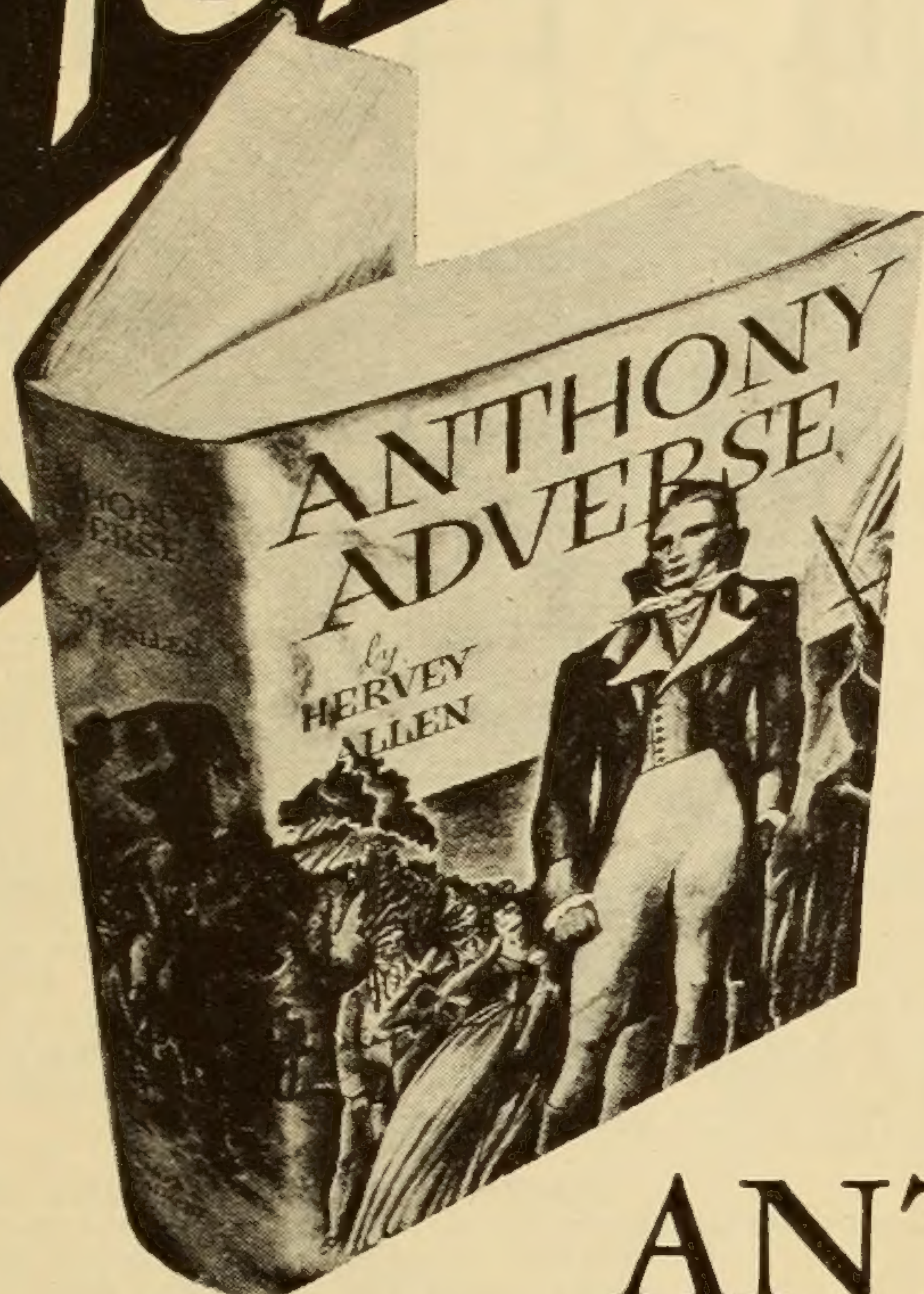
Pictures have added lustre since beautiful and talented Mae West appeared. Our serenely confident young woman is the "caviar" of them all. She is highly imaginative, amusing and utterly smart, expressing herself as no one else can!

Her gay witticisms and sly innuendoes are something to remember her by.

LOIS B. O'NEILL, Tuckahoe, N. Y.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

\$10,000.00 in prizes



CAST YOUR VOTE in the
NATION-WIDE POLL
to select the CAST for
the WARNER BROTHERS
film dramatization of

ANTHONY ADVERSE

BIG NEWS! Probably the biggest news in the history of motion pictures!

"Anthony Adverse," universally acclaimed the greatest historical romance of our time, goes into production at the Warner Brothers Studios this fall.

All America is asking: WHO WILL PLAY THE PART OF "ANTHONY ADVERSE"? . . . WHO WILL PORTRAY THE CHARACTER OF THE VILLAINOUS "DON LUIS"? . . . WHAT STAR IN HOLLYWOOD IS BEST FITTED TO IMPERSONATE THE CHARACTER OF THE BEAUTIFUL "DOLORES"?

So often have these questions been asked, so difficult is it to solve the problem, that Jack Warner, Production Chief at Warner Brothers Studios, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have decided to get the help of every movie fan in the United States. The question is: WHO SHOULD PLAY THE PARTS OF THE TWELVE MOST IMPORTANT CHARACTERS IN ANTHONY ADVERSE? SEND US YOUR CHOICE. To those who answer this question in a way that proves they know their movies, prizes of over \$10,000.00 will be awarded.

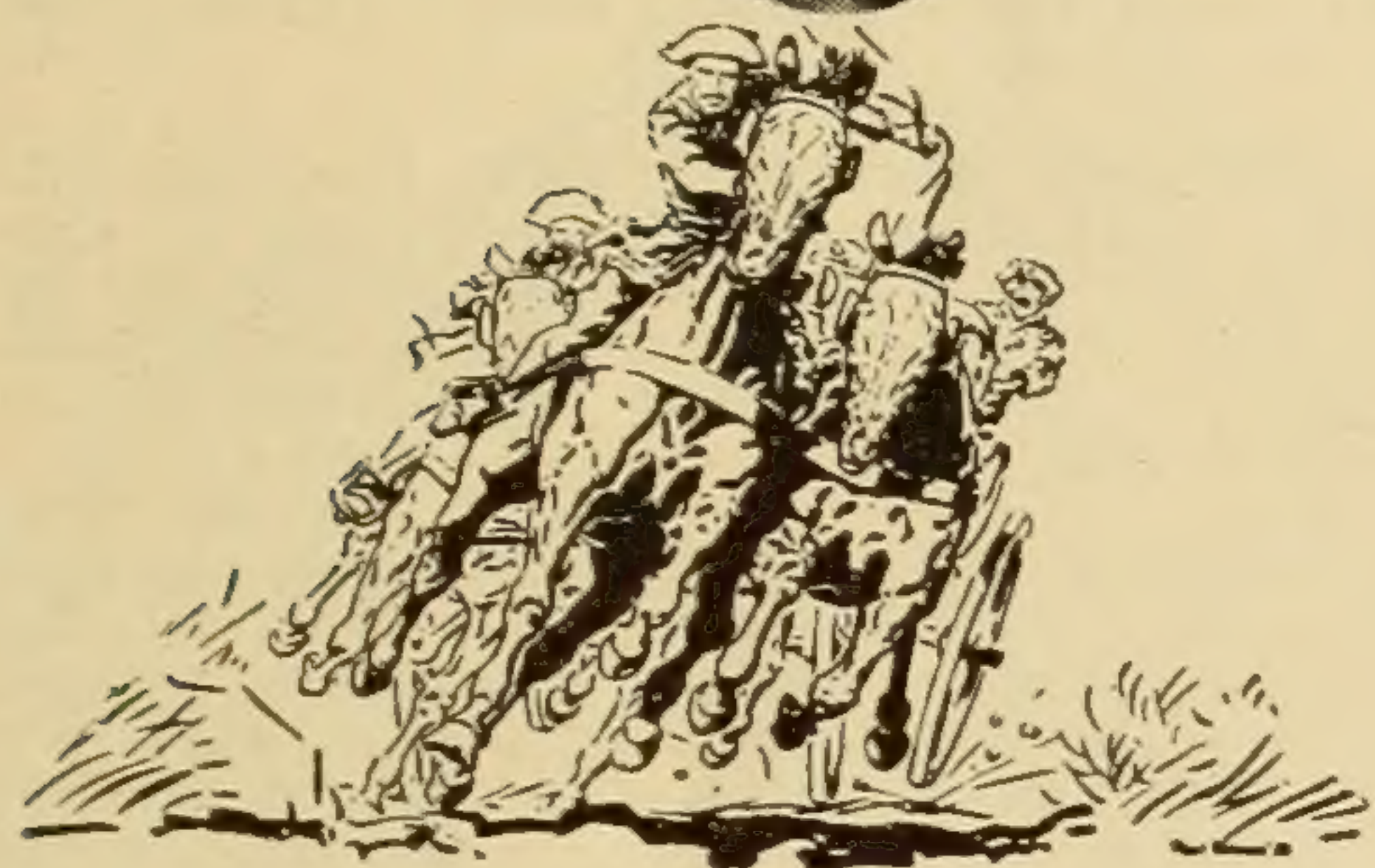
Four great American institutions have joined forces to launch this great Contest. PHOTOPLAY Magazine and POSTAL TELEGRAPH CO. co-operate with WARNER BROS. and FARRAR & RINEHART, publishers of the book, to bring you one of the biggest and most interesting contests of all time.

Prizes will be awarded those who suggest a cast most like the one finally chosen by Warner Bros. Rules and detailed information will be found on pages 28-31 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

To give the Contest nation-wide representation, the Postal Telegraph Co. has issued a special POSTAL TELEGRAPH BALLOT which may be used (free of charge) to vote your choice for the cast. Through the courtesy of the great Postal Telegraph Company, millions of votes from Maine to California, will be speeded to the Anthony Adverse Contest Editor of Photoplay.

Copies of the official ballot will be found in the August, September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY. Ballots may also be secured at all Postal Telegraph stations, all Warner Bros. Theatres and at all book shops and department stores selling ANTHONY ADVERSE.

Everyone entering this Contest should read ANTHONY ADVERSE to get acquainted with the cast of characters in this "full-bodied tale of birth and death, of love and hate, of fighting, mating, scheming, drifting." It is not only a great book but a great experience. To read it is to have *lived*! Don't miss it.




OVER two million men and women have read and enjoyed this huge, robust novel because it is the story of the greatest romantic adventurer in all fiction.

ANTHONY ADVERSE became a phenomenal best seller at once. It swept America like a prairie fire, and then blazed forth in England where it is now the fiction favorite. Other editions are soon to appear in France, Holland, Denmark, Germany, Sweden and Italy.

ANTHONY ADVERSE presents a cavalcade of great, dramatic scenes and figures moving across three continents during the Napoleonic era . . . It is a thrilling epic of desperate encounters, long voyages, romance, and passion.

Having become a world classic in our time, it is only fitting that this magnificent novel be immortalized in a motion picture by Warner Brothers, and that the public be called in to suggest how it be cast. For details about the \$10,000 casting contest read the rest of this page and then turn to page 28 of this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

 **Are you going away?** Take your good time with you. Pack a copy of ANTHONY ADVERSE into your vacation bag.

If you haven't read ANTHONY ADVERSE, read it now!

Consult this picture shopping guide and save your time, money and disposition

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

★ Indicates photoplay was named as one of the best upon its month of review

ABOVE THE CLOUDS—Columbia.—Thrilling, with lots of air action. Several shots of actual news topics. Richard Cromwell, a newsreel cameraman; Robert Armstrong, his superior; and Dorothy Wilson. (March)

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN—20th Century-United Artists.—As punishment for neglect of his job as reporter, Lee Tracy is made "Miss Lonelyhearts" editor of the newspaper. Sally Blane, Isabel Jewell, Sterling Holloway, C. Henry Gordon lend able support. Fair. (Feb.)

AFFAIRS OF A GENTLEMAN—Universal.—Cleverly handled murder mystery film, with Paul Lukas as the author who makes women in his life characters in his stories. Good cast includes Dorothy Burgess, Sara Haden. (July)

★ **AFFAIRS OF CELLINI, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Frank Morgan's performance as the *Duke of Florence* highlights this sophisticated yarn about the loves of *Benvenuto Cellini* (Fredric March). Constance Bennett, as the *Duchess*, and Fay Wray are grand. (July)

★ **ALICE IN WONDERLAND**—Paramount.—Lewis Carroll's fairy tale filmed for the amusement of both young and old. Charlotte Henry is charming as *Alice*. A technical achievement. (Feb.)

★ **ALL MEN ARE ENEMIES**—Fox.—A very British, appealing tale about Hugh Williams' search for Helen Twelvetees, after the war. Unsuccessful, he marries Mona Barrie, but later the lovers are reunited. Excellent cast includes Herbert Mundin, Una O'Connor, Henry Stephenson. (June)

ALL OF ME—Paramount.—Miriam Hopkins is fearful that marriage might kill her love for Fredric March. But ex-convict George Raft and Helen Mack, about to become a mother, make Miriam realize that life cannot be all joy. Good drama. (March)

ARIANE—Pathe-Cinema Prod.—The star of "Catherine the Great," Elizabeth Bergner, does excellent work opposite Percy Marmont in this foreign made film with English dialogue. (June)

AS HUSBANDS GO—Fox.—When wife Helen Vinson is followed home from Europe by admirer G. P. Huntley, Jr., husband Warner Baxter takes him out fishing, and straightens things out. Mediocre. (Feb.)

AS THE EARTH TURNS—Warners.—Gladys Hasty Carroll's story of farm life, beautifully portrayed by Jean Muir, David Landau, Donald Woods and a fine supporting cast of young players. (April)

BEDSIDE—First National.—This tale about Warren William attaining success as an M.D. by the use of another's name and diploma is a jumbled affair, indeed. Jean Muir. (May)

BEFORE MIDNIGHT—Columbia.—A flashback of a famous murder case with Ralph Bellamy as the ace detective who solves the mystery. June Collyer supplies the feminine allure. Passable. (April)

BEGGARS IN ERMINE—Monogram.—Unusual plot idea and good direction make this splendid dramatic entertainment. Lionel Atwill superb as maimed and beggared steel magnet. Betty Furness, James Bush, H. B. Walthall. (May)

★ **BELOVED**—Universal.—The story of a composer's life. His poverty, his disappointment in a worthless son, his scorn of grandson's modern musical triumphs, his great love for his wife, and his belated success. John Boles, Gloria Stuart. (Feb.)

BIG SHAKEDOWN, THE—First National.—Ricardo Cortez forces Charles Farrell into cut-rate drug racket but when a fake drug kills Charlie's and Bette Davis' baby, then Charlie retaliates. A poor film. (Feb.)

BIG TIME OR BUST—Tower Prod.—Regis Toomey and Walter Byron try hard, but to no avail. However, the good singing voice in the film may make you forget the old plot. (Feb.)

BLACK CAT, THE—Universal.—No great suspense in Boris Karloff's latest "chiller." And dangers that threaten Bela Lugosi, David Manners, Jacqueline Wells while in his weird abode seem all too unconvincing. (July)

★ **BOLERO**—Paramount.—You will find George Raft and Carole Lombard an engaging team as they dance to Ravel's haunting "Bolero." And Sally Rand's fan dance is exquisite. (April)

BOMBAY MAIL—Universal.—Murder aboard the Bombay Mail train. Inspector Edmund Lowe solves the mystery. The large cast includes Shirley Grey and Onslow Stevens. Good suspense. (Feb.)

BORN TO BE BAD—20th Century-United Artists.—Having been taught only "bad" by Loretta Young, little Jackie Kelk proves quite a problem when wealthy Cary Grant takes him in hand. Unusually fine performances by entire cast. (June)

**\$10,000.00
In Prizes—**

cash and other awards—will be given in Warner Brothers-Photoplay "Anthony Adverse" Contest, starting in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

* * *

AND DON'T FORGET that other big Contest—"Fill-Ins," which also offers some sizable cash prizes. You are eligible to enter both!

★ **BOTTOMS UP**—Fox.—A grand musical, boasting two song hits, clever lines, direction, story, Hollywood locale. Spencer Tracy, Pat Pater-son, Herbert Mundin, fine support. (May)

BY CANDLELIGHT—Universal.—A well-directed piece about butler Paul Lukas and ladies' maid Elissa Landi who aspire to have an affair with royalty. They meet, each masquerading, only to learn the truth later. Nils Asther. (Feb.)

★ **CAROLINA**—Fox.—Janet Gaynor's devotees will be charmed by her performance in this story of the traditions and aristocracy of the South. Lionel Barrymore, Henrietta Crosman, Robert Young and good support. (April)

CAT AND THE FIDDLE, THE—M-G-M.—Pleasant entertainment is this film with Jeanette MacDonald vocalizing gloriously and Ramon Novarro as her lover. Frank Morgan, Charles Butterworth. (April)

CATHERINE THE GREAT—London Films-United Artists.—Title rôle is expertly portrayed by Elizabeth Bergner. Effective, too, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., as the mad *Grand Duke Peter*. An impressive production. (April)

CHARMING DECEIVER, THE—Majestic Pictures.—One of those mistaken identity films, with Constance Cummings as a London mannequin impersonating a movie star. Frank Lawton is her lover. Acceptable. (March)

CHEATERS—Liberty.—Racketeer Bill Boyd's reform of his entire gang, when he falls for June Clyde, makes an amusing little tale. Dorothy Mackaill, Alan Mowbray and William Collier, Sr. do nicely. (July)

CITY LIMITS—Monogram.—Assisted by railroad magnet Frank Craven's daughter Sally Blane, newshound Ray Walker gets big scoop. As tramps, James Burke and James Conlin are amusing. (June)

COME ON MARINES—Paramount.—Be assured of a howling good time with carefree Marines Richard Arlen, Roscoe Karns. Grace Bradley's dance is a wow. Ida Lupino. (May)

COMING OUT PARTY—Fox.—So poor Gene Raymond may go on European concert tour, Frances Dee keeps from him news of coming blessed event and goes through with her society debut. Old plot, but fine cast. (April)

CONSTANT NYMPH, THE—Fox-Gaumont-British.—Margaret Kennedy's novel about the children of the mad composer, Sanger, artistically adapted to the screen. Brian Aherne and Virginia Hopper, his constant nymph, give beautiful portrayals. (July)

★ **CONVENTION CITY**—First National.—The scene is Atlantic City; the incident, another sales convention. Gay and eventful as always. Joan Blondell, Adolphe Menjou, Dick Powell, Mary Astor, Guy Kibbee, Frank McHugh and Patricia Ellis. (Feb.)

★ **COUNSELLOR-AT-LAW**—Universal.—John Barrymore, in a splendid portrayal of the lawyer who rose from the Ghetto to position of New York's foremost legal adviser. Bebe Daniels, as his secretary, is excellent. Each member of the large cast does fine work. Never a dull moment. (Feb.)

COUNTESS OF MONTE CRISTO—Universal.—Novel tale of extra Fay Wray driving off in studio car, registering at hotel as Countess, and being credited with capture of crook Paul Lukas. Excellent cast. (May)

★ **CRIME DOCTOR, THE**—RKO-Radio.—As a detective who plans the perfect crime, incriminating his wife's lover, Otto Kruger does a splendid job. Karen Morley, Nils Asther score, too. Holds interest every minute. (May)

CRIMINAL AT LARGE—Helber Pictures.—Edgar Wallace's exciting mystery. All about strange happenings at the old castle of the *Lebanon* family. (March)

CROSS COUNTRY CRUISE—Universal.—Another transcontinental bus trip, the passengers this time being Lew Ayres, June Knight, Arthur Vinton, Alan Dinehart, Minna Gombell and Alice White. Good comedy. (March)

CROSS STREETS—Chesterfield.—The old, sad story of a doctor (Johnny Mack Brown) who throws away his career when his sweetheart (Claire Windsor) jilts him. Anita Louise. (June)

★ **DANCING LADY**—M-G-M.—A backstage musical with gorgeous settings, lovely girls, novel dance routines, some good song numbers, a real plot and a cast of winners, including Joan Crawford, Clark Gable, Franchot Tone, Fred Astaire. (Feb.)

DARK HAZARD—First National.—Fascinated by a greyhound named *Dark Hazard* and by the racing fever, Eddie Robinson loses wife Genevieve Tobin through neglect. Grand night scenes at the dog track. (Feb.)

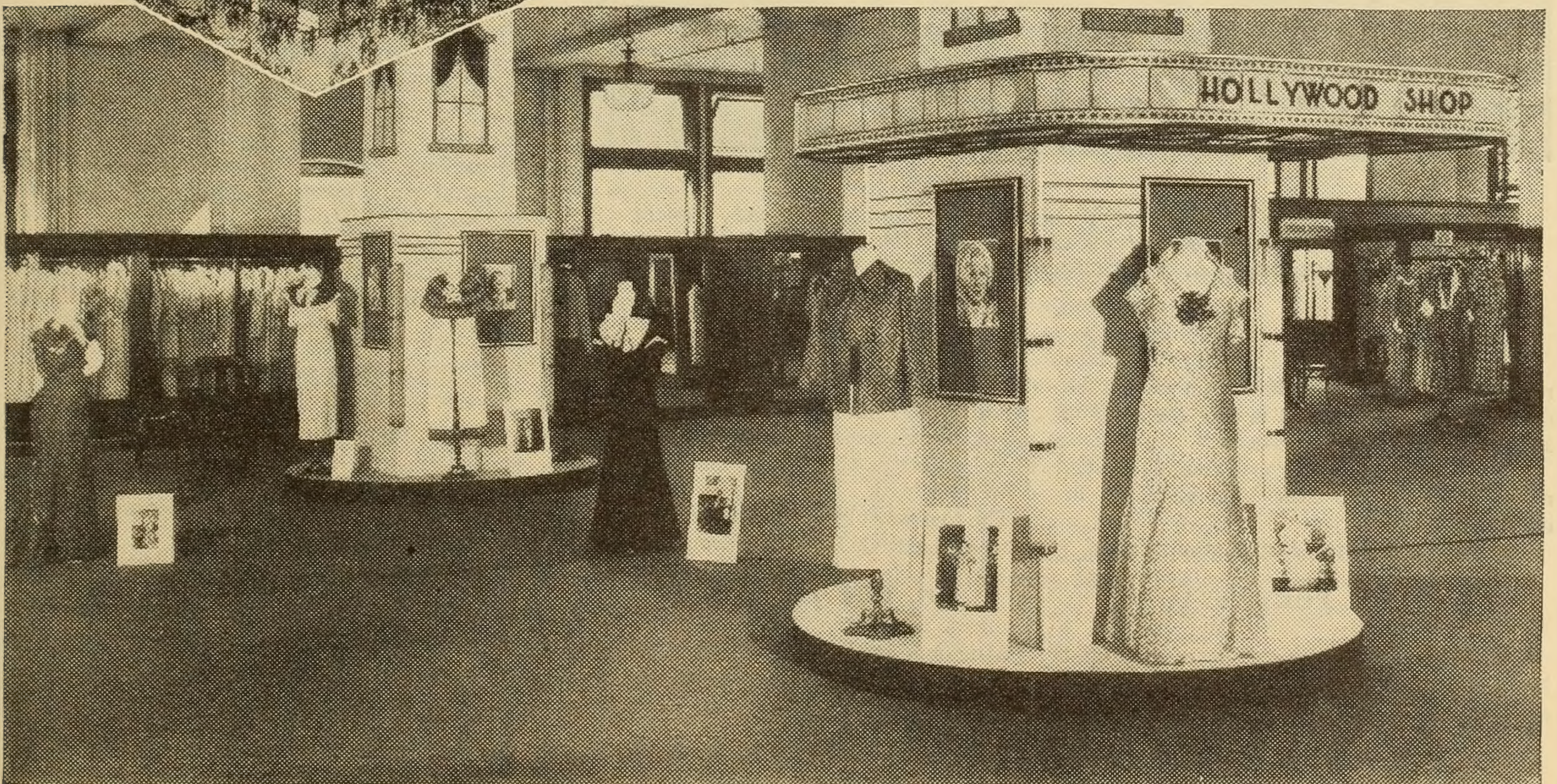
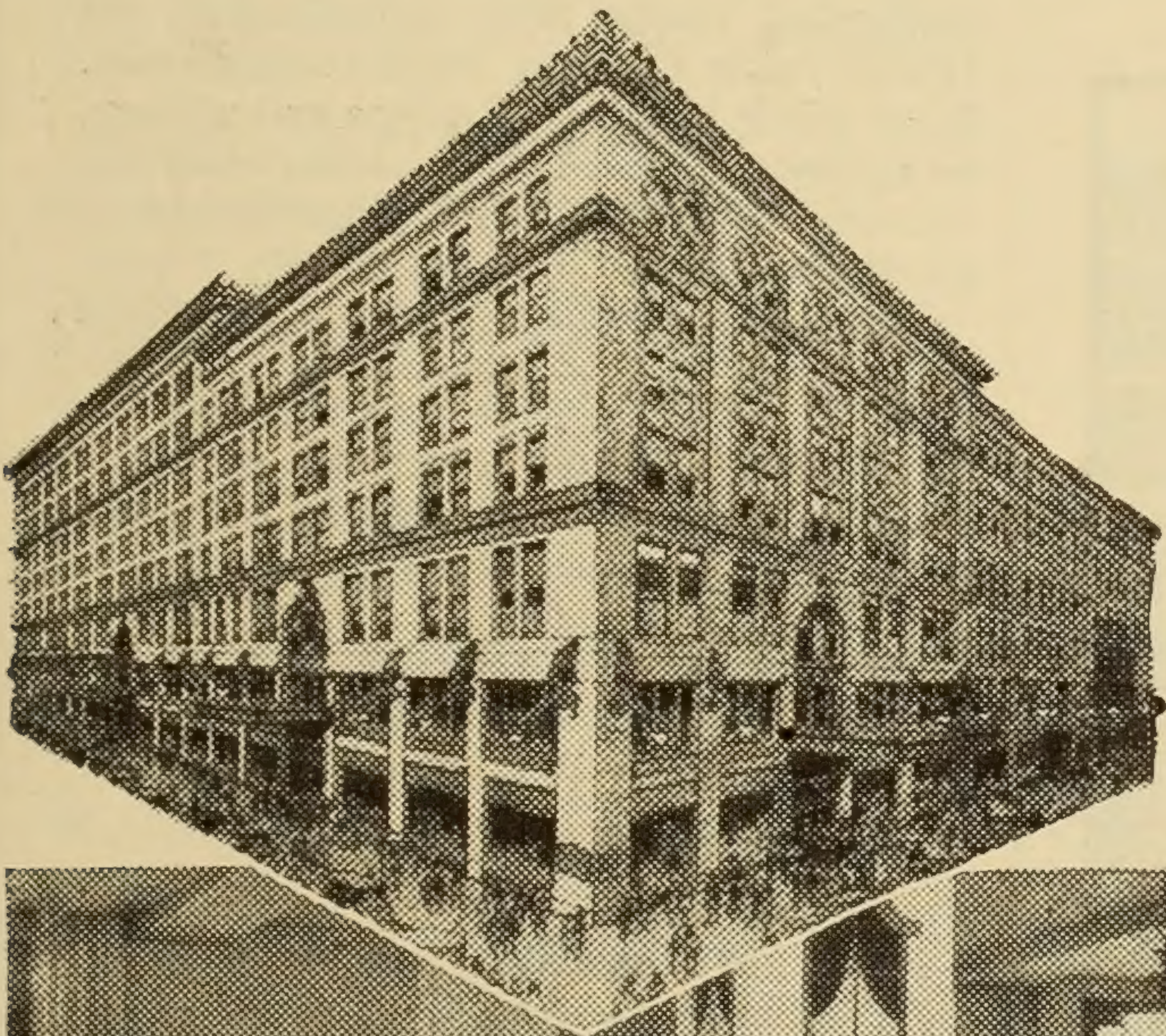
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 11]

JOSEPH HORNE CO.

IS THE **PITTSBURGH** STORE FORHollywood
Cinema Fashions

Pittsburgh's leading Fashion Store was naturally alert to recognize the possibilities of the Hollywood Film Studios as a source of modern and appealing fashions. Through the cooperation of the leading Hollywood Producers, and the Photoplay Fashion Editors, this outstanding store made exclusive arrangements, for Pittsburgh, to present photoplay-goers with faithful reproductions of the original fashions worn by their favorite film stars in the latest pictures,

simultaneous with the Pittsburgh premieres. Inasmuch as the leading film stars represent practically every type of American beauty, and the Hollywood designers exert their highest skill in flattering the beauty and charm of their subjects, young Pittsburgh has been prompt to accept these brilliant creations for their own use. You'll find the clever costumes that you admire in the pictures available to you, at all times, in the Horne Hollywood Shop . . . Second Floor.



Tell Others What You Think of the Latest Films

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 6]



The "Riptide" trio that went over big with movie-goers, in spite of some grand slams at the film. Norma Shearer, and Herbert Marshall, the jealous husband who sends her to the arms of Robert Montgomery



Since "House of Rothschild" was released, there has been a steady shower of applause for George Arliss' excellent work. He is shown with Mrs. Arliss and C. Aubrey Smith in a scene from the picture

Mae West is so real, if she were to walk into my home I would expect her to act just as she does on the screen. That is why she is "The Box-Office Attraction Of Today."

I discuss movies with everyone and anyone, and I have yet to hear Mae criticized or censored.

PERLA DAVIS, Huntington, W. Va.

A RARE PORTRAYAL

"Riptide" marks Norma Shearer the First Lady of the screen. One might liken her allure and beauty to an exquisite cameo.

Her first appearance in many months, proved a thrilling experience for this Shearer devotee. A rare portrayal that has no equal.

M. McMICHAEL, Atlantic City, N.J.

BUT THE PICTURE—

A few more shows like "Riptide," and you might as well padlock the doors of your theaters—so far as the Norma Shearer public is concerned.

The cast was okay, but the picture—

GOLDEN O. DUNGAN, Compton, Calif.

OH, BUT THEY DIDN'T!

After reading "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" I say that it is unnecessary to ask that question, as immediately all the world would answer, "Garbo."

Garbo is the Queen of the Screen, and the others are merely her imitators.

Miss A. M. F., Santurce, P. R.

HAS SHE?

Your article "Is It Garbo or Hepburn?" was bound to start a controversy. And with a war-whoop I leap into the fray by registering a great big vote for Hepburn.

Mind you, I like Garbo, and I am very much under the spell of her glamorous personality. But Hepburn! Has she not personality plus?

I. G. B., Toronto, Canada

GODDESSES

Garbo and Hepburn—Diana and Aurora—Two goddesses for movie devotees to worship. Garbo whose mysterious allure suggests moonbeams and the Goddess of the Chase, Hepburn whose vibrant personality burst upon us like a shaft of light piercing the sky to blazon forth in the glory of the dawn.

Why compare them? They are different as day and night.

EDITH O'BRIEN, Washington, D. C.

A PAGE FROM HISTORY

"The House of Rothschild" is a magnificent production. George Arliss is Rothschild, and greater praise may not be given any artist. What subtle blending of pathos and whimsy, set against the heart-breaking background of a courageous people, struggling against almost superhuman odds.

This picture reveals a great art, interpreted with a grandeur that grips the heart. Indescribable, and all the more remarkable because gleaned from the pages of history.

The dust of a century has drifted over these events, obscuring them, for the most part, in the debris of half-forgotten memories, yet how grateful are we to have the dust thus brushed aside to reveal these five heroic brothers.

ROSE A. KOHNY, Chicago, Ill.

MORE, MORE, MORE!

Hats off to George Arliss for his performance in "The House of Rothschild." It eclipses anything he has ever done. No finer entertainment ever flashed across the screen than this fascinating historical pageant. There is something spiritual in the manner the five sons carry on the Rothschild tradition.

This production is well enacted, cleverly directed and effectively produced. Give us more like it.

MAUDE L. RICHE, Dayton, Ohio

QUALITY TELLS

I am a college girl with a part-time job and small pay, but I always save my quarter a month to buy PHOTOPLAY. The rest of my spare money goes to the movies recommended by your Shadow Stage.

The pleasure I get makes up a thousand fold for the things it is impossible for me to have.

EVELYN PIKE, Troy, N. Y.

BIDE YOUR TIME, TARZAN

The exhilarating thrill of relief from problems of daily life is offered with a "punch" in every minute of "Tarzan and His Mate." It

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

★ **DAVID HARUM**—Fox.—Same old Will Rogers, this time as a small town banker who goes in for horse trading on the side. Some of the trades will have you in stitches. Evelyn Venable and Kent Taylor. (May)

DAWN TO DAWN—Cameron Macpherson Prod.—With little dialogue, this film of the plains depends entirely upon the dramatic interpretation of its characters—Julie Haydon, Frank Eklof, Ole M. Ness—for its success. (March)

★ **DEATH TAKES A HOLIDAY**—Paramount.—As *Death*, who mingles with guests at a house party, and finds love with Evelyn Venable, Fredric March is superb. Grand supporting cast. (April)

DEVIL TIGER—Fox.—Thrilling experiences of Harry Woods, Kane Richmond and Marion Burns in the Malay jungle, as they set about capturing the man-eating Devil Tiger. (April)

★ **DOUBLE DOOR**—Paramount.—A sinister, melodramatic plot that works up to a terrific climax. Mary Morris is aptly cast as the spinster who cruelly rules over brother Kent Taylor, sister Anne Revere, and Kent's bride, Evelyn Venable. (July)

EAST OF FIFTH AVENUE—Columbia.—Melodrama centering around the lives of ten people who live in a cheap New York rooming house. Dorothy Tree, Mary Carlisle, Walter Connolly and Wallace Ford. Just fair. (Feb.)

EASY MILLIONS—Freuler Film.—A fine mix-up when "Skeets" Gallagher finds himself engaged to three girls at the same time. Johnny Arthur is his professorish roommate. Good supporting cast. (Feb.)

EASY TO LOVE—Warners.—Light entertainment with Adolphe Menjou, Genevieve Tobin, Mary Astor and Edward Everett Horton in an amusing marital mix-up. (April)

EAT 'EM ALIVE—Real Life Pictures.—A nature drama about snakes and gila monsters. Perhaps a bit too gruesome for women and children. (Feb.)

EIGHT GIRLS IN A BOAT—Paramount.—Dorothy Wilson, as the academy student facing motherhood, and Douglass Montgomery, as the boy, do nice work in this rather odd tale. Walter Connolly, Kay Johnson. (March)

EVER SINCE EVE—Fox.—Gold digger Mary Brian causes all sorts of complications for mine owners George O'Brien and Herbert Mundin. Lots of laughs. (April)

FAREWELL TO LOVE—Associated Sound Film.—Especially for those who enjoy Italian opera airs. Jan Kiepura, tenor, and Heather Angel do the best possible with their rôles. (Feb.)

★ **FASHIONS OF 1934**—First National.—Scheming the foremost designers out of exclusive models, William Powell, with the aid of Bette Davis, and Frank McHugh, comes through with as clever a presentation as you have yet seen. (March)

FEROCIOUS PAL—Principal Pictures.—Pretty amateurish work by entire cast, except Kazan, a German shepherd dog, who is an actor. (May)

FINISHING SCHOOL—RKO-Radio.—Sick of society's snobbery, wealthy Frances Dee leaves the fashionable school and takes poor interne Bruce Cabot for better or for worse. Enjoyable. (June)

★ **FLYING DOWN TO RIO**—RKO-Radio.—A decided change is this musical in which Gene Raymond pursues Dolores Del Rio to Rio de Janeiro by plane. Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers contribute some grand comedy and dancing. (March)

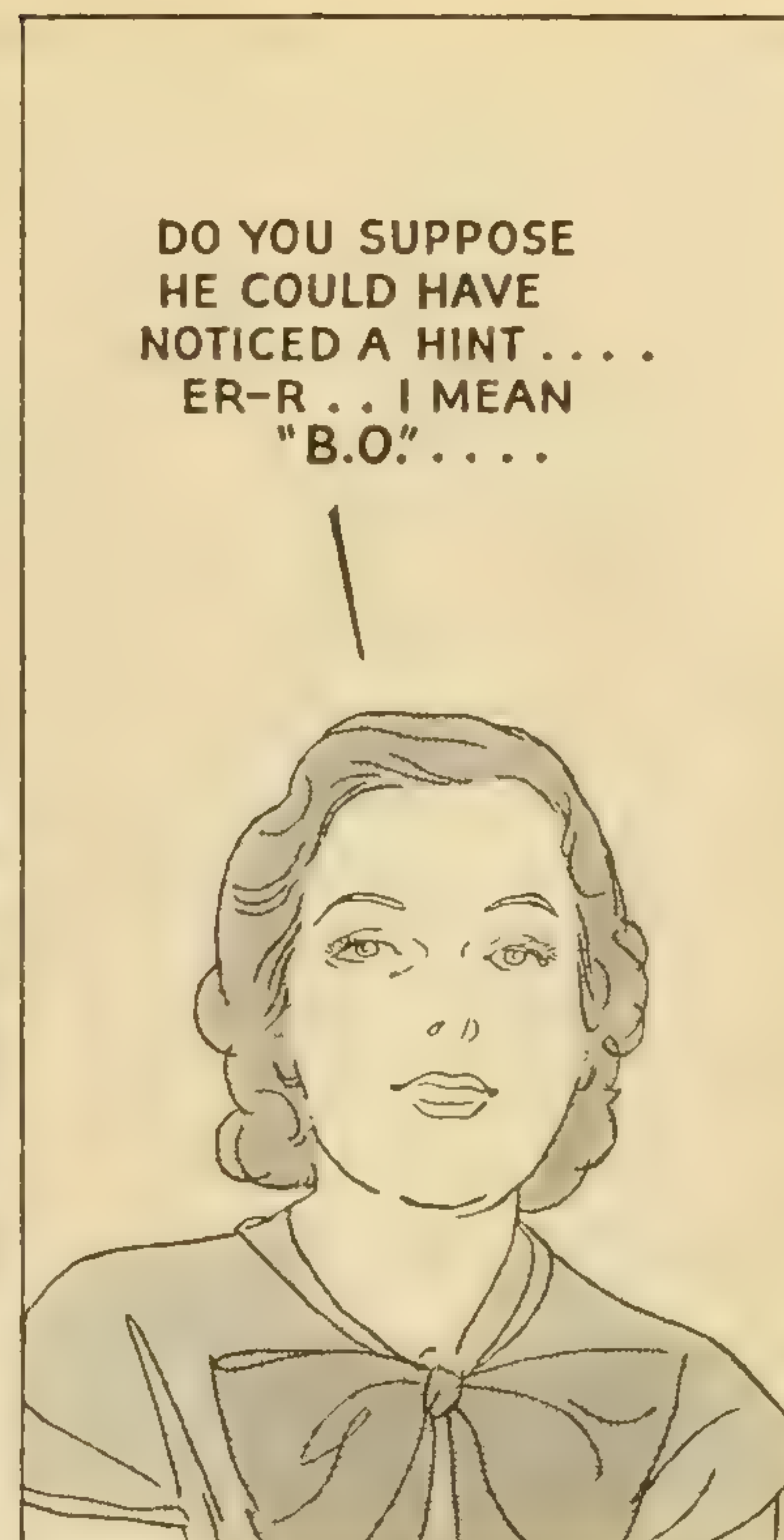
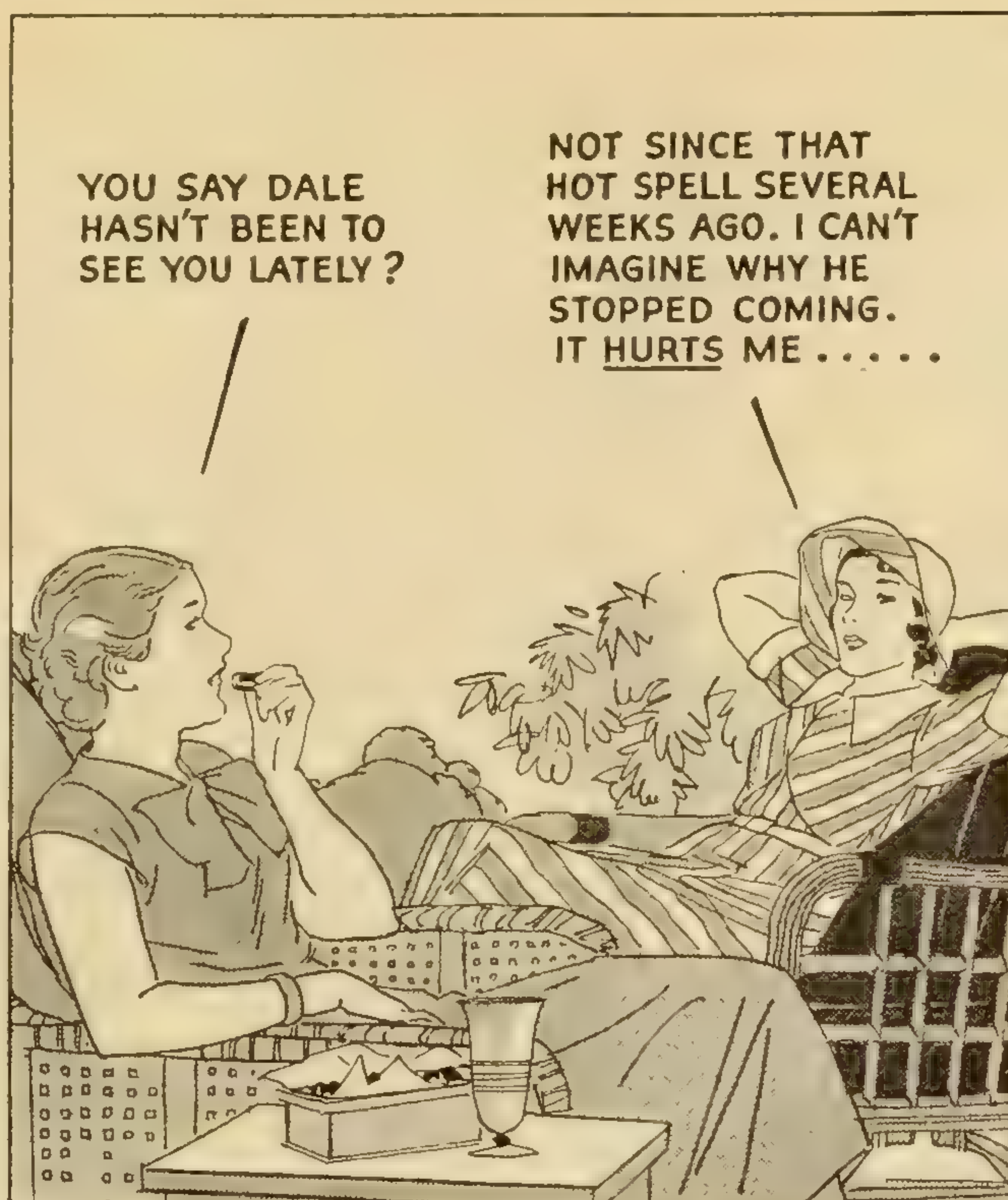
FOG—Columbia.—Three murders take place on a fog-enveloped ocean liner. Donald Cook is the detective in love with Mary Brian. Reginald Denny, also in love with her, is the chief suspect. Just so-so. (March)

FOG OVER FRISCO—First National.—Fairly exciting mystery is provided when Bette Davis becomes "fence" in stolen security racket. And there's romance by Margaret Lindsay and Donald Woods, Lyle Talbot, Arthur Byron. (July)

FOUND ALIVE—Ideal Pictures.—A dull yarn which has for its locale the jungles of the Rio Grande, where divorcee Barbara Bedford hides out with her son. Good animal shots. (May)

FOUR FRIGHTENED PEOPLE—Paramount.—The experiences of Claudette Colbert, Herbert Marshall, William Gargan and Mary Boland, lost in the Malay jungle. Leo Carrillo is their guide. Unusual. (March)

FRONTIER MARSHAL—Fox.—George O'Brien as a "dude" marshal in a Western town. Ruth Gillette does a Mae West impersonation. Well worth your time. (Feb.)



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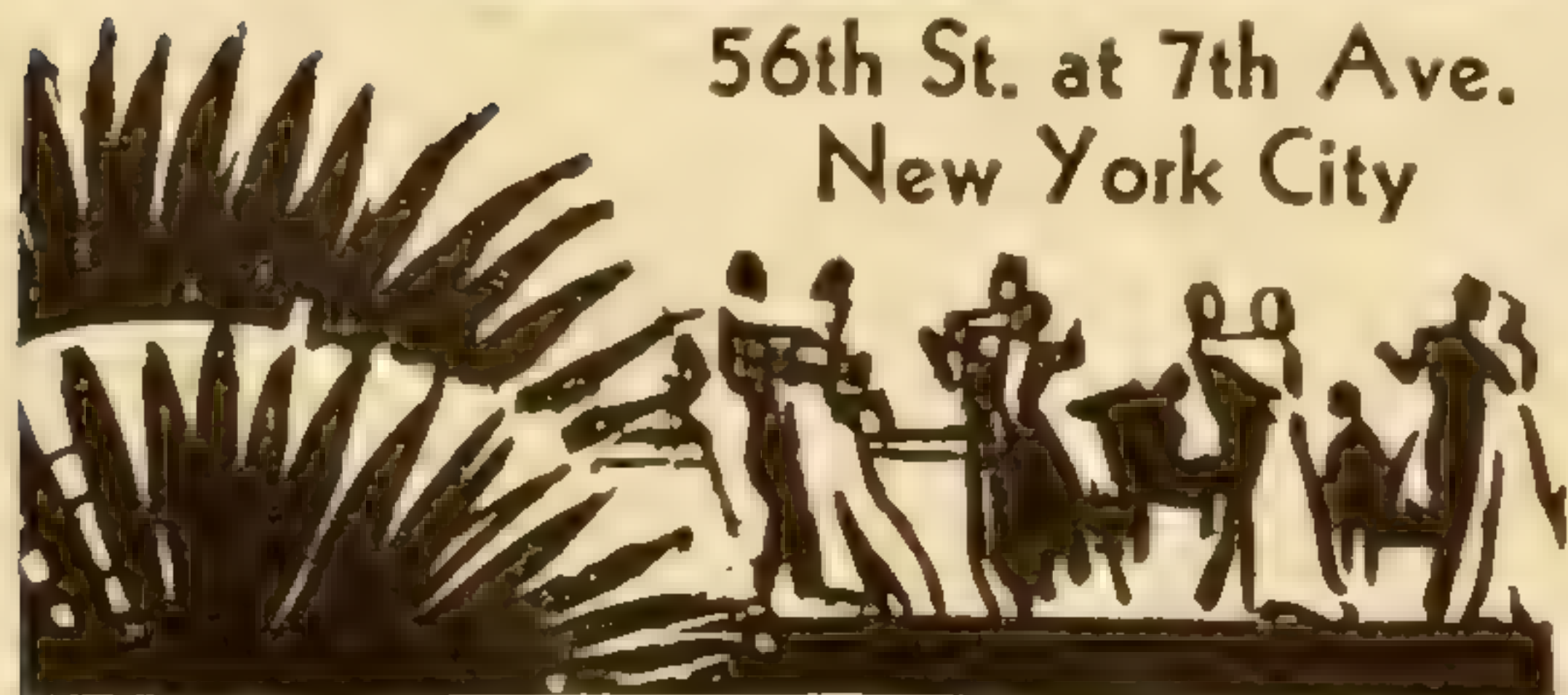
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FUGITIVE LOVERS—M-G-M.—Escaped convict Robert Montgomery falls in love with Madge Evans when he boards a transcontinental bus and accompanies her on the trip. Nat Pendleton, C. Henry Gordon, Ted Healy. Fair. (March)

★ **GALLANT LADY**—20th Century-United Artists.—As the gallant lady in distress, Ann Harding does such fine work that even Clive Brook's exceptional characterization as a social outcast cannot overshadow her performance. Tullio Carminati, Otto Kruger, Dickie Moore, Betty Lawford. (Feb.)

GAMBLING LADY—Warners.—Barbara Stanwyck gambles her way into the heart of Society, Joel McCrea. She's on the level, but finds that Claire Dodd, Joel's old flame, is not. Pat O'Brien. Fair. (May)

★ **GEORGE WHITE'S SCANDALS**—Fox.—A gay, lively, singing, dancing show with Rudy Vallee and Alice Faye as "Scandals" stars. Adrienne Ames, Cliff Edwards, Jimmy Durante do nice work. (May)

GHOUL, THE—Gaumont-British.—Not nearly up to the standard of former Boris Karloff chillers. Audiences are apt to be amused when action is intended to be most terrifying. (April)

GIRL IN THE CASE, THE—Screen Art Prod.—Dr. Eugen Frenke's (husband of Anna Sten) initial American production is pretty dull fare. Jimmy Savo and Dorothy Darling. (April)

GIRL WITHOUT A ROOM—Paramount.—Charles Farrell, Marguerite Churchill and Charlie Ruggles in a picture that kids the pseudo-art racket in Paris. Light entertainment. (Feb.)

★ **GLAMOUR**—Universal.—This well-directed Edna Ferber story will have great appeal. Constance Cummings, chorine who becomes a star, Paul Lukas, her composer husband, and Phillip Reed, her leading man, all add to the film's merit. (June)

★ **GOING HOLLYWOOD**—M-G-M.—In which Bing Crosby displays real acting ability, and sings some grand songs. Marion Davies was never better. Stuart Erwin, Fifi Dorsay. Colorful ensembles, gorgeous clothes. Well done. (March)

GOOD DAME—Paramount.—The romance of good little Sylvia Sidney and carnival wise-guy Fredric March is a hectic affair. Photography, dialogue and cast fine. (April)

HALF A SINNER—Universal.—Film version of "Alias the Deacon," with Berton Churchill again rating loud handclaps. Joel McCrea and Sallie Blane are the love interest. And Mickey Rooney is a good little comedian. (July)

★ **HANDY ANDY**—Fox.—As the apothecary, Will Rogers does another of his priceless characterizations. Besides an A-1 cast—Peggy Wood, Mary Carlisle and Frank Melton—there is good dialogue and believable burlesque. (July)

HAROLD TEEN—Warners.—Screen translation of Carl Ed's famous high school comic strip. Hal LeRoy as *Harold*, and Rochelle Hudson as *Lillums* are perfect. Patricia Ellis. (May)

HEAT LIGHTNING—Warners.—Comedy-drama—comedy supplied by Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Ruth Donnelly; drama by Aline MacMahon, Ann Dvorak, Preston Foster, Lyle Talbot. (May)

HE COULDN'T TAKE IT—Monogram.—Pals Ray Walker and George E. Stone get mixed up with gangsters in a highly amusing comedy concoction. Virginia Cherrill. (Feb.)

HER SPLENDID FOLLY—Hollywood Pictures.—Generally speaking, this is pretty poor. Lilian Bond plays the rôle of double for a movie star. Alexander Carr is a producer. (Feb.)

HI, NELLIE!—Warners.—Paul Muni splendid as Managing Editor demoted to Heart Throb Department for miffing story. Fast action, suspense, humor make this a movie headliner. Glenda Farrell, Ned Sparks. (April)

HIPS, HIPS, HOORAY—RKO-Radio.—Money disappears and two fakers, Wheeler and Woolsey, in partnership with Thelma Todd and Dorothy Lee, leave town by way of a cross country auto race. Good music and dancing. (March)

HIRED WIFE—Pinnacle Prod.—Poor direction and dialogue keep this picture about the wife (Greta Nissen) hired for one year by Weldon Heyburn far below par. Cast tries hard, but no go. (June)

HIS DOUBLE LIFE—Paramount.—Through a mistake in identity it is believed that artist Roland Young died when his valet passes away. Whereupon Young marries the valet's mail-order fiancée, Lillian Gish. An amusing satire. (March)

HOLD THAT GIRL—Fox.—Plenty of excitement in the lives of detective James Dunn and tabloid reporter Claire Trevor. Romance, humor, and a gangster chase provides thrilling climax. (June)

HOLD THE PRESS—Columbia.—This time Tim McCoy is a newspaper man. He has exciting times trying to expose a group of racketeers, and in the end he does. Good suspense. (Feb.)

★ **HOLLYWOOD PARTY**—M-G-M.—Jimmy Durante's super-special party for Jack Pearl brings about all the hilarity. Lupe Velez, Laurel and Hardy, Polly Moran, Charles Butterworth, Ted Healy and others add their bit of nonsense. (June)

HONOR OF THE WEST—Universal.—A novel Western, with Ken Maynard in a dual rôle, and thrilling us as he rides after Fred Kohler, on his horse Tarzan. Cecilia Parker. (May)

HORSE PLAY—Universal.—Cowboys Slim Summerville and Andy Devine go to England with a million dollars, just in time to save pretty Leila Hyams from jewel thieves. Just so-so. (Feb.)

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out
your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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★ **HOUSE OF ROTHSCHILD, THE**—20th Century-United Artists.—The impressive, historic tale of five brothers who become money powers of Europe: George Arliss at his best as leader. Loretta Young and Robert Young play a tender Jewish-Gentile romance obligato. (May)

★ **I AM SUZANNE!**—Fox.—Lilian Harvey at her best opposite Gene Raymond, a puppeteer, in a brand-new type of entertainment. You'll enjoy watching the performance of the marionettes in this charming romance. (March)

I BELIEVED IN YOU—Fox.—Rosemary Ames' film debut in story of girl who learns what fakers artist friends Victor Jory, Leslie Fenton, George Meeker are, through John Boles. (May)

IF I WERE FREE—RKO-Radio.—Irene Dunne and Clive Brook, both unhappily married, turn to each other for a bit of happiness. Familiar plot, but sophisticated, clever dialogue. Nils Asther, Laura Hope Crews. (Feb.)

I HATE WOMEN—Goldsmith Prod.—Interesting newspaper story about Wallace Ford, confirmed woman-hater, falling for June Clyde. Good comedy by Fuzzy Knight. Bradley Page, Barbara Rogers and Alexander Carr also in cast. (July)

I LIKE IT THAT WAY—Universal.—Forever on the lookout for young sister Marian Marsh, Roger Pryor is quite surprised when she unmasks his good girl fiancée Gloria Stuart as a gambling club entertainer. Fair. (March)

I'LL TELL THE WORLD—Universal.—Lots of action as reporters Lee Tracy and Roger Pryor hop about the globe trying to beat each other to the big story of the hour. Gloria Stuart lovely. (June)

INTRUDER, THE—Allied.—Murder at sea, and suspects shipwrecked on desert island inhabited by a crazy Robinson Crusoe. Monte Blue, Lila Lee, Arthur Housman try hard. (May)

★ **IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT**—Columbia.—Claudette Colbert and Clark Gable, who strike up acquaintance on bus from Miami to New York, have an adventurous trip, indeed. A gay, well directed film. (April)

I'VE GOT YOUR NUMBER—Warners.—Telephone repair men Pat O'Brien and Allen Jenkins, hello girl Joan Blondell keep things moving along. Glenda Farrell, Eugene Pallette. (April)

I WAS A SPY—Fox-Gaumont British.—Allies Herbert Marshall and Madeleine Carroll, as nurse and doctor in enemy hospital, do nice work in good spy story. Conrad Veidt. (April)

JIMMY AND SALLY—Fox.—With the aid of secretary Claire Trevor, publicity director Jimmy Dunn manages to find his way out of all sorts of scrapes that result from his fantastic schemes. Lya Lys, Harvey Stephens. (Feb.)

JIMMY THE GENT—(Reviewed under title "Always a Gent")—Warners.—His followers will like Jimmy Cagney as a legal sharpshooter engaged in the "lost heir racket." Bette Davis, Allen Jenkins, Alice White. (May)

JOURNAL OF A CRIME—Warners.—A splendid psychological study of a woman who has killed her rival, Claire Dodd, in order to hold husband, Adolphe Menjou. Drama with strong feminine appeal. (May)

JUST SMITH—Gaumont-British.—Amusing comedy, from Frederick Lonsdale's play "Never Come Back," boasting an all-English cast headed by Tom Walls. Monte Carlo locale. (July)

KADETTEN (Cadets)—Reichsliga-film Prod.—An unwilling student at military school (Franz Fiedler) dedicates many musical compositions to his young stepmother, Trude von Molo. German, with English titles. (March)

KEEP 'EM ROLLING—RKO-Radio.—A man, his horse and the bond existant between them. Walter Huston's devotion to Rodney through war and peace. Frances Dee, Minna Gombell. (April)

LADY KILLER—Warners.—When ex-girl friend Mae Clarke becomes a nuisance, Jimmy Cagney tries the new stunt of dragging her about by the hair. Margaret Lindsay, Leslie Fenton. Fast comedy, but unconvincing story. (Feb.)

LAST ROUND-UP, THE—Paramount.—Monte Blue, Fred Kohler and Fuzzy Knight in a Western that boasts plenty of action and good suspense. Randolph Scott and Barbara Fritchie provide the romance. (March)

LAZY RIVER—M-G-M.—Old-fashioned melodrama, but pleasing just the same. Robert Young plans to rob Jean Parker, but falls in love with her instead. Locale, Louisiana bayous. (May)

LEGONG—Bennett Picture Corp.—Island of Bali is locale of this film venture of Marquis de la Falaise. Odd rituals of native cast provide rare entertainment. Technicolor. (April)

LET'S BE RITZY—Universal.—After a marital fuss, love conquers for Patricia Ellis and Lew Ayres. Robert McWade's characterization highlights the film. Frank McHugh, Isabel Jewell. Fair. (May)

LET'S FALL IN LOVE—Columbia.—Director Edmund Lowe's fake Swedish film find (Ann Sothorn) goes over with Producer Gregory Ratoff until Lowe's fiancée Miriam Jordan tips him off. One good tune. See this. (March)

★ **LITTLE MISS MARKER**—Paramount.—Baby Shirley Temple, left as security for an I. O. U., simply snatches this film from such competent hands as Adolphe Menjou, Charles Bickford, and Dorothy Dell. Don't miss it. (July)

LONG LOST FATHER—RKO-Radio.—Quite amusing, but story not up to John Barrymore's standard. Helen Chandler is adequate as actress separated from father since childhood. (May)

LOOKING FOR TROUBLE—20th Century-United Artists.—Spencer Tracy and Jack Oakie, telephone trouble shooters, take you through blizzards, earthquakes and fires. Constance Cummings and Arline Judge supply love interest. Good fun. (April)

★ **LOST PATROL, THE**—RKO-Radio.—When relief arrives, all but one man (Victor McLaglen) of this desert patrol have been shot down by Arabs. Excellent dramatic performances by Boris Karloff and supporting players. (April)

LOUD SPEAKER, THE—Monogram.—Familiar story of small-town boy (Ray Walker) who makes good on the air, but can't stand success. Jacqueline Wells is the girl in this pleasing picture. (July)

LOVE BIRDS—Universal.—Amusing comedy, especially for Slim Summerville-ZaSu Pitts followers. Mickey Rooney adds to the fun. (April)

LUCKY TEXAN—Monogram.—A Western with murder, intrigue, romance in addition to usual hard riding. John Wayne, Barbara Sheldon and George Hayes doing fine characterization. (April)

MADAME SPY—Universal.—Spy Fay Wray marries Austrian officer Nils Asther, who also becomes a spy. Vince Barnett, John Miljan, Edward Arnold. Nothing very unusual here, but skilfully handled. (March)

MANHATTAN LOVE SONG—Monogram.—Peppy lines and good cast, including Dixie Lee and Robert Armstrong, make this light comedy amusing in spite of a familiar plot. Excellent support. (June)

★ **MANHATTAN MELODRAMA**—M-G-M.—Powerful drama about the friendship of two men—district attorney William Powell and gambler Clark Gable—and the tragic climax of that friendship. Myrna Loy does fine work. (July)

MAN OF TWO WORLDS—RKO-Radio.—After his New York stage success, Francis Lederer should have had a stronger vehicle for his initial American screen appearance. It's the story of an Eskimo brought to civilization. Elissa Landi. (March)

MANDALAY—First National.—Poor story material for Kay Francis, miscast as shady lady, and Ricardo Cortez. However, Rangoon and Mandalay atmosphere perfect. Lyle Talbot. (April)

MANY HAPPY RETURNS—Paramount.—Just a bucket of nonsense, with George Burns, Gracie Allen, Joan Marsh and supporting players causing a riot of fun. (July)

MARRIAGE ON APPROVAL—Freuler Film.—Barbara Kent and Donald Dillaway are married but she doesn't know about it, though she lives with him, because they were on a hectic party when it happened. Complicated plot. (March)

MASSACRE—First National.—Educated Indian Richard Barthelmess displays his marksmanship at World's Fair, and returns to the reservation when his father becomes ill. Ann Dvorak aids in squaring matters with crooked government agent. (March)

MASTER OF MEN—Columbia.—Both the plot and the dialogue are old. But there's a good cast, including Jack Holt, as the mill hand who rises to financial power; Fay Wray, his wife; Walter Connolly, Theodore Von Eltz, Berton Churchill. (Feb.)

MEANEST GAL IN TOWN, THE—RKO-Radio.—A capable group of comedians, including El Brendel, ZaSu Pitts, "Skeets" Gallagher, Jimmy Gleason and Pert Kelton, make this worth-while entertainment. (March)

★ **MELODY IN SPRING**—Paramount.—Radio's well-known tenor makes his film debut in an elaborately staged production with Ann Sothorn, and that comedy team Charlie Ruggles and Mary Boland. Charming musical moments, fun and laughter in abundance. (June)

★ **MEN IN WHITE**—M-G-M.—Torn between difficult scientific career and easy medical practice with love of Myrna Loy, Clark Gable does a remarkable acting job. Elizabeth Allan, Jean Hersholt, Otto Kruger merit praise. (April)

MIDNIGHT—Universal.—Sidney Fox turns in an excellent performance in this morbid drama from the Theatre Guild play. Good cast. (May)

★ **MISS FANE'S BABY IS STOLEN**—Paramount.—A powerful, thrilling presentation of the kidnapping menace, with Dorothea Wieck as Baby LeRoy's mother. Alice Brady, Jack LaRue. Excellent suspense. (March)

MODERN HERO, A—Warners.—Beginning in circus, Richard Barthelmess' sole aim is to achieve financial independence. Marjorie Rambeau, Jean Muir, William Janney fine, but story weak. (June)

MONTE CARLO NIGHTS—Monogram.—This screen adaptation doesn't do the E. Phillips Oppenheim story justice. But Mary Brian and Johnny Darrow do their best to entertain you. (July)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]

The chewing-gum laxative has distinct advantages; it is delicious in flavor, easy to take and, *because you chew it*, the laxative mixes with the gastric juices and works more thoroughly.

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Brickbats and Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]



Meet the funny man, W. C. Fields, who so thoroughly entertained folks in "You're Telling Me." Here you see him as *The Great McGonigle*, proprietor of a theatrical troupe in "The Old-Fashioned Way"

has spectacular prowess, melodrama, imagination, both intentional and unconscious humor and it combines the virtues of fantasy and realism.

Of course, we want to see Johnny Weissmuller accomplishing further daring feats. But not too soon!

ANNA J. EMORY, Wilmington, Del.

I'M TELLING YOU

A full course mental banquet rewards those who see W. C. Fields in "You're Telling Me," with perfect digestion guaranteed. Mr. Fields is at his best in this extremely funny picture, and we sincerely thank the director who gave him a free hand.

We like funny farces and funny people who can make us laugh.

LILLIAN FOSTER, Hartford, Conn.

NAPOLEON'S GHOST

In my opinion, the best article in your June issue was "Napoleon's Ghost Walks Out on Warners." Of course, it was a bad break that Edward G. Robinson, who could give a worthy performance as the Little Emperor, had to be eliminated by the make-up department, but hats off to the studio that respects the fact that theater-goers are acquainted with the Napoleon of history.

It is good, too, that Chaplin's price is excessive. Chaplin might play the rôle to perfection, but how would he overcome the comedy-complex of the audience?

J. M. COPELAND, Houston, Texas

Edward G. Robinson is a bit too heavy, I believe, to convincingly portray the Little Emperor. However, I don't think there is any question as to his ability.

But why did they pass up Richard Barthelmess? He ought to be able to do a good job. And he does resemble the Emperor.

RAYMOND CLARKE, Miami, Fla.

ANOTHER ORDER OF "CHEER"

Believe me, I am going to "Stand Up and Cheer" for Warner Baxter, Jimmy Dunn, Madge Evans and that little darling, Shirley Temple. She is the sweetest bunch of happiness I have ever seen.

This grand production gave me new life, and so much encouragement that I feel I could conquer the world today.

MRS. T. J. ANGELL, Springfield, Ill.

BUT DO THEY?

Speaking of the trite, much abused happy ending, "Manhattan Melodrama" came as a welcome relief. I would rather have my emotions exercised a bit than my sense of logic insulted, and think most people feel as I do.

Here was a picture, logically developed and logically concluded.

W. WARD WRIGHT, Logansport, Ind.

TWO HOLLYWOOD TRIUMVIRATES

Page Mr. George Kent, I would like to discuss his article in June PHOTOPLAY.

Mr. Kent, you proclaim that there are two triumvirates in Hollywood, Sten, Dietrich and West vs. Garbo, Hepburn and Bennett. I gather from your candid article that you favor the first three. First of all, there is no comparison whatsoever. We, who attend the theater to see a real performance, prefer Bennett, Hepburn and Garbo.

Omitting Sten, because we cannot judge her fairly yet, West and Dietrich are valuable for one rôle only, that of a shady lady.

ELOISE BARRY, Dumont, N. J.

"Blondes Plus Curves Mean War," in the June PHOTOPLAY, is bound to create a heated discussion, because the author seems to take sides with the Dietrich-West-Sten trio, rather than with Garbo, Hepburn and Bennett.

However, I am inclined to agree with George Kent, for I feel that Marlene, Mae and Anna far surpass in feminine allure Garbo, Hepburn or Bennett.

MICHAEL CONNOLLY, Boston, Mass.

This letter is in disagreement with some statements made by George Kent in his article, "Blondes Plus Curves Mean War."

Mr. Kent says in part, "The war lords of California are not wasting any sleep over their duel with Garbo, Hepburn & Co. They know that the martyrs (meaning Garbo, etc., etc.) cannot compete with the Marlenes and the Maes."

Salt looks like sugar, but flies know the difference without having to read the lettering on the bowl."

In the first place, too much sugar is sickening. In the second place, did you ever try to eat a meal without benefit of salt? In the third place, who wants to be a fly?

I grant that Mae West's characterizations are intriguing; but as the best actress in pictures, *no!*

Dietrich's legs may be lovelier than Garbo's but if one wishes to see legs rather than acting one may attend a revue.

DOROTHY KIESS, Los Angeles, Calif.



"I'd rather have my emotions exercised a bit than my sense of logic insulted," says one reader in praise of the true-to-life ending of "Manhattan Melodrama," with Clark Gable, Myrna Loy, William Powell

FOR YOUR OWN GOOD

Just a word for the ushers. Some patrons disregard their advances in the way of service and take into their own hands the problem of locating seats in an aisle which the usher has already pronounced "filled."

The ushers are aware of the fact, even if patrons are not, that there are such things as fire laws, that ushers have duties, and that a filled theater is a possibility.

Come on, folks, give the ushers cooperation.

DORIS TURNER, London, Ont., Canada

RENEWING OLD ACQUAINTANCE

I have traveled with my husband for several years, and have come to feel that my home is wherever I happen to be.

Naturally, in this mode of living the social life is very limited, and seldom do I ever see an old friend. Consequently, when I follow my favorites from picture to picture, I feel each time that I am seeing a friend again.

This is the best way I have of filling the void which inevitably occurs in the lives of those who live on the road. Each time I see a familiar face on the screen, I feel like saying:

"Why, you are a dear friend. We have had such experiences together. I have laughed with you, cried with you, danced and played with you. In fact, in your presence I have run the whole gamut of human emotions."

MRS. G. E. PETITJEAN, Chicago, Ill.

CHARACTER COUNTS

Pictures depicting the stories of people in all positions of life have done more in promoting a democratic attitude than the endless campaign speeches of glib politicians.

We are now more apt to realize that a person may be a thoroughbred despite his living on the wrong side of the tracks because of financial inferiority. The friendship of an intelligent street cleaner has been shown to be more desirable than the company of some debutantes, which evens things up a bit.

FRED RACKMAN, Hollywood, Calif.

EVERY CLASS A JOY!

I had a wonderful dream last night, and I feel it is going to come true. I dreamed that I was back in school, and when I went to my American History class talking pictures greeted me. Text books have disappeared.

On to my next class, Literature, I gasped in amazement, for talkies greeted me here. We were studying Shakespeare's immortal "As You Like It."

In biology, citizenship, art, music, languages, we students met the same powerful teacher, the talking picture, fairly crammed with knowledge which was being given to us in such a rememberable way.

ESTHER M. NORMAN, St. Joseph, Mo.

WESTERNS MINUS BANDITRY

I wonder why someone hasn't produced a Western with all the fascinating characteristics of cow pokes without the old-fashioned shooting and bold banditry. There are spots in our West where drama can be found, he-men fighting now for a living. Location might be a stock ranch, rodeo or dude ranch.

Come on, Hollywood, give us a modern Western with romance, scenery and songs, those catchy tunes sung by real, natural voices with the Texas accent.

GENEVIEVE C. RYLAND, Denver, Colo.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]



Zip Spray Deodorant

THE SANITARY WAY TO CHECK PERSPIRATION

Apply this delightful liquid deodorant just where you want it, in a jiffy, by means of this latest atomizer device. The filmy mist gives an even distribution of the deodorant, without the annoyance of the liquid running down in drops to other surfaces. It is immediately effective, and dries instantly. This modern hygienic method insures your deodorant remaining fresh and free from contamination 50c

Zip Cream Deodorant

A PHYSICIAN'S PRESCRIPTION

If you want complete insurance against offending others, use Zip Cream Deodorant. Easy to apply; harmless to clothing; a cream your skin welcomes.

TWICE THE SIZE AT HALF THE PRICE

This delightful cream is the actual prescription of a physician for overcoming perspiration odors. It is awaiting you at leading toilet goods counters in large, attractively carved, highly polished wooden containers at 35c and 50c.

☆ Awarded the Good Housekeeping SEAL OF APPROVAL
Patents Pending



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SPECIALIST
NEW YORK SALON
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Swivel Elevator

Every vestige
of hair
GONE!
Zip Depilatory Cream is by far
the most popular depilatory
today. Simply spread on and
rinse off. As delightful as your
choicest cold cream, and
perfumed.
To permanently
destroy hair, use
ZIP Epilator
in the new convenient Kit pack-
age. Simple. Quick. Pleasant to
use. Lasting.

During the
bathing sea-
son, treat-
ment prices
at my Salon
are reduced

50¢ Zip Lip-Stick only 10¢

You will be delighted with this attractive lipstick which sells regularly for 50c. Here's the way to get it. Purchase a 50c tube of Zip Depilatory Cream or a 50c Zip Spray Deodorant, mail carton with 10c and your Zip Lip Stick will be sent to you at once.

Madame Berthé, SPECIALIST 562 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK.
Enclosed find 10c and large Zip Depilatory Cream (or Zip Spray Deodorant) carton.
Please send me a Zip Lip Stick. 8E

☐ Sherry (Light) ☐ Claret (Medium) ☐ Burgundy (Deep Medium)

Name _____ Address _____

City and State _____

The Audience Talks Back

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 15]



Several PHOTOPLAY readers, remembering her impressive portrayal in "Only Yesterday," have expressed their eagerness to see her latest production, "Little Man, What Now?" in which she plays opposite Douglass Montgomery

SHE IS, TOO

So sincere, so very real, was the character Margaret Sullavan played in "Only Yesterday," that I just can't wait to see her latest achievement, "Little Man, What Now?" I feel certain she will be the brave *Lammchen* we learned to love while reading the book.

ROBERTA MANN, Detroit, Mich.

ELEMENTARY CALCULATION

In a recent issue you ask why Will Rogers has more fans than such actors as Clark Gable. The answer seems easy to me.

Young people and those up to middle life like the Clark Gable type of romance. Older folks see romance in their own homes every day. They do not get to see their side of the romance in many pictures. It is in only such films as Will Rogers' that this longing is satisfied. All ages and all classes are represented in the Rogers type of picture and, of course, there is universal appeal.

ROSANNA DONNELLY, Dallas, Tex.

RAPT ATTENTION

Three cheers for our side. Movie devotees sometimes complain of the unhappy endings of pictures, but did you ever notice the difference between the last act at a picture show and the "grand finale" at almost any playhouse?

At the latter, half the people are shuffling around, preparing to leave. Not so at the movies. They are all interested enough to stay until the end.

That's a tribute. Let's keep it that way!

B. WARWICK, Chatham, Ont., Canada

OLD-TIMERS

Would it not be possible to reassemble a cast of the old timers, produce a picture at nominal cost, that is, paying the performers small salaries and permitting them to participate in the net profits from the picture?

Let's start a crusade for the stars of former years by helping them to help themselves.

LOUISE BRAUN, New York, N. Y.

HURDLING TIME'S FENCE

If all business could claim such rapid betterment as the film industry, what a world this would be! The giant with his seven league boots looks like a slow-poke when compared with the movie-makers' stride.

SARA SOLLARS, Sebastopol, Calif.

A PART OF US

The movie is the greatest teacher of American youth. It dramatizes knowledge, and drives it home.

We learn facts at the movies, and there are many pictures from which we can gain valuable historical information.

Do we really learn these things at the movies? Yes, for "whether or not we are a part of all we have seen, all we have seen remains a part of us."

MRS. M. K. VAIL, Indianapolis, Ind.

SPIRIT OF CHARITY

I think tribute should be paid to one who has run the gamut of stellar requirements, attained and held stardom these many years,



Marion Davies' admirers are legion. They credit her with a "genius for naturalness," and say she is the "Spirit of Charity" in Hollywood. Above, a scene from "Operator 13," with Gary Cooper as a spy for the Confederate forces

and remains her natural and delectable self. I refer to Marion Davies!

We find Marion, unassumingly, the dominating Spirit of Charity in the film colony. Professionally, she still goes along with but one thought—to please the public. Needless to say, she is doing so. Along with her many talents, Marion Davies possesses the genius for naturalness in a background that perpetually strives for effect.

CARL L. KRAUS, Hazleton, Penna.

BEST YET

"Men in White" is a shining example of what may be accomplished when intelligence is brought into play in the selection of directors, actors and adapters.

I am a graduate nurse, and "Men in White" is the best hospital picture I have ever seen. Let's have more pictures like it.

MARY BEA MCLEOD, Superior, Nebr.

FINE!

You ask for criticism—well you get it!

I have seen some good work by Clark Gable, but wonder if the directors have even heard of innate ability or personality. Why can't they let the fellow stick to his type of rôle, instead of casting him in such a rôle as he had in "Men in White?"

I'm not disappointed that he didn't choose Myrna Loy rather than his profession, but why do they have him try to get those angelic, sweet and simple expressions on his face? I wish the producers would do right by Gable.

EMERALD REYNOLDS, Horse Cave, Ky.

TURN ON THE HUMAN SIDE

Hollywood may be making royalty more hysterical than historical, but I think it's a grand idea. It is human nature to desire that people who make headlines be handsome and witty and fascinating.

Even if history books do tell us that Queen Elizabeth was a homely old termagant, she's ravishing in our mind's eye. We students of history know that Catherine was never as lily-white as the film portrays her, yet we much prefer her as Elizabeth Bergner and Marlene Dietrich depict her.

We are all more interested in the human side of monarchs, rather than that side which is involved in politics.

M. F. DONER, Seattle, Wash.

PULL FOR THE SHORE

After a trying turn with Neptune, tussling with mammoth waves and careening crazily down into the troughs, slipping into port and thence into a movie theater is a treat.

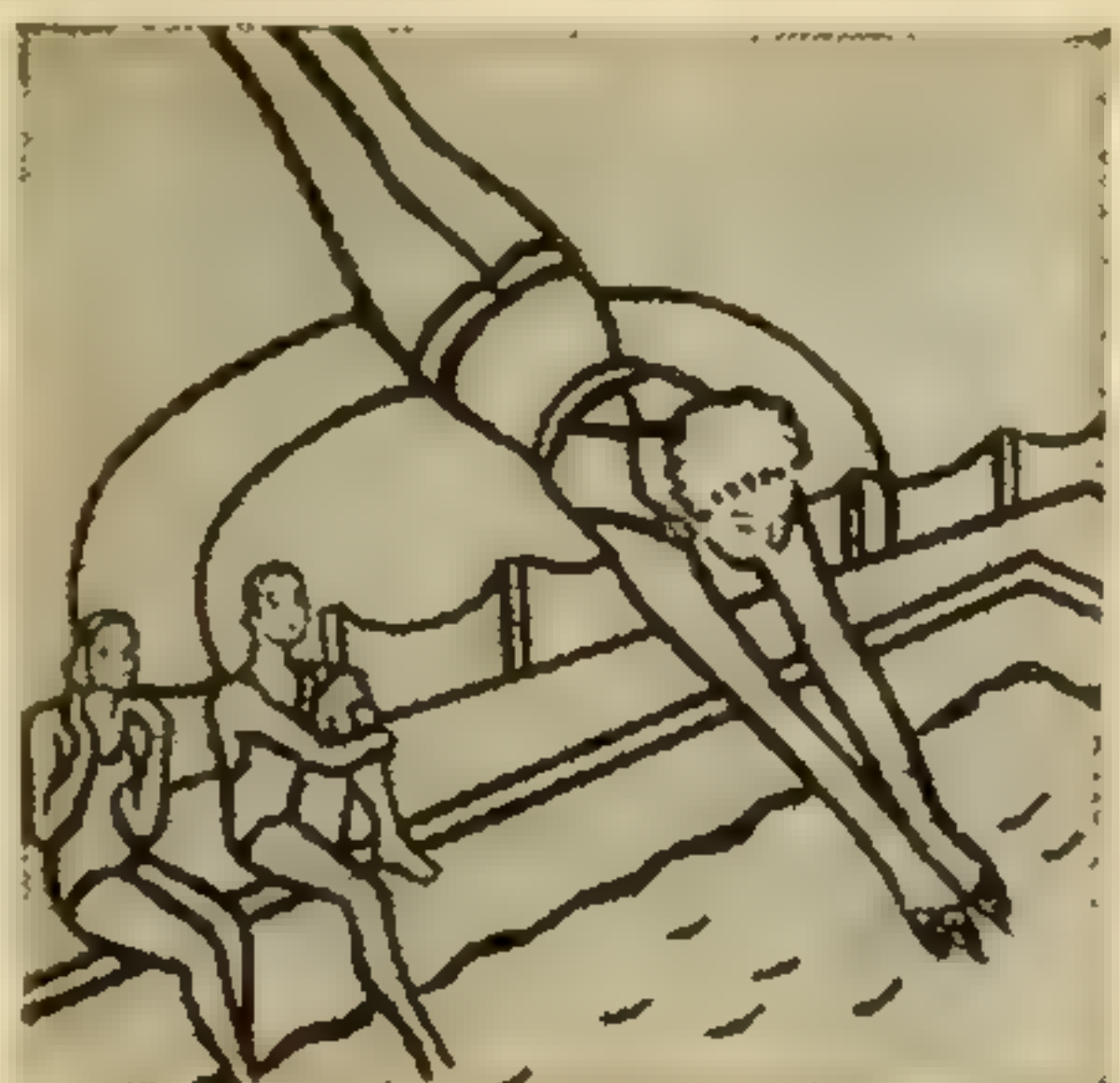
Usually, any old picture will do. But there have been few of the "any old" type in recent months.

When an old salt finds laughter and tender feelings crowding each other and gazes through briny mist, not of the sea, at the shifting scene up front with a lump in his weather-beaten throat—well, the pictures and the acting must be good!

RALF O. ELLIS, St. George, S. I., N. Y.



For your "short-game"—a tricky Pitch-and-Putt Course.



An Open-Air pool and Sun-tan Beach offer the sports of the seashore.

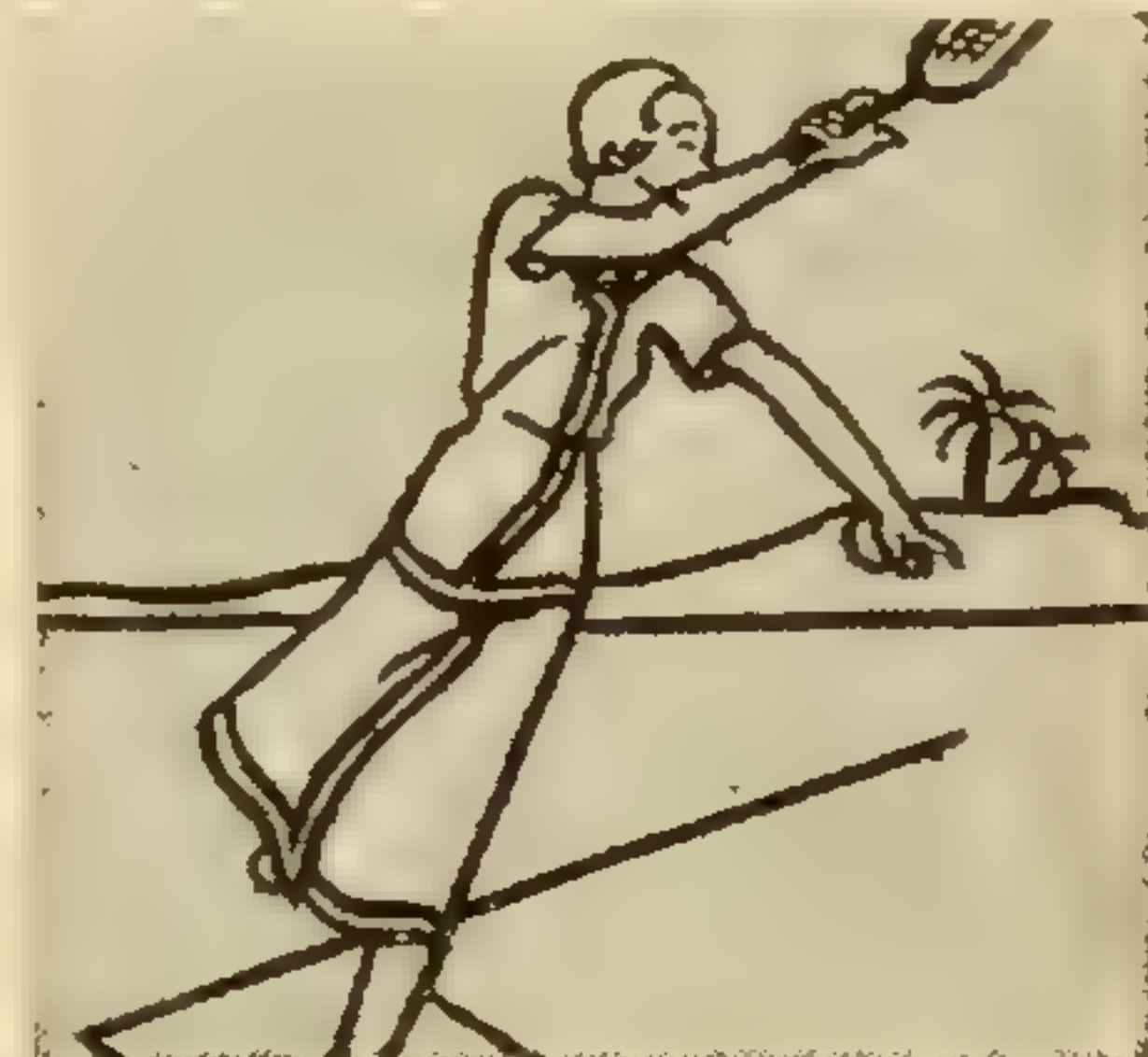
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COAST
NETWORK
11 to 11:30
NIGHTLY**



The Los Angeles
AMBASSADOR



For the kiddies—a wealth of outdoor fun equipment.



Tennis for the coming Tildens and Willises—and for those who just play.



More than thirty of the most intriguing shops—to tempt and amuse.

This **SUMMER**

AND *Next* **WINTER**

A 22 Acre Playground

IN THE HEART OF A GREAT CITY

WITH THE IDEAL YEAR 'ROUND CLIMATE

† Here indeed is a hotel and recreational center truly amazing in its varied vacational appeal. Without stepping from the grounds, the guest finds rolling, velvet fairways of an 18-hole Pitch-and-Putt Golf Course. Tennis Courts and Archery. Pergola walks and shady nooks. Above all, the new

“AMBASSADOR LIDO”

with a generous sand beach circling an open-air plunge—an al fresco garden cafe with bright colored birds and pets. Indoors—a “talkie” theatre; doctors; a dentist; a post office and 35 smart shops. Exquisitely re-decorated rooms and suites. The merriest of night life at the world-famous

“COCOANUT GROVE”

All within a few minutes of Los Angeles' and Hollywood's theatrical, business and shopping centers. Wide boulevards stretch from the Ambassador to ocean, mountain and desert. All the delights of this great play-center heightened by kindly and sincere service at moderate rates.

KINDLY WRITE FOR NEW ROOM
AND RESTAURANT TARIFFS

What Guests Have Said:

Prince and Princess Asaka of Japan: “Enjoyed the city immensely, and believe it was partly due to the elaborate entertainment given them in your hotel.”

Mr. Albert D. Lasker: “When the opportunity comes to me of stopping with you, it is a pleasure to which I look forward.”

Madame Amelita Galli-Curci: “I am looking forward to another visit to the Ambassador Hotel this Fall. It is one of the most beautiful I know of.”

Mr. John Barrymore: “I have always found the Ambassador a delightful place to live and shall be glad to have you say so.”

Carl Van Vechten: “The Ambassador is, I should think, one of the very best hotels in the world.”



The **LOS ANGELES
AMBASSADOR**

Dancing nightly at the world famous
COCOANUT GROVE

Managed by **BEN L. FRANK** with the cooperation
of an unusually loyal and efficient staff of employees

The easy way to stop a headache . . . *and the quickest*



HHEADACHES CAN COME from so many things . . . something you ate, stuffy rooms, sometimes sheer nervousness.

And that's why you need a *balanced* preparation for relief. Look what happens when you take Bromo-Seltzer!

Drink it as it fizzes in the glass. As Bromo-Seltzer dissolves, it effervesces. Gas on the stomach is promptly relieved.

Then Bromo-Seltzer quickly attacks the pain. Before you know it your headache is relieved. It works so fast because you take it as a *liquid*.

At the same time your nerves are soothed and calmed . . . you are gently steadied, refreshed. And your alkali reserve (so necessary for freshness and well-being) is being built up by citric salts which are rapidly absorbed by the blood.

Best of all, Bromo-Seltzer is so pleasant to take and so dependable. It contains no narcotics and it never upsets the stomach.

Keep the large family-size bottle of Bromo-Seltzer in your medicine cabinet. Always ready to bring quick, dependable relief from headaches, neuralgia or other pain of nerve origin. Simply follow directions on the bottle. You can also get Bromo-Seltzer at any soda fountain.

Bromo-Seltzer—the balanced remedy

No mere pain-killer can give the same prompt results as Bromo-Seltzer. It is a balanced compound of *five* medicinal ingredients, each of which has a special purpose . . . each of which has a special benefit. That's why

Bromo-Seltzer is so much more effective.

Look for the full name "Emerson's Bromo-Seltzer" on the label and blown into the famous blue bottle. Imitations are *not* the same . . . are not made under the same careful system of laboratory control which safeguards Bromo-Seltzer. Sold by druggists everywhere for over 40 years. Emerson Drug Co., Baltimore.

NOTE: In cases of persistent headaches, where the cause might be some organic trouble, you should of course consult your physician.



EMERSON'S
BROMO-SELTZER



Quick

Pleasant

Reliable



Tunbridge

AFTER a two-year absence from pictures, Douglas Fairbanks is back—dressed again in colorful costumes, and making romantic overtures to lovely ladies. The lady here is Benita Hume, British actress who left Hollywood recently to return to England. She is playing with Doug in the new London Film production, "The Private Life of Don Juan"



Clarence Sinclair Bull

ONE seldom thinks of Lupe Velez as shrinking—but here's proof she *can* shrink! Maybe Lupe became camera shy after facing live audiences on the long personal appearance tour she recently completed. Incidentally, when Lupe started that cross-country trek, Johnny Weissmuller temporarily abandoned Hollywood and accompanied his wife



Clarence Sinclair Bull

FOR a young and successful gentleman, Gary Cooper looks very languid. The cameraman caught him unaware—probably when Gary was day-dreaming about the ranch he and his bride have left. Gary has been working hard of late. He finished "Operator 13" with Marion Davies, and is busy in the coming Anna Sten picture, "Barbary Coast"



Irving Lippman

FAY WRAY coaxed her canine family into posing for this picture. The mother dog didn't like the idea at all! She's heard too much talk among movie people about kidnaping threats and the advisability of protecting one's children from publicity. But Fay reassured her. On the lot Miss Wray is hard at work now in Columbia's "Black Moon"

Avoid that "HAIRPINNED LOOK" with

Blend-Rite COIFFURE PINS

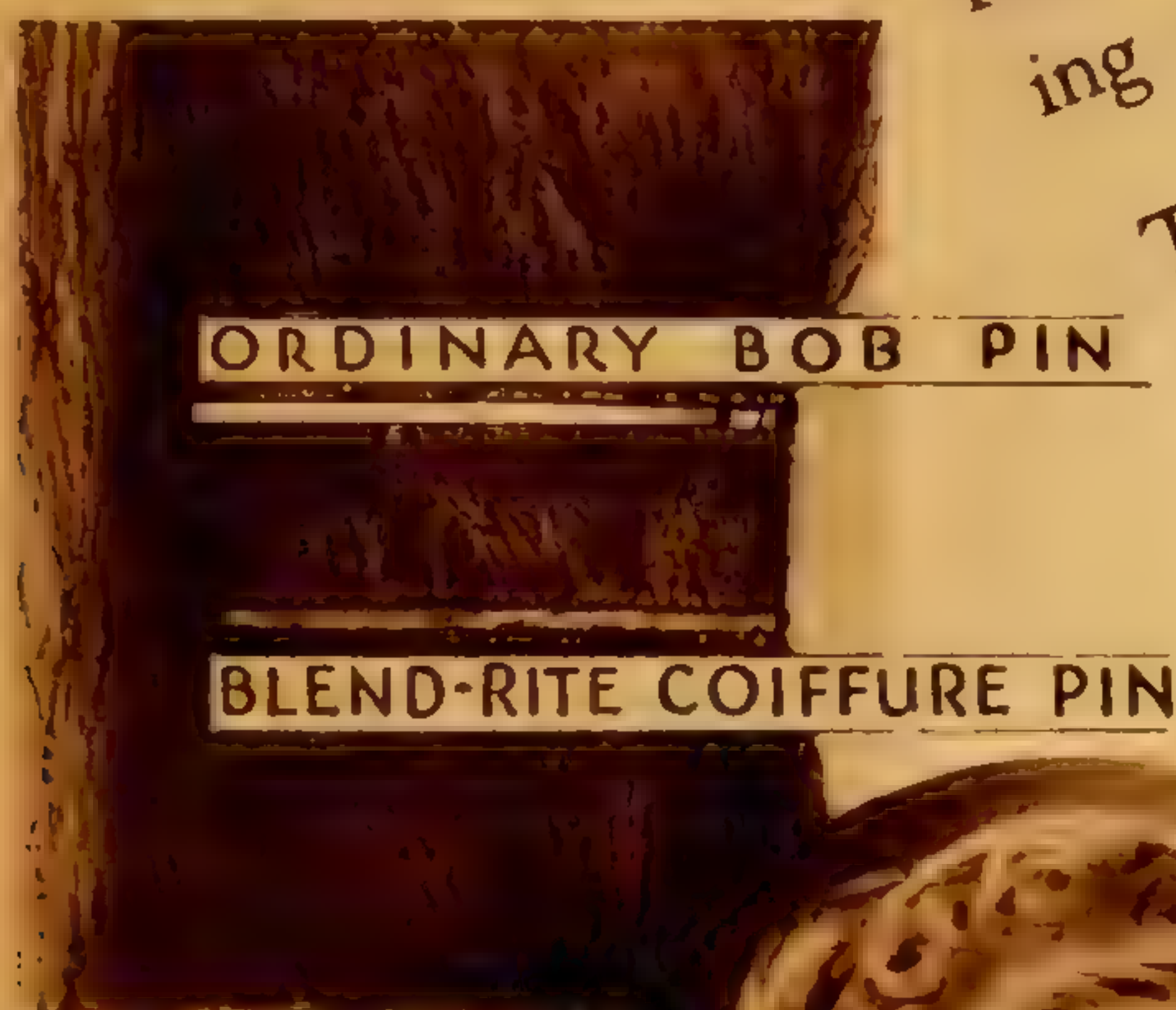
...they blend with the hair...

An amazing new "textured finish" makes Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins an unseen part of your hairdress. Illustrations below show how conspicuous ordinary, glossy type, bob pins can be and how flawlessly perfect the hairdress appears when Blend-Rite Coiffure Pins are used. Here's the secret...the "textured finish" absorbs rather than reflects the light, eliminating that artificial hairpinned look.

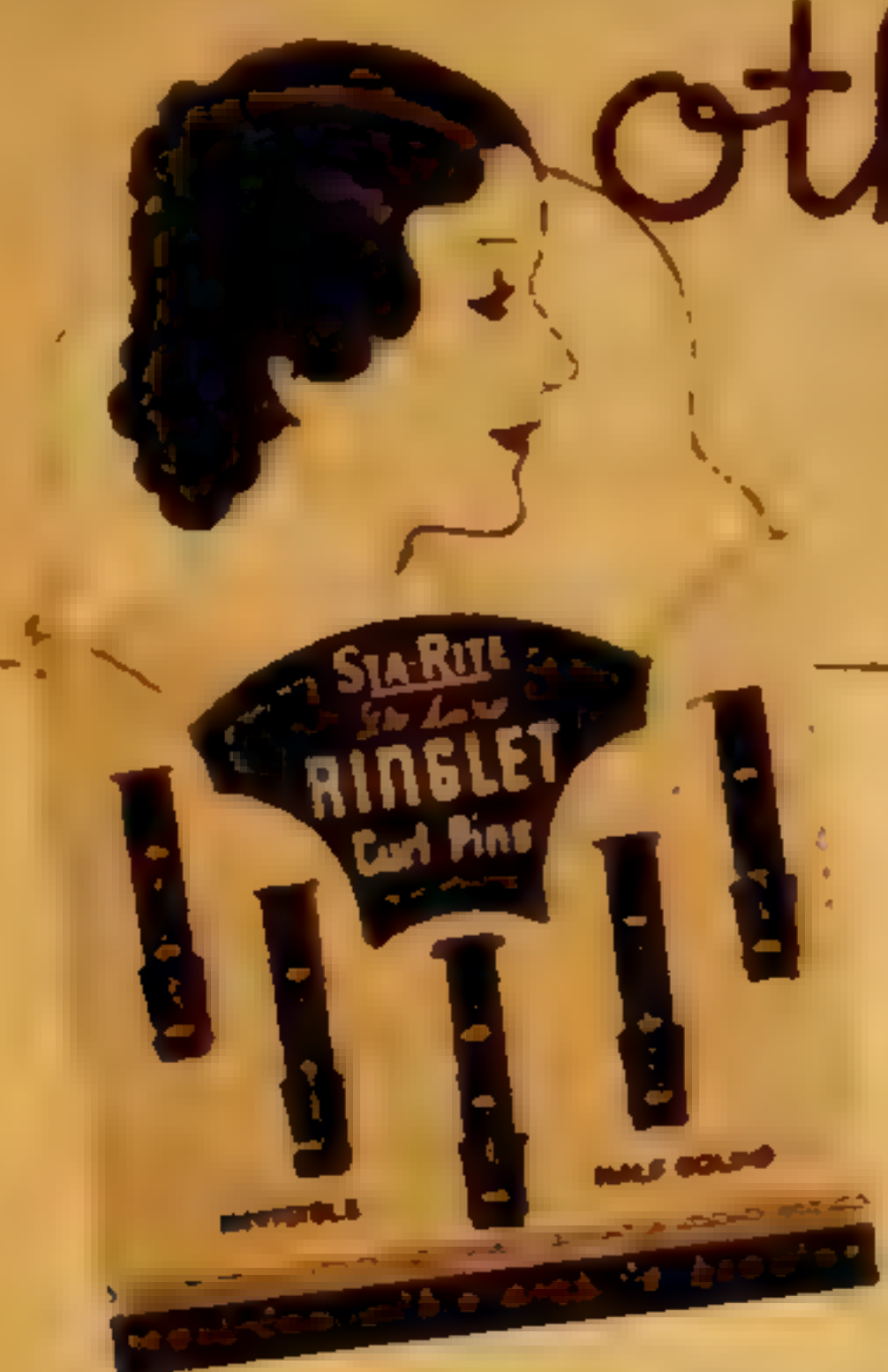
They're a real economy, too. Their greater tensile strength makes them snap back into shape after being used, insuring a tight grip and longer life.

Look for these magically invisible pins at your favorite store...insist on them at your beauty shop. They're in colors to match your hair...black, brown, blonde and gray...and in sizes to meet every hair-dressing need. Curved or straight styles. A trial package will be mailed to you for 10 cents. Specify color desired.

Sta-Rite Hair Pin Co., Shelbyville, Ill.



Other STA-RITE beauty aids



Sta-Rite Ringlet
Curl Pins

Dainty little pins for holding curls, ringlets and stray locks of hair.



Sta-Rite
Hair Pins

The hair pins with the patented crimp...they won't fall out.



Sta-Rite Screen
Star Bob Pins

An attractive photo-miniature of your favorite star on each card.



Ray Jones

KATHERINE DEMILLE'S ingenuous charm of portrayal in her screen rôles has won her a new Paramount contract. It should ease her regrets, if any, in giving up for a time a European trip after she learned that her adoption when a child, by C. B. DeMille, did not make her a citizen of the United States. She is still a native of Canada.

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By
Kathryn Dougherty



SO many picture folk are going abroad these days that the order of M.P.G.T. (Motion Picture Globe Trotters) could easily be founded. Some leave for pleasure or a rest; others, to get new ideas.

Darryl Zanuck, to whom I said farewell in New York City the other night, just previous to his sailing for Africa, can't be classed as a vacationist. His mind is too active.

One of the most brilliant men behind the scenes in Hollywood, happily, too, he represents the highest ideals of the film industry.

A NEWSPAPER writer, he tried for some years to break into films, without success. Then he wrote a number of short stories, had them privately printed in book form, and offered them to Warner Brothers. Warners read, liked and produced some of them.

He joined this studio, and in the course of a few years went up to one of the highest executive positions in that organization.

Then Twentieth Century was formed. Zanuck went over to the new studio as Vice-President in charge of production.

From the first he was a success. He has engaged for productions such famous players as George Arliss, Constance Bennett, Ronald Colman, Fredric March. His "The House of Rothschild" is an international sensation—one of the few really great pictures ever produced.

AS we shook hands, he said to me, "Do you know, I think you and I have much in common. Just a month or two ago in PHOTOPLAY you said editorially that sex pictures have brought only momentary, never permanent, success. I heartily agree with you. My experience has been the same. I will not make an indecent picture.

"If in a year I can make only three pictures that will satisfy my standards, then I will make only those three and no more."

It is a pleasure to meet Mr. Zanuck. A rather slight-built man, he might seem not at all unusual at first glance, but an earnestness, an enthusiasm, a vital force encompasses him as he talks.

Blond, only thirty-two years old, he seems almost boyish, until the rare and brilliant qualities of his mind begin to reveal themselves.

It is almost a religion, I discovered, his devotion to picture-making, which, though I do not recall his saying so, he evidently considers as one of the finest of the arts. He obviously believes in films as a great, uplifting, civilizing force. That is indicated by the splendid character of his work.

And I am sure that—with such ideals as he possesses—he is right.

LITTLE Shirley Temple will get along. The irresistible little blonde fell in love with a dainty frock she wore in "Baby Take A Bow."

"Just as soon as the picture's over," Producer Sol Wurtzel promised her, "you can have it for keeps."

Said Shirley, and with good sense, "Well, now that it's mine, I don't think I'd better wear it any more, because I'll soil it."

The hooked Mr. Wurtzel had to promise her a duplicate dress when the picture was finished.

And Shirley can have the soiled one, too.

THE final curtain for that lovable playboy of the West Coast—Lew Cody. What a gay, irresistible, irresponsible fellow he was up to the last! For nineteen years he had faced the camera—playing any rôle assigned him with a non-chalant dexterity that maintained him as a favorite.

Even the part of villain, which he so often played, could never undermine his popularity. In his heyday, girls sighed for real life villains *just like him*.

I wonder if he surprised himself as much as he did his friends. There was, for example, his totally unexpected marriage to petite, generous-hearted, tragic Mabel Normand. His previous attempt at marriage with Dorothy Dalton had ended in divorce.

CONTRARY to the expectations of those who did not really know Lew, his second marriage was not a failure.

Lew was gentle, and there was much to love in little madcap Mabel. And that he was generous, too, was proved when she died after a long and brave struggle against illness. When it was suggested to Lew that her estate should be put through court procedure, he remarked, "Courts, we need no courts for this," and turned over the inheritance to Mabel's mother, keeping not a penny of it for himself.

Lew's passing removes another of the few remaining ties that bind the old days of motion pictures to the new. What faults he may have had were far outweighed by his genuinely human kindness.

Perhaps the world would be better if there were more like him.

WILL ROGERS both shocked and delighted attaches of a Hollywood hospital by nimbly vaulting—for no other reason than to get to the other side—the bed wherein lay the convalescing Mrs. Will Rogers.

Mrs. Rogers recovered in spite of it all.

An aftermath came when the hospital comptroller presented Will with the bill. Will did handsprings this time in a temperamental fuss over the size of it.

"I didn't want to buy the hospital," he stormed.

The comptroller finally cut the bill smack in half. No sooner had he done so than Rogers chuckled, sat down and made out a check for the original bill in full.

"I just wanted to see if I had any ability as an emotional actor," Will explained.

EVERY Thursday of his life, Warner Baxter has lunch with one certain beautiful woman. His mother. It's a standing date and nothing is allowed to interfere with it.

If he's working, his mother lunches with him at the studio. If he's between pictures, they lunch at home. And every night of his life, whether he's at home or away, Warner phones his mother before her bedtime.

No wonder she thinks her boy the best in the world.

The Woman Who Found Charlie Chaplin



The former Amy Minister, who told Al Reeves (right) about young Chaplin's talent. Reeves brought him to America. Today Amy is — can't you guess?



Amy Minister called him "marvelous" when he was a boy troupier

By
Charles
Darnton



Charlie Chaplin as we know him. When he became famous in films he cabled his old manager, Reeves, to come to Hollywood with him

NATURALLY enough, there's a woman in this hitherto untold story of Charlie Chaplin. A woman who saw and understood. A woman out of whose discernment and intuition was wrought the romance of fame. A woman who was quick to recognize genius. A woman to whom all the world is indebted for the greatest comedian of them all.

No doubt you never have heard of Amy Minister. Nor had I until a sunny little Englishman, no bigger than Chaplin himself, spoke her quaintly charming old-world name. Yet, in her hey-day, Amy Minister played up and down England and America as the adored soubrette of Fred Karno's beloved troupe.

I have the tale of two countries from Alfred Reeves, who became Charlie Chaplin's manager in 1910 and still holds that enviable post.

It goes back to that day in London, to which Reeves had returned in quest of new talent for a group of the Karno players he had taken to America, when Amy Minister helpfully suggested:

"Al, there's a clever boy in the Karno troupe at the Holloway Empire. His name's Charlie Chaplin. He's a wonderful kid and a marvelous actor."

"I'll have to look at him," decided Reeves.

You see, Amy's word went a long way with Al.

So, climbing to the top of a bus, he swayed and rumbled through the fog to North London. There, swinging down at Holloway, he pushed through the doors of the murky Empire,



Chaplin photographs on a poster used by Karno's American company. Miss Minister is at the top, then Reeves, then Charlie. He is also at bottom (middle)

errand boy forever reading Wild West blood-and-thunder thrillers," he recalled.

"And what was the first thing you heard him say?"

"You'll hardly believe it," he grinned, "but just as I popped in he was putting great dramatic fire into the good old speech, 'Another shot rang out, and another redskin bit the dust!'"

"How was he dressed?" Somehow, I never can imagine Charlie Chaplin in anything but the inspired outfit which has become part and parcel of him. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]

\$10,000 in Prizes for "Anthony Adverse"

Cast Selections

WANT to be a casting director and share \$10,000.00 in prizes?

PHOTOPLAY Magazine, in conjunction with Warner Bros. Pictures, which company will produce "Anthony Adverse" for the screen, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of Hervey Allen's great novel, offers you the opportunity to take part in THE MOST VITALLY SIGNIFICANT CONTEST EVER CONDUCTED BY A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO MOTION PICTURES!

You may win one of five Ford motor cars, a Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00, one of various cash awards amounting to \$1,000.00, an airplane trip to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with your expenses paid by United Air Lines and a week's guest privilege at the Drake Hotel, or any of ONE HUNDRED AND FIFTY-SEVEN PRIZES with a TOTAL CASH VALUE OF \$10,000.00!

All for the thrill of HELPING TO NAME THE CAST FOR HERVEY ALLEN'S MASTERFUL STORY, "ANTHONY ADVERSE," READ BY MORE THAN TWO MILLION! PEOPLE IN A YEAR.

Postal Telegraph's far-flung facilities will make available to persons everywhere, ballots similar to the one appearing in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and which will also appear in the September and October issues. Warner Brothers Theaters and Farrar & Rinehart will also distribute these ballots, as will the Ford Motor Company factories and agencies, the manufacturers of the various other articles offered as prizes, and book dealers.

Hervey Allen, himself, has listed the twelve most important characters in this book, for the screen play. Fill in your ballot with your selection of actors and actresses best fitted to play each part, in accordance with the rules accompanying this announcement. Also fill the blank Postal telegram space with a fifty-word explanation of why you think a particular star should play the monumental rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

For your convenience, a synopsis of the book is offered in this issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, and this synopsis will also appear in the September and October issues.

On page 82, you will find a list of players under contract to Warner Bros. Pictures. You are at liberty to suggest also the names of players of other companies for this production. The availability of these other players depends upon their contracts and production schedules.

All ballots must be in by midnight, September 15, when the contest closes.

Full instructions about mailing them to PHOTOPLAY'S New York office, or presenting them at Postal Telegraph offices, are given in the rules.

Prize winners will be ranked according to the way their casts, in the opinion of the judges, are suited for the production by Warner Bros. Pictures, and on the strength of their fifty-word explanations for wanting to see a certain star in the title rôle. Neatness also will be taken into consideration by the judges.

Everyone who goes to the movies has said, at some time, "I wish I could see a picture cast as I think it should be done." Well, no one could ask for a better chance than this.

So get set, all you prospective casting directors, and show what you can do in the way of helping to assemble players for the most ambitious motion picture production in history.

And those prizes—ah, a few more words about those prizes!

The Ford V-8 motor cars—five of them—speak for themselves. You can have your pick of any of five swanky models, the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Victoria; Coupe, or the Convertible Cabriolet. Likewise the quality of Tecla Cultured Pearls is known to everybody. Think of a \$700.00 necklace for sending in the sixth best ballot!

Cash is welcome in anybody's pocket these days, and there are fifteen money awards ranging from \$300.00 to \$25.00.

Ten lucky contestants will fly to the Chicago Fair via one of America's finest, fastest and most comfortable air routes—the United Air Lines. They will enjoy the hospitality of the luxurious Drake Hotel, for one week. This great hotel is beautifully located on Lake Michigan. The Century of Progress is more extensive, more elaborate, more thrilling this year than last. What more need be said?

Six gowns designed for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures by Orry Kelly, that company's renowned stylist, and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., of New York and Hollywood, make most attractive prizes. Orry Kelly is one of the geniuses of the Movie Capital who sets the fashions for smart women everywhere today. These are the same type frocks designed for new productions and for the private wardrobes of some of the loveliest and best-dressed women in pictures. Winners may select gowns such as those worn by Bette Davis, star of "Housewife," by Kay Francis, star of "Dr. Monica," by Dorothy Tree, who will be seen in "Hey, Sailor," or Margaret Lindsay, whom you will find delightful in "The Dragon Murder Case."

And what woman doesn't delight in an abundance of fine silk stockings? Women also know the superior quality of Mojud Clari-plane hosiery. Each of twenty prize winners will be supplied with forty pairs for a whole year's wardrobe—all the very latest shades.

Women will be intrigued, too, by the offer of one hundred Day-Night Pre-Vue mirrors, with handsome, genuine hand-made leather cases. They actually preview make-up. Two-faced and purse-sized, Pre-Vue's electric blue side reveals just how make-up applied under artificial lighting will look in the glare of the sun. The amber-gold face foretells the appearance of daylight make-up when milady is viewed under electric lights. Thrilling, eh?

And so we offer you, the SUPREME MOVIE CONTEST OF ALL TIME!

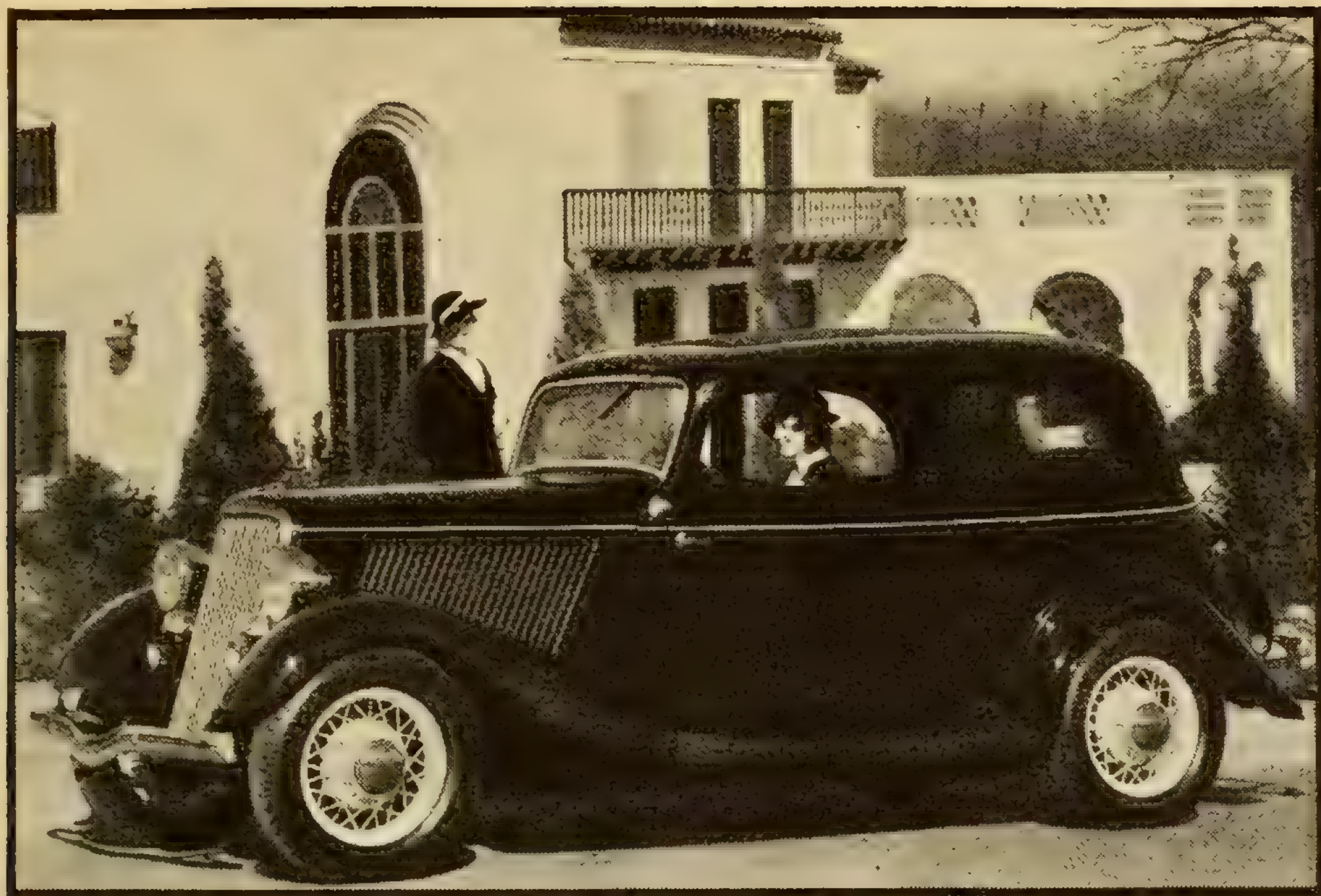
Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

Read this before filling in the ballot on page 31

DON LUIS, Marquis da Vincitata, a shaggy, powerful man of forty-three, rich, brutal and conceited, stops off at Auvergne, on his way from the French court at Versailles to his estates in Tuscany, to take a cure for his gout. With him is his eighteen-year-old wife, Maria Bonnyfeather, daughter of a Scotch merchant at

Livorno, Italy. Maria's beauty of face and figure is that of a cameo, small, rather neat head, hair of pure saffron, with wide, very blue eyes, straight nose and rather small, pursed mouth with a determined chin.

Denis Moore, Maria's lover, an Irish cavalry officer in the French household troops at Versailles, has [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 30]



The first five prize winners will receive a Ford V-8 motor car, and may choose between this Victoria or four other swanky models: the De Luxe Fordor Sedan; De Luxe Tudor Sedan; Coupe (three windows), or the Convertible Cabriolet. They're all grand!

Sixth award, and what could be lovelier? This \$700.00 Tecla pearl necklace, with genuine diamond clasp, is made of real pearls "cultured" in the oyster



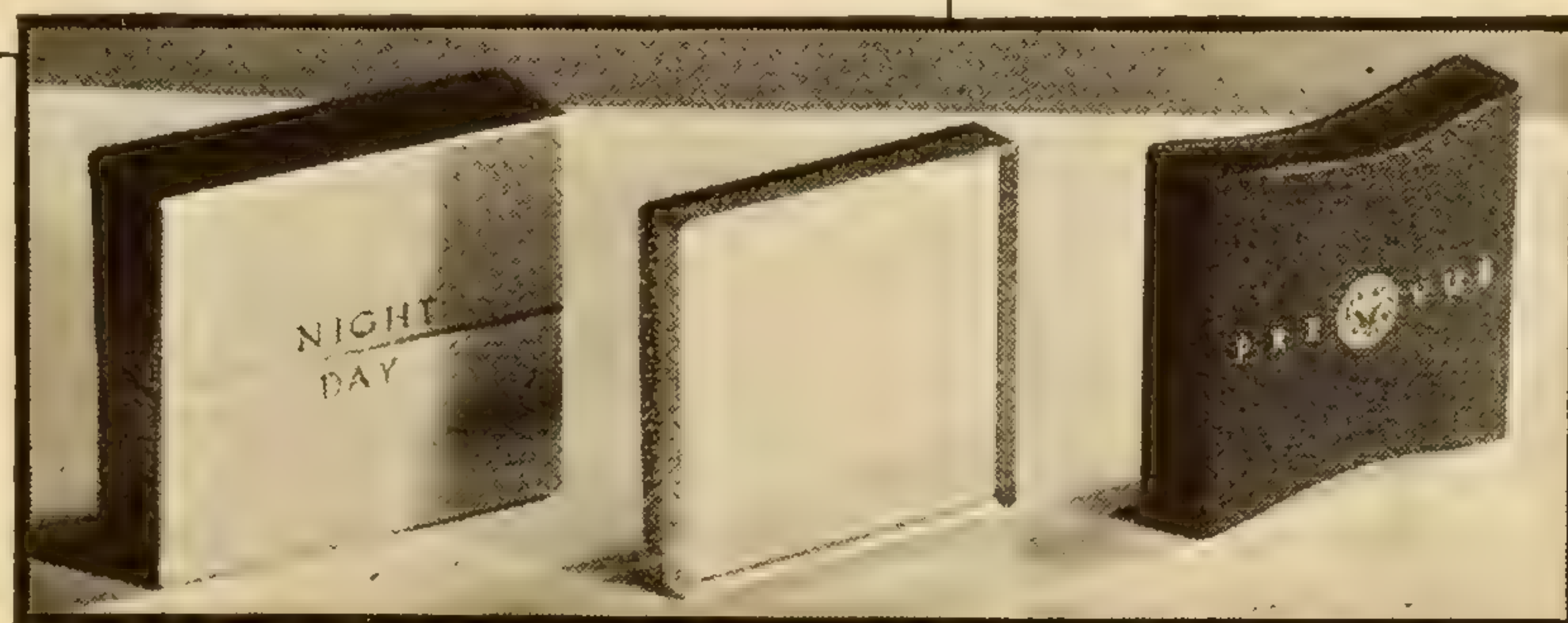
Girls! You Can Win A Year's Supply Of Fine Silk Stockings!

As many as forty pairs of flawlessly beautiful Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings will make each of twenty women happy when PHOTOPLAY Magazine's "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest ballots are counted. Mojud Clari-phanes are knitted of highest grade silk by a new process which eliminates all rings, streaks or shadows. Their "Screen-lite" shades are styled and sponsored by Orry-Kelly, celebrated style designer for Warner Bros. Pictures. To insure prize winners receiving up-to-the-minute shades each season through the year, they will have the privilege of ordering their stockings at any time over that period, the total quantity not to exceed forty pairs for each.

Off to the Fair at three miles a minute! Ten winners of "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest prizes will go to Chicago free, on United Air Lines planes such as this, for A Century of Progress

Orry Kelly, Warner stylist, designed this charming gown worn by Bette Davis. Six gowns of this type, designed by Orry Kelly and reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc., are the 20th to 25th prizes in this great contest

100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, like this one with its smart case, will enable winners to make up properly for artificial light or sun. It has amber and blue faces



followed her to Auvergne. Denis is very tall and straight, hard, steel-blue eyes, hair a mass of brown curls, firm mouth and stronger chin. He has a countenance of extraordinary mobility which can flash from grim determination to extreme charm. He is about thirty.

During the absence of the apoplectic Don Luis at the springs, over a period of three months, the lovers indulge in a passionate and idyllic affair. They make plans to elope, but are frustrated by the Marquis, who learns his wife has been unfaithful to him. Don Luis waylays Denis at an inn and kills him in a duel, despite the protests of Brother Francois, aescetic young priest of high birth, a distinguished and aloof man, but one with a great deal of charm.

Maria's and Denis' child is born and Maria dies. Don Luis bundles the child, a boy, into a satchel and leaves it surreptitiously at the convent of Jesus the Child, an exclusive school for girls. The nuns baptize the baby Anthony, from the saint on whose day he was left, January 17, 1776. With the child has been left a beautiful, very old figure of the Madonna.

Anthony is brought up to his eighth year in utter seclusion, with no knowledge of an outside world, nor of the school on the other side of the courtyard where he is allowed to play, when Father Xavier, confessor to the convent, takes pity on him and begins his formal education. Father Xavier is a spare man, genial and wise.

When he is ten, Anthony talks with one of the little girls in the school. She is about his own age. Florence Udney, daughter of the British consul at Livorno, not far distant. As a result, the Mother Superior, alarmed that the prestige of her school may be ruined by the presence of a boy, arranges, through Father Xavier and Mr. Udney, Anthony's apprenticeship to John Bonnyfeather—the boy's grandfather.

Because of his startling resemblance to Maria Bonnyfeather as a

child and because of the statue of the Madonna, recognized by Faith Paleologus, the merchant's housekeeper and once maid to Maria, the elderly Mr. Bonnyfeather suspects the boy may be his grandson, but he can never be reasonably sure. Yet, he brings the boy up as though he were his grandson and eventually makes him his heir.

The trading factory, Casa de Bonnyfeather, is a cosmopolitan cross section of the European world at the end of the eighteenth century, and it is in this environment Anthony is brought up and educated to be "a gentleman merchant."

From the chief clerk, drily humorous, philosophical Scot, Sandy McNab, Anthony gets his last name, Adverse. From his grandfather he gets a chivalrous-feudal-classical slant, with a shrewd drench of Scotch commercialism and hardheadedness. From Touissaint Clairvieux, small and dapper, youngish-faced, sparkling-eyed gentleman writer-clerk of Casa de Bonnyfeather, a disciple of Rousseau and enamored of Faith Paleologus, Anthony imbibes much of the radical doctrine of the time. About the quays and counting houses, he learns languages.

When Anthony is fourteen, he falls in love with Angela, slim, brown-eyed, flaming-haired daughter of one of the servants. Through Angela he experiences his first real tragedy, when she is taken away by her parents, her father having won in a lottery. It is that night Faith Paleologus, tall and slender, with a broad, low forehead, thick, blue-black hair, passionate mouth and black-brown eyes, makes love to Anthony.

In the company of Vincent Nolte, a German lad, heir to one of the great Hamburg banking houses, Anthony spends his spare time about town tasting the social life. And Anthony comes to the age of twenty. He has grown handsome—tall, broad-shouldered, long-legged, firm jaw, broad brow and gray-blue eyes. His yellow hair has turned brown.

Rules of the \$10,000.00 "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest

1. Prizes will be awarded by Warner Bros. Pictures, and presentations will be made by managers of Warner Bros. Theaters in or near the towns where the prize winners are residents; except the airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, which will be donated by United Air Lines, with guest privileges of one week at the Drake Hotel. Awarding of all prizes will be announced by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, as follows:

First five prizes—Ford V-8 motor cars, to be selected by winners from any of five models: De Luxe Fordor Sedan, De Luxe Tudor Sedan, Victoria, Coupe (three windows), or Convertible Cabriolet.

Sixth prize—Tecla pearl necklace worth \$700.00.

Seventh prize—\$300.00 in cash.

Eighth to 17th prizes—Ten airplane trips to A Century of Progress World's Fair in Chicago, with all traveling expenses of round-trips paid by United Air Lines, and guest privileges of one week at the famous Drake Hotel.

18th prize—\$200.00 in cash.

19th prize—\$125.00 in cash.

20th to 25th prizes—Six gowns designed by Orry Kelly for stars of Warner Bros. Pictures, reproduced by Studio Styles, Inc.

26th prize—\$75.00 in cash.

27th prize—\$50.00 in cash.

28th to 47th prizes—Twenty complete hosiery wardrobes, each with a full year's supply of Mojud Clari-phane silk stockings (up to 40 pairs for each of the 20 winners).

48th to 57th prizes—\$25.00 in cash to each.

58th to 157th prizes—100 Pre-Vue Day-Night mirrors, with hand-made leather cases.

2. In three issues (August, September and October) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing the "Anthony Adverse" Cast Contest. A ballot submitted with contestant's selection of the twelve actors and actresses considered most suitable to portray the twelve principal characters in the motion picture production of the book, and an explanation (up to fifty words) of why a certain star has been selected for the rôle of *Anthony Adverse*, will constitute the correct entry.

3. To correctly fill out your ballot: In the spaces opposite the listings of characters in the cast box, you should insert the names of actors and actresses you believe most admirably fitted to play the twelve rôles.

In the blank space below the cast box, corresponding to a Postal Telegraph form, you should explain, in not more than fifty words, why you suggest a particular star for the leading rôle of *Anthony Adverse* himself.

4. The complete list of prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be awarded to the persons who send in ballots which are most similar to the cast that will be announced for the Warner Bros. Pictures screen production of "Anthony Adverse," and which convey the best explanations of why a certain actor has been recommended for the title rôle. The judges will take neatness into consideration in all cases.

5. The cast voted for must be selected from the list of players under the heading, "Addresses of the Stars," which appears in this issue on page 82, and which will appear in the September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY. Under this heading you will find the contract players at the Warner-First National Studios. Contestants are at liberty to suggest actors and actresses under contract to other companies, or free-lance players. The availability of such players for "Anthony Adverse," of course, will depend upon the terms of any contracts involving them, production schedules, etc., but all players suggested will be duly considered.

6. The "Anthony Adverse" ballot carried in this issue of PHOTOPLAY will be duplicated in the September and October issues. Identical ballots may be obtained free of charge from any Postal Telegraph office or uniformed messenger of that company, from Warner Bros. Theaters, Farrar & Rinehart, the Ford Motor Company factories or agencies, the manufacturers of any of the other articles offered as prizes in this contest, and from book dealers selling "Anthony Adverse."

7. Ballots may be sent to the "ANTHONY ADVERSE" CAST CONTEST EDITOR, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City, or may be turned in at any

Postal Telegraph station. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on the ballot. If you mail it to PHOTOPLAY Magazine's office, make certain it carries sufficient postage.

8. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the official ballot from the originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

9. A synopsis of "Anthony Adverse" accompanies this announcement of the contest and will be published in the September and October issues of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Contestants may refer to this synopsis at their convenience in suggesting casts for the picture production.

10. The judges will be a committee selected by PHOTOPLAY Magazine, Warner Bros. Pictures, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of "Anthony Adverse." They are: Representing PHOTOPLAY, Kathryn Dougherty, publisher, and Margaret Sangster, novelist; representing Warner Bros. Pictures, Jack L. Warner, vice-president in charge of production; representing Farrar & Rinehart, John Farrar. Also, W. C. Daviet, vice-president of the Postal Telegraph Company, and Hervey Allen, author of "Anthony Adverse." The decisions of this committee will be final.

No relatives or members of the household of any of the above named companies, or of the manufacturers of any of the articles offered as prizes in the contest will be eligible to submit ballots. Otherwise the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

11. In event of a tie for any of the prizes offered, a duplicate award will be made to each tying contestant.

12. The contest will close at midnight on September 15. All ballots should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine.

It is at this time he again sees Florence Udney, of the brown-golden hair and deep gray eyes, his first childhood playmate, now engaged to David Parish, young Englishman. And Anthony rediscovers his sweetheart, Angela, singing at the opera. She is determined to become a prima donna, under the patronage of Debrulle, fatherly, middle-aged German theatrical manager and singer. Anthony still loves Angela, but again they must part.

Napoleon and the French army descend on Livorno and close the port. The aged Bonnyfeather closes his house and retires, sending Anthony, restless, and at times despairing at his loss of Angela, to Havana to collect a debt of forty-five thousand dollars due from a slave-trading firm.

Anthony sails on an American ship with Captain Elisha Jorham of Rhode Island, a colossus of a man—red-faced, with iron gray beard, cold blue eyes—and his wife, Jane, a prim, bony woman, with extraordinarily pointed lips. They sail by way of Genoa where Anthony again sees Father Xavier, now slight and emaciated, thin, gray locks, but whose face still glows from a quiet light within.

At Havana, Anthony lives at the home of one Carlo Cibo, Italian merchant long in Cuba. Cibo is a huge man, good-naturedly fat, with tightly curled, black hair.

Here Anthony meets Brother Francois, the same priest who had seen Don Luis kill Anthony's father. He also meets the niece of the Governor General of Cuba, Dolores de la [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]



VOTE BY POSTAL TELEGRAPH FOR YOUR FAVORITE CAST IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"

RECEIVED AT

INDICATED ON THIS MESSAGE

Postal Telegraph

THE INTERNATIONAL SYSTEM

Commercial Cables

All America Cables

Blackay

Radio

This is a full rate Telegram, Cablegram or Radiogram unless otherwise indicated by signal in the check or in the address.

DL	DAY LETTER
NL	NIGHT LETTER
NM	NIGHT MESSAGE
LCO	DEFERRED CABLE
NLT	NIGHT CABLE LETTER
WLT	WEEK END CABLE LETTER
	RADIOGRAM

ANTHONY ADVERSE BALLOT

The world's greatest modern book is to be made into a motion picture. "Anthony Adverse" goes into production at Warner Bros. Studios beginning September, 1934. **WHAT HOLLYWOOD STARS WILL PLAY THE PARTS OF THE VARIOUS CHARACTERS IN "ANTHONY ADVERSE"?** A cast must be selected by September. The task of selecting this cast is a gigantic one. Warner Bros., who will make this truly history-making picture, and Farrar & Rinehart, publishers of the book, have joined with PHOTOPLAY Magazine in seeking the help of American movie-goers for the final selection of this cast. To make the cast of "Anthony Adverse" a truly representative choice of all American movie fans, Postal Telegraph Co. has agreed to the use of this special ballot which may be filled out and left at any of their stations. The ballot may also be mailed directly to PHOTOPLAY Magazine in New York City. All entries in this contest must be made no later than Sept. 15.

IMPORTANT: THE CAST YOU VOTE FOR MUST BE SELECTED FROM THE LIST OF HOLLYWOOD STARS ANNOUNCED IN THE AUGUST, SEPTEMBER OR OCTOBER ISSUES OF PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Consult any one of these issues of PHOTOPLAY before filling out this ballot for contest instructions and complete list of prizes.

-----CLIP ON LINE-----

Below are listed the twelve most important characters in ANTHONY ADVERSE. In the blank space opposite each character write the name of the star you would like to see play the part.

ANTHONY ADVERSE	1	NELETA	7
NAPOLEON BONAPARTE	2	G. J. OUVARD	8
CARLO CIBO	3	SENORITA DOLORES	9
BROTHER FRANCOIS	4	JOHN BONNYFEATHER	10
ANGELA GUESSIPPI	5	FAITH PAEOLOGUS	11
VINCENT NOLTE	6	DON LUIS	12

In this space write a message (up to 50 words) explaining why you choose Character No. 1 to play the part of Anthony

Name _____ Address _____

PRIZES: One thousand dollars in cash. Five 1934-Model Ford Automobiles (winners may select any of five stock models). Ten round trips to Chicago World's Fair via United Air Lines with one week's accommodation at the Drake Hotel. Seven hundred dollar Tecla Cultured Pearl Necklace. Six gowns designed for winners by Orry Kelly of Hollywood. Twenty prizes of Mojud Clari-phane stockings, each prize good for one year's supply (40 pairs). One hundred genuine patented Pre-Vue Day-Night Mirrors, in handsome handmade leather cases.

READ COMPLETE DETAILS IN PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE BEFORE VOTING

Hollywood Goes Communist

By Rose Rogers
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK DOBIAS

A nightmare of a Soviet regime in the studios: Prop boys call producers "comrade," and the red stars have got the blues

DON'T wave the Red flag in Hollywood! When Hollywood sees red it gets the blues. The City of Cinema was jerked out of the red by President Roosevelt, but remembers well enough to recognize its favorite *un*-popular color! It's a long way from Moscow to Hollywood—but just suppose somebody had a big, bad dream—suppose Hollywood were turned "bottoms up" and the scarlet banner of the Reds waved its sinister folds over the studios. What would happen if the cinema celebrities were leveled to "Comrades"? If the Brown Derby doled out food rations to star and extra, prop boy and producer alike? If Dietrich's gorgeous gowns melted to a drab uniform—if Pickfair turned into a Government barracks?

It might have been like this:—

Greta Garboski stood at the end of the long line reaching to the Brown Derby. She had been waiting hours to exchange her food tickets for rations of herring and beans.

She arrived late because it was a long hike from her Santa Monica home, even though she liked walking and started at six A.M. No one was privileged to ride in automobiles except the Communist Government officials. There were no privately owned cars. All the ornate automobiles of Hollywood had been converted into tractors, which the Japanese farmers wondered how to use. . . .

"Ah there, Comrade Garboski," greeted the man in front of her—a magazine writer called Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch. "How goes the housing situation out your way?"

The great Garboski eyes reproached him for bringing that one up. "Ach, three new reporters moofed in yesterday," she answered with a mournful wail. Then, remembering where she was, she glanced fearfully about her.



Lupe Velezski rumbaed on the red-hot stove, while the others danced around, happily agreed to have French fries on Wednesday

Thinking of the common good, they turned all the stars' cars into tractors, which the Japanese farmers wondered how to use

Was that man lurking nearby a spy, perhaps, who would run to report the slightest criticism of the New Regime to Dictator Stalin-von-Sternberg?

Greta forced a joyous smile. "Ach, it is vunderful, how they haf allotted fifteen square feet of space to effery person to liff in. I am no more lonesome. My beeg house resounds with the noises of mooch people . . . but I am so happy today because it comes my turn to use the community bathtub . . . only," she leaned over and whispered in a stricken voice, keeping a wary eye on the spy in the doorway, " . . . only I haf no soap!"

The chivalrous Comrade Ivanovitch gave her a look of deep, understanding sympathy. Then torn with conflicting emotions, he plunged a desperate hand into his pocket. Before he could recover his emotional balance and change his mind, he had smuggled a sliver of the forbidden commodity into the pocket of her shapeless blue denim uniform.

"How can I ever t'ank you, Comrade," murmured Garboski, in low thrilling tones, giving him the full battery of the mysterious eyes.

"Oh, that's okay," answered Ivanovitch, with cleverly assumed casualness. "You might come up and see me sometime when you have an exclusive Garboski story. Just ask for me

at Comrade Hepburnov's house. I'm living in her attic."

Greta warmly smiled her consent, and Comrade Ivanovitch knew she would not forget his great sacrifice. It was his last piece of soap, and he knew there would never be another. Soap led the list of forbidden luxuries in the Communist Regime. Soap inspired men to shave off their beards—and if they didn't have beards, how could they look like Communists?

Just then a small, dark-haired woman dashed by. Her denim uniform fitted smartly around the hips, which she swung defiantly.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 100]



The reporter saw Greta Garboski at the end of the long line. She had been waiting for hours, to exchange her food tickets for her ration of beans and herring



Greta Garbo

BARON George Hoyningen-Huene has fearlessly spoken his mind on the most beautiful women in Hollywood, and his word is widely accepted as final. Small wonder, then, there's such a flutter in the scented boudoirs of the picture colony—from triumphant joy in thirteen or fourteen cases, and anguished disappointment in countless others.

The Baron, whose artistry with the camera has brought him great renown, came to the movie capital to pick exactly thirteen supreme beauties. He got stumped in one instance, however; named fourteen stars in all and compromised by saying that two of these are, in fact, one and the same type.

In other ways, too, the Baron's beauty listing is unconventional—which makes it all the more exciting.

Greta Garbo's name leads all the rest.



Dolores Del Rio



Marlene Dietrich



Gloria Swanson

13 Irresistible WOMEN

But Garbo, he says, is beyond any classification, or, rather, she is beyond comparison. She is *the* most beautiful woman, so much so that she stands alone.

Likewise he includes Katharine Hepburn, but does not classify her, other than to say she is at the other extreme. She is not beautiful, but the greatest actress, the most vital personality.

These two, he explains, form a "frame" for the other lovely actresses he has chosen—a classified, numbered group, headed by Dolores Del Rio.

But before we go into that, let us consider this Baron Huene himself. What qualifies him to speak with such authority that all of Hollywood is set aquiver?



Anna Sten



Loretta Young

Baron Huené slips a joker into his pack of leading Hollywood beauties. Two of his fourteen are so alike they count as one

By Ruth Rankin

Well, he has photographed the most charming women in society, sports, motion pictures and the theater, over the entire earth. His *atelier* is in Paris. This is his first journey to Hollywood.

The Baron's personality in itself, aside from his art, is enough to set the ladies on edge. A gentleman of surpassing charm and a way of saying the most gloriously and devastatingly revealing things about faces and figures—with words as well as with camera.

Then there is the little matter of his title. You know how Hollywood is about a title—prone and prostrate. He is tall and fair, under forty, with manner and distinction, educated in the Imperial



Katharine Hepburn

Lyceum in old St. Petersburg, and in Berlin. Now a French citizen, he retains the title of a Baltic Baron, and recalls to mind every definition of the word "gentleman" you have ever heard: from Nietzsche's "one who never takes advantage of a situation," to the one which says "a gentleman is he who is never *unintentionally* rude."

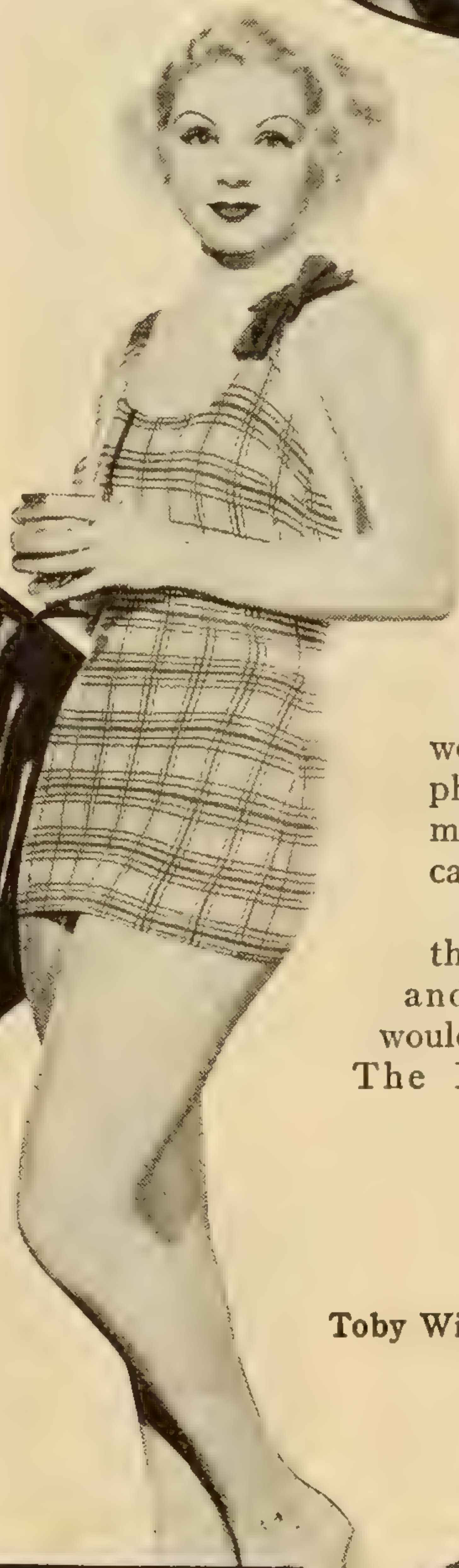
When he arrived in Hollywood it was with a slight hope of photographing the stars as nature made them, but he explains whimsically:

"They insist on appearing with all their eyelashes, nails, coiffures, feathers and accoutrements. So . . . what would you?"

The Baron [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 98]



Baron Huené photographing Jean Harlow



Toby Wing



Adrienne Ames



Carole Lombard



Grace Moore



Miriam Hopkins



Jean Parker

CAL YOR*K* Announcing *The Monthly Broadcast of*



Hollywood's conception of Cleopatra and Caesar in 1917. The buxom, curly-haired *Cleo* is Theda Bara. Fritz Leiber, noted Shakespearean actor, is the Roman. Claudette Colbert and Warren William appear in these rôles in the 1934 "Cleopatra"



There are sign-your-name hounds in England, too. When George Arliss arrived at Waterloo Station in London, he was mobbed by autograph seekers. It's rumored that the actor will be knighted, returning to Hollywood as *Sir George Arliss*

IF there is anything between Joan Crawford and Francis Lederer, it certainly hasn't perturbed Franchot Tone or caused any definite rift in his protracted romance with Joan. Nor does Lederer's girl friend, Steffi Duna, seem upset.

Whispers conjured up a new love for Joan when her reciprocated interest in Lederer became more and more evident. But at a recent preview of her picture, "Sadie McKee," Joan was with Franchot—while Francis sat by himself. Steffi Duna, naturally, was working in the Tingle Tangle show.

However, the fact remains that the friendship between Joan and Francis grows more and more each day. They seem to have an understanding, which is very pleasant for both, especially since Joan's interest in home dramatics has taken the form of a theater in her home.

TALLULAH BANKHEAD, in England, is revealing *all* about her Hollywood playmates. In one of a series of newspaper articles she claims to have given a good pull at Garbo's



Whatever Carole Lombard has just said, Russ Columbo finds it interesting and pleasant. They were photographed at the Cocoanut Grove

eyelashes to see if they were real. They didn't come out, she reports. All of which should go far toward perpetuating any friendship between the great Greta and the cut-up Bankhead.

INTO the midst of an animated group on an M-G-M set, busy ribbing a brunette who had suddenly gone blonde overnight, pushed one of those prevalent palsy-walsys that everybody loves like smallpox.

"Oh, I *like* your new hair," she burbled. "It makes you look so much cleaner!"

THE recent flop of Gloria Swanson's personal appearance tour can once more, 'tis said, be laid to the door of Gloria's own poor business judgment. It was Gloria, backed up by the powers-that-be in the studio's New York office, who overrode all Irving Thalberg's pleas not to make a personal appearance at this time. Especially after she had been off the screen for so long. However, preparations are

Hollywood Goings-On!



John Barrymore and Clark Gable, heavily armed, go out to shoot skeets (helpless little clay pigeons) in John's private skeet field. Shooting is one of Clark's favorite out-door sports. It must be the gangster rôles in him!

going ahead full steam for Gloria's first M-G-M picture, despite reports it was being held up pending settlement of her marital difficulties. And it's hoped a good picture may do a lot toward winning back her popularity.

JACK OAKIE'S mother appeared on the set to visit her son just as the scene called for Jack to kiss a beautiful girl. Mrs. Offield watched her son through the whole amorous scene. "Didn't Jack do that beautifully?" she said when it was over.

THE final pay-off on the Harlow-Rosson split is said to be a little episode concerning a scene Hal was photographing. Rosson announced that the dress she was wearing was not quite complete or something. Jean had to do something about *that*, he said. Jean refused.

THE happiest couple around are beaming Rex Bell and Clara Bow. The event occurs sometime in December, and Rex says, "It is

what we have prayed for." Clara's twelve-year-old nephew, who has been living at Rancho Clarito, but who was never legally adopted, will return to his family in Brooklyn.

THE Arlens had a grand time doing famous restaurants in Paris. They have a trick over there of pouring brandy over a lot of their dishes, and then lighting it. After a few days of this, Dick remarked to Joby, "I wish I could get something to eat that wasn't on fire!"

YOU never know! Ruth Roland, former thriller-serial star, attended a party at Billie Dove's home, and the next day sued her because Billie's dog had bitten her two months before.



Kay Francis was a bit too slow! She didn't want to do any posing with Chevalier, but the camera caught her just before she could cover her face. They had been to the preview of "Dr. Monica," her latest film. Nonchalant Maurice, who has been so attentive to Kay recently, just grinned and bore it.

MARY PICKFORD emphatically denies she will campaign for a seat in Congress. She says, "I am wholly a child of the theater, and intend to stick to my calling."

And Mary is sticking to her plan to divorce Doug. She has been granted the right to serve notice on Doug by publication.



In the parade at the Screen Actors' Guild Frolic, James Cagney had trouble managing his steed. She was a wise Hollywood mare who probably knew of his socking reputation with ladies and was taking no chances

A LOT of subrosa speculation is going around as to just how *La Crawford* and *Le Gable* will hit it off in "Sacred and Profane Love," the picture they have just begun. In "Possessed," they got along together famously. Then entered Franchot Tone, in "Dancing Lady." The situation was a little strained, and Clark, they tell around, almost had to fight for the camera—Joan wanted Franchot to have it. Now Clark and Joan are back together, with no Franchot in between, and you know how Hollywood is—likes to wonder.

IF Thelma Todd despairs of finding nuptial happiness in Hollywood—she has a standing offer from India.

A Hindu potentate recently wrote the blonde charmer that if she came to India, he'd be glad to make her one of his wives. As an added inducement, he said he'd make her his Number One wife!

DESPITE rumors to the contrary, M-G-M is going ahead with preparations for a new Marie Dressler picture which the studio hopes to have under way in a month or two. In fact, Marie has so improved in health she is able to telephone her close friends all over the country. Which is grandly cheering news.

ROMANCE or no romance, of all the pictures of lovely ladies in Chevalier's dressing-room, there is just one that rates a grand big frame and stands in a prominent spot on Maurice's dressing-table. The others are



Ann Harding, lovely and regal in pearl-studded satin, and seated on a throne, was one of the Queens of the Screen Actors' Guild Frolic

merely thumb-tacked to the walls. The lady-of-the-frame is none other than Kay Francis.

IT took just three minutes and two yesses on the part of Virginia Bruce for her to become no longer Mrs. John Gilbert at the trial of their divorce suit.

TOBY WING is wearing a sapphire ring from Carl Laemmle, Jr., but I'm wondering how that rests with none other than



Dick Powell and Mary Carlisle went to the Guild Frolic together. They sat up in a box where they could see everybody and everything, and then just looked at each other! However, both said the entertainment was excellent

Jackie Coogan, now all grown up and nearly finished with college.

DO you skeet shoot?

It's the latest rage in Hollywood. You pop away at crazy angling targets with shotguns—a complicated, baffling form of trap-shooting. About the most elaborate skeet set-up so far is that of John Barrymore, at his Beverly Hills estate.

Other "skeeters" are Robert Montgomery, Clark Gable, Victor Fleming, Ralph Forbes, and none other than Connie Bennett.

ZASU PITTS is still thrilled and excited when introduced to a movie star.

"I get so fluttery inside, I nearly die," she says.

Came the day someone brought Mae West over to meet her. Mae stepped forward and ZaSu stepped back—and fell down on entire flight of stairs before Mae's astonished eyes. "Oh dear," ZaSu said, gathering herself up, "please don't mind me. I always do something like this. How do you do? I'm awfully glad to know you."

IT would seem that Janet Gaynor's last picture, "Change of Heart," was more than a title—it was a prediction. Janet and Charlie Farrell split just after the widely hailed screen reunion had taken place. Charlie dashed off to Europe after the picture was finished, leaving Janet without a partner, and Janet must make pictures. So, Lew Ayres, long considered



the ideal successor to Charlie, gets the job. He and Janet were deemed a perfect couple in "State Fair."

APPARENTLY tempestuous Richard Bennett and daughter Joan don't strike such violent sparks when they meet as do father and daughter Connie, because Richard and Joan have announced they will appear together in a picture. And, it is also announced, this is the first time they have been together in a film.

Enjoying some high-up entertainment at the Frolic are Mr. and Mrs. Fredric March, (Fred with glasses) and Ralph Bellamy. Since all celebrities were there, it may be the man on the flying trapeze they see



Photos by Phillips

George Barnes, escorting royalty to the Guild Frolic, stays close to the throne. Mrs. Barnes (Joan Blondell) was another of the queens who ruled during the three day Hollywood fiesta. Incidentally, George and Joan expect a blessed event very shortly



Miriam Hopkins was one of five Queens of the Frolic. McLaglen was Colonel of the Queens' Military Escort. Queen Miriam is offering Victor something, but he isn't sure he should accept, for Victor suspects her royal highness is trying to bribe him

THE choice of Herbert Marshall as Garbo's leading man in "The Painted Veil," her next, stamps this tall, suave Englishman as the highest ranking leading man in Hollywood. All the biggest feminine stars have been clamoring for him—but the Garbo lead is the accolade.

VERREE TEASDALE and Adolphe Menjou were strolling past a haberdasher's shop when Menjou was stopped by a pair of electrifying golf stockings. "But you must have fifty pairs, now," protested Verree. "I know, but it's the psychology of the thing. You wear a different and louder pair every day and dazzle your opponent until he can't keep his mind on his next shot!"

ROUBEN MAMOULIAN, who has been directing and motoring with Garbo, is getting to be the highest powered escort in Hollywood. And when Mamoulian chooses his ladies, he chooses them from the top of the pile—and no mistake. Boulevard gossips have noticed Rouben and Marlene Dietrich dining together no less than thrice during the past month. And coming right after the rumors that Marlene and Josef Von Sternberg had had another tiff. If Garbo is hurt about it all, there is no way of learning.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

A Star Who Won't Forget Her Friends



“YOU meet the same people on the way down that you meet on the way up.”

It's an age-old warning, recited by many, but heeded by few in Hollywood, where sudden success is heady wine. However, when Ann Sothorn says it, it's much more than a proverb—it's a creed.

Because Ann has been up—and down again. And now she's up again—way up above where she ever dreamed she would be when she ran away from the town that had tried to break her heart, and almost succeeded.

She's up because she's a very talented young lady, of course—and because she had friends. Not all big, influential friends, but good, true friends, who believed in her and boosted her along when she needed boosting.

Some she met on the way down—and some she met on the way up. But to her every one is as precious and as important as the friends she is making today—as a successful, impor-

Shining brightly, high in the movie firmament now, Ann Sothorn cherishes those who befriended her in her pre-stardom days. For this girl, who knows the heart-break of short-lived success, wisely realizes that if she goes down a second time, she wants to meet a few true friends on the way

tant, sought-after star. And Ann can't and won't forget them.

They're her high hat insurance.

It isn't an easy matter for a girl just past her twenty-year mark to dip deeply into the Hollywood punch bowl for a sudden swig of

intoxicating acclaim and adulation—and keep a pretty blonde head in perfect balance. Especially as Ann did—on an empty stomach, as it were.

Last September, Ann Sothorn didn't even exist.

There was a Harriette Lake—a nice little silver-voiced ingénue who had been mildly successful on the stage. Mildly important to the local yokels of New York's Broadway. Much more important to them and to herself than she had ever been to Hollywood, because to Hollywood (yes, it had seen her, it had known her, but it hadn't cared how it treated her) Harriette Lake was just another ambitious kid with dreams, who faded out of the picture easily enough. And just as well, too.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 88]

By Kirtley Baskette



William A. Fraker

A YOUNG, impressionable poet at Columbia studios took one look at this picture, sighed deeply, and poured this from his very soul: "Smouldering fire, the fascination of an exotic siren, are blended in this languorous, bejeweled beauty." But, would you recognize her as Ann Sothorn of "Melody in Spring"? 'Tis she, and in "The Hell Cat"



The Charmer Who Enslaved A King





DOLORES DEL RIO is more alluring than ever in the rôle of *Madame Du Barry*, as you can see from this preview of the Warner Brothers picture by that name. A dazzling courtesan who toyed with a King of France and his whole court, she paid for her pleasure and position at the guillotine. Reginald Owen is the voluptuary *Louis XV*. Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Henry O'Neill, Maynard Holmes and Verree Teasdale are but a few in the cast





IN this scene from the RKO-Radio picture, "The Family Man," little Edith Fellows could be asking Richard Dix if it's true that he's going far, far away from it all? To Australia? On a rusty, old freighter? To write his memoirs? And on around the world? And then to settle down? And no more pictures? Any day now, is what Dick will say

Why Women Are Crazy About John Boles

Girls simply swoon at the virility and charm of this happy, healthy singing man

By Ruth Rankin

HE walks in the Fox Café de Paris and all the girls swoon. I don't mean swoon like a Victorian heroine. There's only one John Boles and he couldn't catch all of them. I mean, their wrists get limp and that languid far-away look glazes their eyes. The French have a word for it—*distract*. Meaning the mind is wandering, and frequently the eye, when John is three tables away.

John Boles is one of the few players in Hollywood who has five distinct audiences—not

counting the men. Sweet old ladies of sixty send him knitted mufflers and hooked rugs, and are solicitous after his health. He represents the Universal Son, to them. Yearning ladies of forty-five wish their husbands were more—well, they write to John about it.

Then the hopeful thirties are sure John could solve their problem, and the precious débutantes would like to cooperate—in case he needs any co-operation. And there are flocks of charming ten-year-olds who want to be "his little girl."

It's extraordinary, but men like him, too. They like his complete masculinity, which doesn't have to be emphasized by a sock to the leading lady's jaw. They like his voice. As long as their wives and sweethearts are exposed to him from the screen only. If he were turned loose in a drawing-room with them, it might be another story—

He would convince every woman in the place that she was his Big Moment, the most exciting experience in his life, while he was talking with her. Earthquakes or Greta Garbo could never tear his enchanted eyes from her face, whether it was sixteen and simpering, or fair, fat and forty. His gray-blue, asking eyes would melt with subdued tenderness, or sparkle with daring challenge, endowing her with some miraculous charm hitherto unsuspected, even by the lady . . . while he said practically nothing, and listened with incomparable appreciation to her talk about herself!



Mrs. Boles and John, shown together here, have been married seventeen years. He's a domesticated Romeo, but that doesn't keep women from falling under the spell of his Irish-French ancestry and Southern background

And all the time (too bad, but you would have to know it sooner or later) he was merely being true to his Irish-French ancestry, with the Southern background! The romance of the Irish, the courtesy of the French and the warmth of the South is about as potent a combination as you could find. The Boles charm is there, just like next Tuesday—equally inevitable and unstudied.

It is one of those things occasionally born with very rare persons—only they seldom rate a voice and a face and acting ability to go with it. When they do, they can't keep it secret from fifty thousand women.

During one of his earliest pictures, when John was as naïve and unsuspecting a young leading man as ever braved Hollywood, two actresses staged a hair-pulling match over him on the set. Seems neither one of the girls could get to first base. But one day he happened to walk over to the restaurant with the ingénue. The next day [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 90]

\$500.00 in Prizes

Movie Fill-in Contest

INTRIGUING, teasing, captivating—you can't resist this contest PHOTOPLAY Magazine presents to its widespread audience of readers. Engrossingly entertaining as the contest is by itself—the fascinating fun of finding the right solutions to a series of "Movie Fill-ins"—PHOTOPLAY Magazine in addition offers \$500.00 in cash prizes to the fortunate contestants.

"Movie Fill-ins" challenge your knowledge of motion pictures. Are you well-informed about the players, their backgrounds and their activities? If so, maybe there's gold in them there gaps for you.

If you missed the first "Fill-in," you'll find it in the July issue of PHOTOPLAY Magazine. A third and final installment will be printed in the September issue.

Absorbing Chatter with words missing constitutes this contest.

Ample clues are given to enable you to complete the Chatter. When completed, the list of words and names used to make the Chatter interesting news should be copied in the solution ballot provided for that purpose.

That will constitute the solution.

Blank spaces in the Chatter are numbered. The clues are correspondingly numbered for reference. Here is the way to go about solving it:

Each *single dash* represents a *single letter* and the *total number of dashes* gives, in each instance, the *total number of letters* in the name of a player, the place he or she was born, a qualifying word or words.

Read the Chatter first. Carefully observe the *blank spaces*. Then study the Clues.

The following example explains the fill-in process:

An American star of Spanish and Scotch ancestry came into world-wide fame playing opposite _____¹_____ _____²_____ in some short comedies called "_____³_____ _____⁴_____." _____⁵_____ _____⁶_____ is now married to a screen player whose name is _____⁷_____.

CLUES

ANSWERS

- | | |
|--|-------------------------------|
| 1. Was very often the name of early Saxon and Viking kings—also the title of a Bulwer-Lytton novel | Harold |
| 2. The first half of the last name of a British war-time Premier | Lloyd (<i>Lloyd-George</i>) |
| 3. A solitary state | Lonesome |
| 4. One of the Apostles | Luke |
| 5. The first two letters mean <i>to exist</i> ; the second two letters also, <i>to exist</i> | Bebe |
| 6. Who was delivered from a den of wild beasts? Plural of the name | Daniels |
| 7. His name suggests one of the animals in the den | Lyon |

But not all the Chatter is as easy to fill-in as the foregoing example. Remember, be guided by *sounds* of words as well as *actual spelling* when following the Clues to detect the hidden names, titles, and so on.

Now you are ready to go ahead with the puzzle and try for one of the many cash prizes.

Rules of the Contest

1. Thirty-nine cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY Magazine as follows:

First Prize.....	\$125.00
Second Prize.....	75.00
Third Prize.....	50.00
Fourth Prize.....	25.00
Ten Prizes of \$10 each.....	100.00
Twenty-five Prizes of \$5 each....	125.00

2. In three issues (the July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY Magazine is publishing "Movie Fill-ins." Chatter with words and names of well-known motion picture actors and actresses missing will appear in each issue, and the list of missing words will constitute the correct solution of the "Fill-in" for that month.

3. Correct solution of the "Fill-in" presented in each issue consists of a complete list of the missing words, correctly spelled, inserted in their proper place in the solution ballot provided for each month of the contest. For example—

1. Harold
2. Lloyd
3. Lonesome

4. \$500.00 in prizes, as specified in Rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons who send in the most nearly correct and most neatly prepared solutions of the three "Fill-ins" presented during the contest.

5. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the third "Fill-in" has appeared in the September issue. Solutions must be submitted in complete sets of three "Fill-ins," as stated above. All solutions should be sent to PUZZLE CONTEST EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address are written on your entry and that it carries sufficient postage.

6. Aside from accuracy in listing the missing words in the three sets of "Fill-ins" in their proper solution ballots, neatness and simplicity in contestants' method of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. Elaborate presentations of entries are not desired.

7. You need not be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to compete. You may copy the solution ballots from the

originals in PHOTOPLAY Magazine. Copies of PHOTOPLAY Magazine may be examined for this purpose at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free.

8. The judges will be a committee of members selected by PHOTOPLAY. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication may submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone, everywhere.

9. In the case of ties for any one of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

10. The contest will close at midnight on September 10th. All solutions should be in by that time. No responsibility for mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY Magazine. It will be impossible to return any of the entries.

The complete list of prize winners will be announced in the December, 1934, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

CHATTER

FOR AUGUST

This is the day of the character actor. — 1 —
— 2 — created a sensation in a picture made overseas
pertaining to the life of a king; also another character actor,
— 3 — — 4 —, won praise in “ — 5 —
— 6 —.”

We will not forget for a long time — 7 — — 8 —,
singing of “ — 9 — — 10 — — 11 — — 12 —” in a fairly recent
picture; and while we are on the subject of singing, why doesn't
a certain producing company utilize the beautiful voice of
— 13 — — 14 —? We have waited too long for a single
which will feature his warbling.

It is our desire to see two lively players of great personality
on different lots co-star in a comedy. Their union, if the two
studios got together, would prove to be a fun fest. We have in
mind — 15 — — 16 — and — 17 — — 18 —
One of her best pictures is “ — 19 — — 20 —.”

— 21 — — 22 — should have more rôles such as
he played opposite — 23 — — 24 — in
“ — 25 — — 26 —.” Also we would like to see
— 27 — — 28 — and — 29 — — 30 —
together again in another “ — 31 — — 32 — — 33 —.”
— 34 — — 35 — was one of the highest priced American
dancers who ever hoofed it for European audiences. Once he
shared top billing with — 36 —.

Poor — 37 — — 38 — has a — 39 — voice and once
it was said that he would never make a go of it in the talkies.
But he stuck it out and is now doing very well.

Here are two hard nuts to crack: the heavy in — 40 —
— 41 —'s picture “ — 42 — — 43 — — 44 —” is — 45 —
— 46 — and one of the most promising girl players of
the day is — 47 — — 48 —.

CLUES

FOR AUGUST

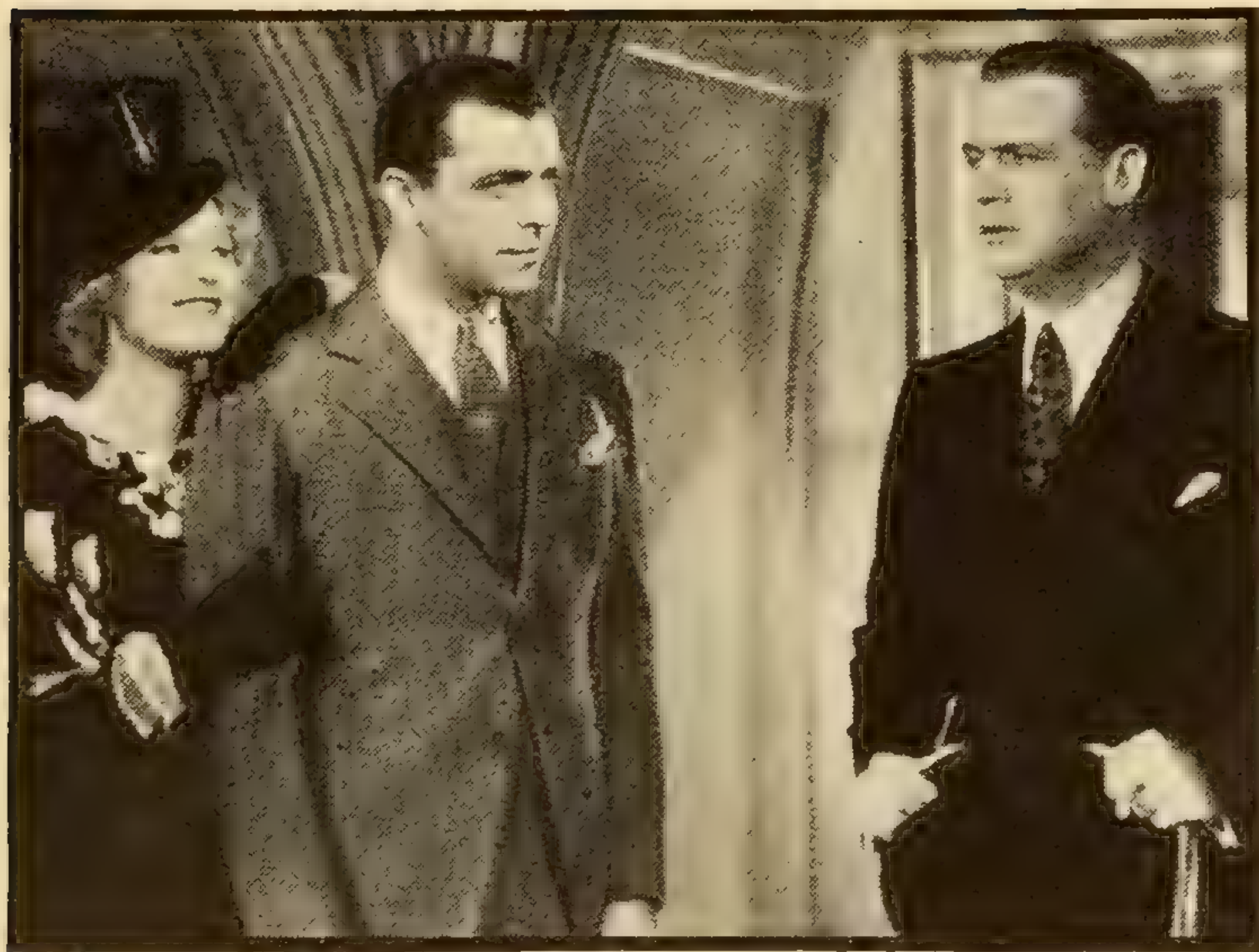
1. The first name of an English King called the “merry monarch.”
2. The first five letters—*audible merriment*, the last three letters—a *measure of weight*.
3. The first name of a Judge of the Supreme Court at Washington.
4. The first six letters—a by-product of a lacteal fluid, the remaining five letters—*having value*.
5. Possessive pronoun.
6. The opposite of strength.
7. The eleventh letter of the alphabet.
8. The first name of a sea going rover of Elizabethan times.
9. Domicile.
10. A preposition, also an adverb meaning *above*.
11. A definite article.
12. A stove.
13. One of the Apostles.
14. Trunk of a tree. Plural.
15. A lifting device.
16. The first three letters—a *species of tree*, the last two letters—an abbreviation meaning *that is*, frequently used in correspondence.
17. The first name of a Filmland divorcee.
18. The first five letters—*having a fair complexion*, the last three letters—an *addition to a building*.
19. Center of things.
20. Recreation ground.
21. To cut short.
22. The last name of a famous revolutionary general killed at the Battle of Quebec.
23. The first three letters—a correlative of *not*; the last two letters—*mother*.
24. One who clips with an instrument.
25. Secluded.
26. More than one life.
27. The first name of another player whose last name is a *river*.
28. The first three letters—to *skip*, the next four letters—*relations*. Plural.
29. A German Emperor called “the Great.”
30. A month of the year.
31. From a plan.
32. On account of.
33. Having life.
34. The name of a King of England who did his best to wipe out the thirteen colonies, not once but twice.
35. A rough sea craft.
36. A great Russian actress, once a silent screen star.
37. One of a famous radio team—a Negro act.
38. The first two letters—a prefix meaning *down*, the final four letters—a *climbing plant*.
39. Small stones sometimes mixed with sand.
40. Pronounced the same as a month of the year but spelt differently.
41. One of the points of the compass.
42. A contraction of the personal pronoun *I* and a form of the verb *to be*.
43. Absolute refusal.
44. One who puts up money for a theatrical venture.
45. The hero of the comic opera “H.M.S. Pinafore.”
46. The last of the Saxon Kings of England. The heavy has added an E.
47. The first three letters—to *deface*, the last five letters—an *allie*.
48. The first four letters was the last name of a great singer called in her day “The Swedish Nightingale.” The last three letters—a verb meaning *to assert*.

August Movie “Fill-in” Contest Solution

1	17	33
2	18	34
3	19	35
4	20	36
5	21	37
6	22	38
7	23	39
8	24	40
9	25	41
10	26	42
11	27	43
12	28	44
13	29	45
14	30	46
15	31	47
16	32	48



Select Your Pictures and You Won't



★ *ONE NIGHT OF LOVE—Columbia*

THE appreciative musical movie audience is building steadily, and it will find Grace Moore's glorious melodies a welcome departure from the regular run-of-the-mill musicals. She sings a stirring "Carmen," a "Butterfly" that rates cheers, and some lovely lighter things. The recording, clear as a bell, deserves a medal all to itself.

The story, beautifully done with taste and authentic musical feeling and knowledge, concerns an American voice student (Grace Moore) who runs out of money in Italy and is discovered singing in a café by maestro Tullio Carminati, with whom she falls in love.

Lyle Talbot is the anxious suitor, Mona Barrie is the pupil who went off the love standard. If you yearn for some triumphant singing and orchestration, don't miss this!

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures



★ *LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?—Universal*

THIS production is another triumph for Margaret Sullivan. As the heartening young wife who carries her husband (Douglass Montgomery) through repeated discouragements, she surpasses the heights of her performance in "Only Yesterday."

Simple and direct, true and human, understandable and elemental in its appeal is this vital document of life, free from any veneer of superficiality or dramatic subterfuge.

Director Frank Borzage achieves his masterpiece in translating Hans Fallada's tender but powerful story of a little man's struggle with life. He has played fair with the author, with his message and characters; he has added only his genius to weave a bold and living tapestry, wherein no color clashes or offends, no thread strays from the clear pattern of the tale.

There is tragedy, there is humor, and beauty in generous measure, replete with the finest screen mountings, an inspiring reality—a wonderful message to a troubled world—summed in the words of *Lammchen* (Margaret Sullivan), "We create life—why be afraid of it?"

Douglass Montgomery fits his rôle as though it were made for him. Alan Hale, Christian Rub and DeWitt Jennings are superb in cameo-cut character classics. All other players, including Muriel Kirkland, Catherine Doucet and Monroe Owsley, are well cast.



★ *BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK—20th Century-United Artists*

RONALD COLMAN makes another appearance, after a year's absence from the screen. And what a job he does!

When Loretta Young's family disappears and she meets with blank unrecognition at her hotel, *Bulldog Drummond* leaps, and we mean leaps, into the thick of the mystery. His amateur detecting gets him into some tight spots, but with quick wit and fast talking he always finds a way out.

As *Bulldog* Colman *Drummond's* right hand man, *Algy*, Charles Butterworth provides that precious touch of ineffable despair, and on his wedding night, too, with bride Una Merkel constantly disappointed.

The plot is thickened with an Oriental Prince (Warner Oland). The sinister word in a radiogram is the key to all the mystery. See this film.

Have to Complain About the Bad Ones

The Best Pictures of the Month

LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW? THE THIN MAN
 ONE NIGHT OF LOVE
 BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK
 THE LAST GENTLEMAN COCKEYED CAVALIERS
 LET'S TALK IT OVER MURDER AT THE VANITIES
 OPERATOR 13 RETURN OF THE TERROR

The Best Performances of the Month

Margaret Sullavan in "Little Man, What Now?"
 Douglass Montgomery in "Little Man, What Now?"
 Alan Hale in "Little Man, What Now?"
 William Powell in "The Thin Man"
 Myrna Loy in "The Thin Man"
 Grace Moore in "One Night of Love"
 Ronald Colman in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
 Charles Butterworth in "Bulldog Drummond Strikes Back"
 George Arliss in "The Last Gentleman"
 Chester Morris in "Let's Talk It Over"
 Marion Davies in "Operator 13"
 Joe E. Brown in "The Circus Clown"
 Ann Harding in "The Life of Vergie Winters"
 Reginald Owen in "Madame Du Barry"
 Edward G. Robinson in "The Man with Two Faces"
 Edna May Oliver in "Murder on the Blackboard"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 122



★ THE THIN MAN—M-G-M

IF you don't like detective stories, are bored with mysteries, and never cared for William Powell as *Philo Vance*—see this film anyhow, and have the time of your life.

The dialogue is a trifle zippy at times, but it's all done so cleverly that you can take grandma and the children along with you.

As the detective who has landed his woman (Myrna Loy) and plans to catch up on his drinking, leaving detecting for more ambitious sleuths, Powell does his best work. But just when his mind is made up, he and his little dog—a grand comedian—fall headlong "into" the case he wouldn't go "on."

And what a baffler it is—for everyone except Powell, who handles each new situation, each clue with delightful nonchalance. Though you are ever on the alert, hoping to prove yourself the better detective, you haven't a chance. Suspense is so well sustained that when the identity of the murderer of Maureen O'Sullivan's inventor father is disclosed, it comes as a complete surprise.

Nat Pendleton is fine as chief of detectives, and Myrna Loy tops all previous performances.

You will be impressed by Director W. S. Van Dyke's keen attention to detail, and by some effective camera shots.

This picture spells entertainment plus—a humdinger!



★ THE LAST GENTLEMAN— 20th Century-United Artists

IT is teaching without preaching, this character study of an eccentric old man (George Arliss) who can't decide on his heir and is forever warring with daughters, Edna May Oliver and Janet Beecher, and rascally son, Donald Meek.

A slice of life so real, the story is extraordinarily common, but the odd manner of presentation—the surprising, electrifying twist to the end, after the main character has died—is a most original angle, and one we'll not spoil in telling.

As the minister, Joseph Cawthorn contributes one of the most hilarious bits ever seen. Charlotte Henry, Frank Albertson, Ralph Morgan and Edward Ellis do good work.

Not much action, but refreshing, wholesome entertainment for all ages.

Clever dialogue and skilful direction.



★ COCKEYED CAVALIERS—RKO-Radio

WHEELER and Woolsey, more hilarious than ever, with an elaborate production to back up their insanities. There is a sprinkling of double *entendres*, but not enough to keep the children at home.

The plot? Does it matter? Locale is Merrie Olde England, with costumes, another big bad wolf song, and "I Want to Dilly-Dally in the Valley with You," a sure hit.

Wheeler is a roving kleptomaniac who steals everything including the *Duke's* carriage. Woolsey impersonates the *King's* physician, and you can imagine from there.

Dorothy Lee becomes a cute boy to escape marriage with the *Duke*, and falls in love with Wheeler. Thelma Todd is gorgeous, and Noah Beery springs a surprise with his elegant bass voice that goes way down to *there*.

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)



**LET'S
TALK IT
OVER—**
Universal



BECAUSE he makes the gob *Mike McGann* a believable and interesting person, Chester Morris breathes a strong life into the old tale of how a sailor falls for an heiress, shows her the futility of her useless existence, finally makes something of himself and wins her heart. Mae Clarke splendid as the girl. Frank Craven shines, as do Irene Ware, Andy Devine, John Warburton. For both young and old.



**MURDER
AT THE
VANITIES—**
Paramount



MUSIC and mystery, with two backstage murders, combine to make the opening night of Earl Carroll's elaborate show a memorable one. Carl Brisson, new Danish lead, charms with his vocal offerings. In the major female rôles are the talented Kitty Carlisle and Gertrude Michael. Jack Oakie, stage manager, and hardboiled "dick" Victor McLaglen supply good comedy. Dorothy Stickney fine as the maid.



**OPERATOR
13—**
M-G-M



ASOUTHERN extravaganza, with Civil War background, which is more musical than historical. Marion Davies is attractive either in her natural color or in the octoroon make-up she wears as *Operator 13*, a Northern spy. Gary Cooper, spying for the opposite side, falls for his enemy. Jean Parker top-notch. Katherine Alexander, Ted Healy and Sidney Toler. Four Mills Brothers sing in modern tempo.



**RETURN
OF THE
TERROR—**
First National



CHILLING mystery, full of suspense. John Halliday, a doctor, is accused of murdering six inmates of a sanitarium for the insane. Evidence piles up, until he finally pleads guilty. But murders continue, with Lyle Talbot, another doctor, injecting more mystery into the plot. Reporter Frank McHugh and detective Robert Emmett O'Connor furnish laughs. Mary Astor has little to do but look lovely.

**MIDNIGHT
ALIBI—**
First National



THERE is a new plot twist to this story in which Richard Barthelmess comes through in fine style as gang leader who loves the sister (Ann Dvorak) of a rival gangster. Escaping from an enemy attack, he blunders into a spinster's home. She tells him of her broken romance, and when he becomes embroiled in a murder case, emerges from her seclusion to aid him. A-1 cast includes Helen Chandler, Helen Lowell.

**CHANGE
OF HEART—**
Fox



GAYNOR-FARRELL devotees, attention! Another pleasing little story which, while rather weak in plot and structure, is quite acceptable as light entertainment. Janet and Charlie, together with Ginger Rogers and Jimmy Dunn, set out after graduation from college for New York, each to carve his own career. Charlie has eyes only for Ginger, but Janet wins out in the end. One for the whole family.

Saves Your Picture Time and Money

THE CIRCUS CLOWN—
First National



THE LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS—
RKO-Radio



COLORFUL comic situations of the Big Top, and a performance by Joe E. Brown that will please his admirers, especially the youngsters, and win him many more. There is something pathetic about this bumpkin who joins the circus, rising from lion cage roustabout to the daring young man on the flying trapeze—flying right into the arms of aerialist Patricia Ellis. Donald Dillaway and Dorothy Burgess fine.

LOUIS BROMFIELD'S story of a lingering, illicit love sacrificed to a political career is at times deeply moving and at other times rather dull. Excellent acting by Ann Harding and John Boles in the principal rôles. Capable cast includes Helen Vinson, Molly O'Day, Betty Furness and Wesley Barry. The ending is bitter-sweet, and there are times for tears. Authentic atmosphere and settings.

MADAME DU BARRY—
Warners



THE KEY—
Warners



THIS elaborate presentation of *Madame DuBarry's* (Dolores Del Rio) pranks in the French Court spells divertissement plus. *King Louis XV*, who caters to his favorite's every whim, however unreasonable, is brilliantly portrayed by Reginald Owen. Dolores' beauty is breath-taking. Victor Jory, Osgood Perkins, Verree Teasdale and Anita Louise enrich the cast. A magnificent spectacle.

THIS melodrama of the Sinn Feiners' warfare with English troops in Dublin in 1920 fails to be entirely satisfactory because of certain weak spots in the plot. *Captain Tennant* (William Powell), old flame of *Norah Kerr* (Edna Best), upsets in one night the domestic felicity of *Andrew Kerr* (Colin Clive), then redeems himself. William Powell's attitudinizing performance is unconvincing.

THE MAN WITH TWO FACES—
First National



MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD—
RKO-Radio



SOMETHING new under the movie sun is this version of the play, "Dark Tower." Clear cut character drawing, plus intelligent direction and Edward G. Robinson make it a decidedly good show. Louis Calhern is a blackguard who keeps wife Mary Astor under a hypnotic spell, wrecking her acting career. Robinson, her brother, succeeds in killing the villain. Ricardo Cortez, Mae Clarke, David Landau rate praise.

WHEN a teacher dies under mysterious circumstances, Inspector Jimmy Gleason and Lieutenant Regis Toomey investigate. But they're so hopelessly dumb that it's up to Edna May Oliver, who is superb in a humorous female *Philo Vance* rôle. Suspects include Bruce Cabot, Gertrude Michael, Tully Marshall. Plenty of action, suspense and chills.

[ADDITIONAL REVIEWS ON PAGE 125]

The VERY HUMAN



had starred in the lovely "Mary of Scotland," that Maxwell Anderson had more or less written for her. I'd seen it the night before, and now, when I shook hands on the strangely silent stage, already set for the opening scene, I was astonished that the Helen Hayes, who had made the tragic *Mary* such a commanding and dominating figure, should turn out to be a tiny person, no more than five feet tall and weighing hardly an even hundred pounds. Yet she, the smallest star of the stage, had given a memorable portrayal of the tallest queen in history. And that is real art.

If Hollywood at first considered her an "elderly beginner," it now recognizes Helen Hayes as one of its wisest artists. The above scene is from "The Sin of Madelon Claudet"

THIS was one time I'm afraid I did most of the talking. Somehow I couldn't quite get myself around to asking the set questions that one is more or less supposed to ask when interviewing a real celebrity.

Maybe it was because Helen Hayes is not only an altogether human person but a really intelligent person. I admire her very real art, her keen wit, her fine mind—and I like her a lot because she is such a great little trouper. There is about as much pretense to her as there is to an old sea captain.

There is no built-up, no ballyhoo: she is as real as rain, and as colorful as a rainbow.

It was six-thirty when I met her back-stage in the Alvin Theater in New York. She was wearing a tailored gray suit and a saucy little black and white straw hat with a turned-up brim. It was matinée day and that afternoon she

The smallest star on the stage, she has given in "Mary of Scotland" a memorable portrayal of the tallest queen in history. That is real art



HELEN HAYES

By
Frazier
Hunt

An intelligent woman, to whom flowers blooming in the garden can be the most important thing on earth

"You'll have to pardon my being a little late," she said with disarming frankness. "You see, I'm having a masseuse reduce my hips in preparation for Hollywood." She broke out in a hearty chuckle.

"Where shall we have dinner?" I questioned, when we had reached the sidewalk.

"Anywhere. Right here next door—or we might go to Twenty-One."

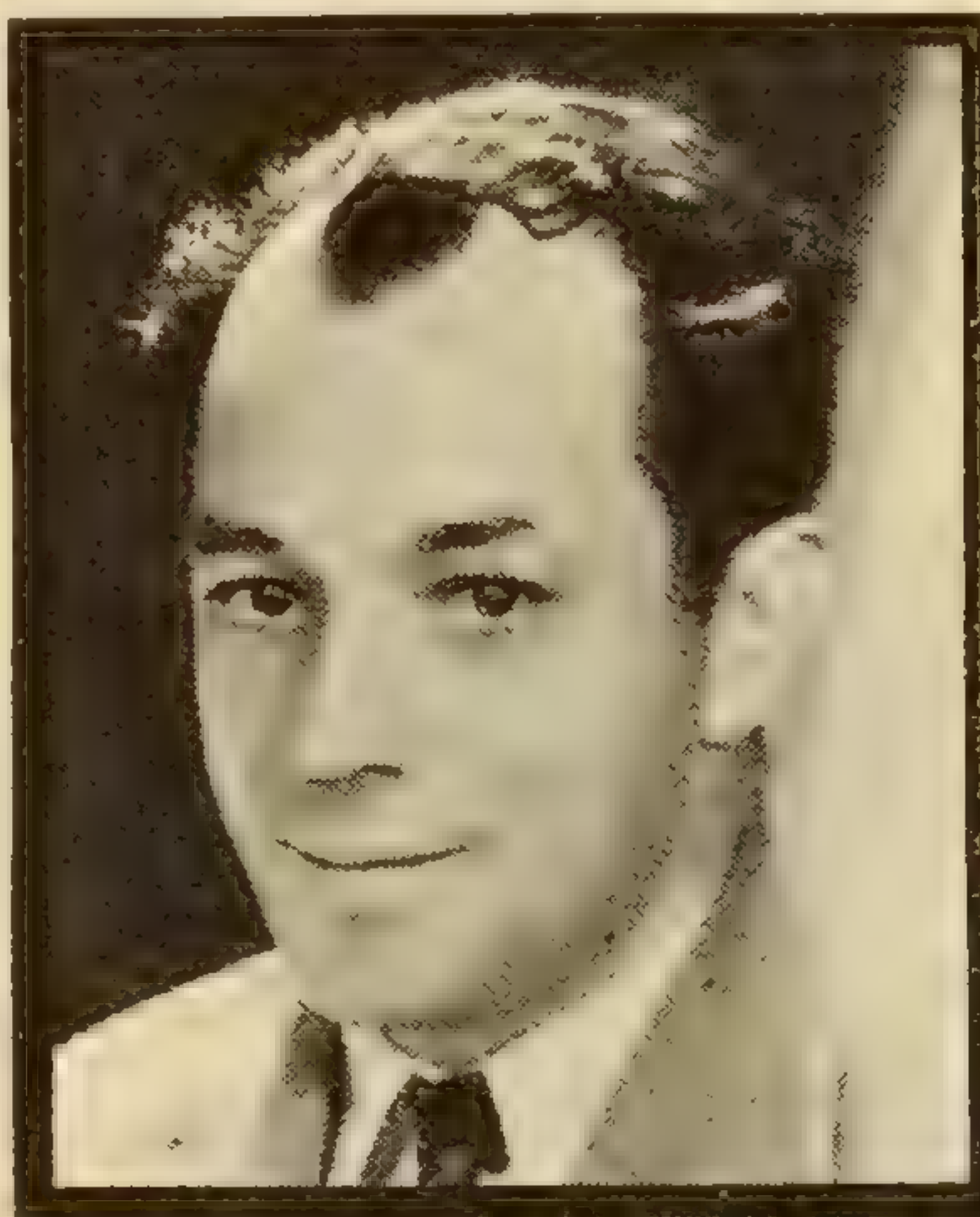
"That's Jack and Charley's, isn't it?" I asked. She nodded, and I led the way to a taxi-cab.

We laughed most of the way to Twenty-One. It was over something that her brilliant husband, the playwright and ex-soldier, Charles MacArthur, had said about me. Maybe it wasn't too complimentary, but at least it was funny.

We found a corner seat in the friendly little room on the first floor, and ordered our dinner.



One of the most important events of the past theatrical season was Helen Hayes' performance with Philip Merivale in "Mary of Scotland." The play closed early in June to permit her to return to pictures



Helen Hayes' looks forward now to a year's vacation to be spent with her husband, Charles MacArthur (above) and their little daughter, Mary



Miss Hayes would have one small sherry, a plate of minestrone soup, shad roe, a green salad and coffee. It was easy to tell the waiter that I would have exactly the same. When I tried to be a big spender and suggested dessert, the incomparable Helen compromised with a single cigarette. I had to admit that I was a sissy and no longer smoked.

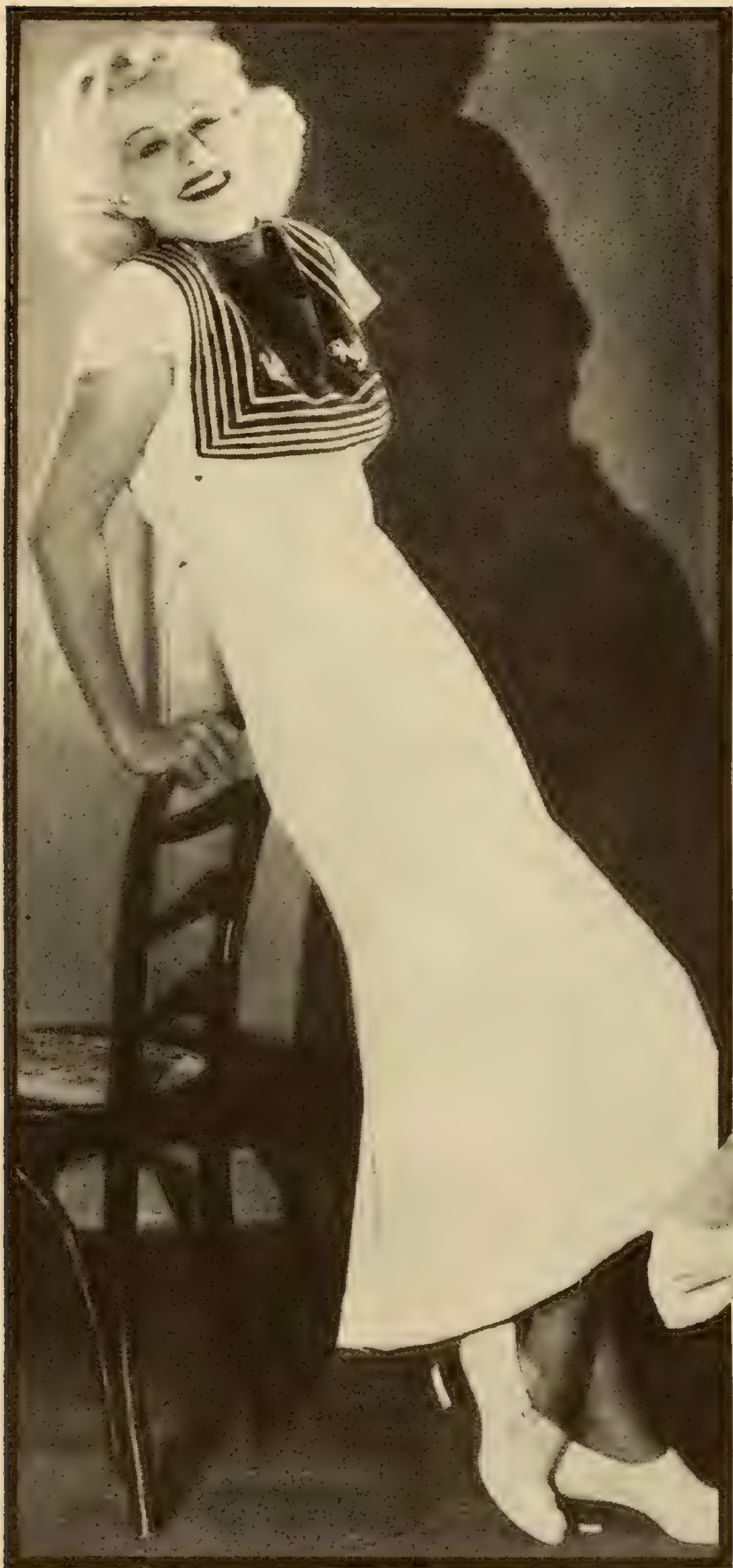
"Smart girl I," she said, her eyes twinkling. "I'll get to keep the whole package."

We fell to discussing and dissecting mutual friends, and their creative efforts. She was kindly yet critical, and her opinions and observations were extremely intelligent. She seemed to be able to put her finger unerringly on either their weakness or their strength.

"What a glorious writer

[PLEASE TURN TO
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Exotic Jean Chooses Six Costumes For Summer Day

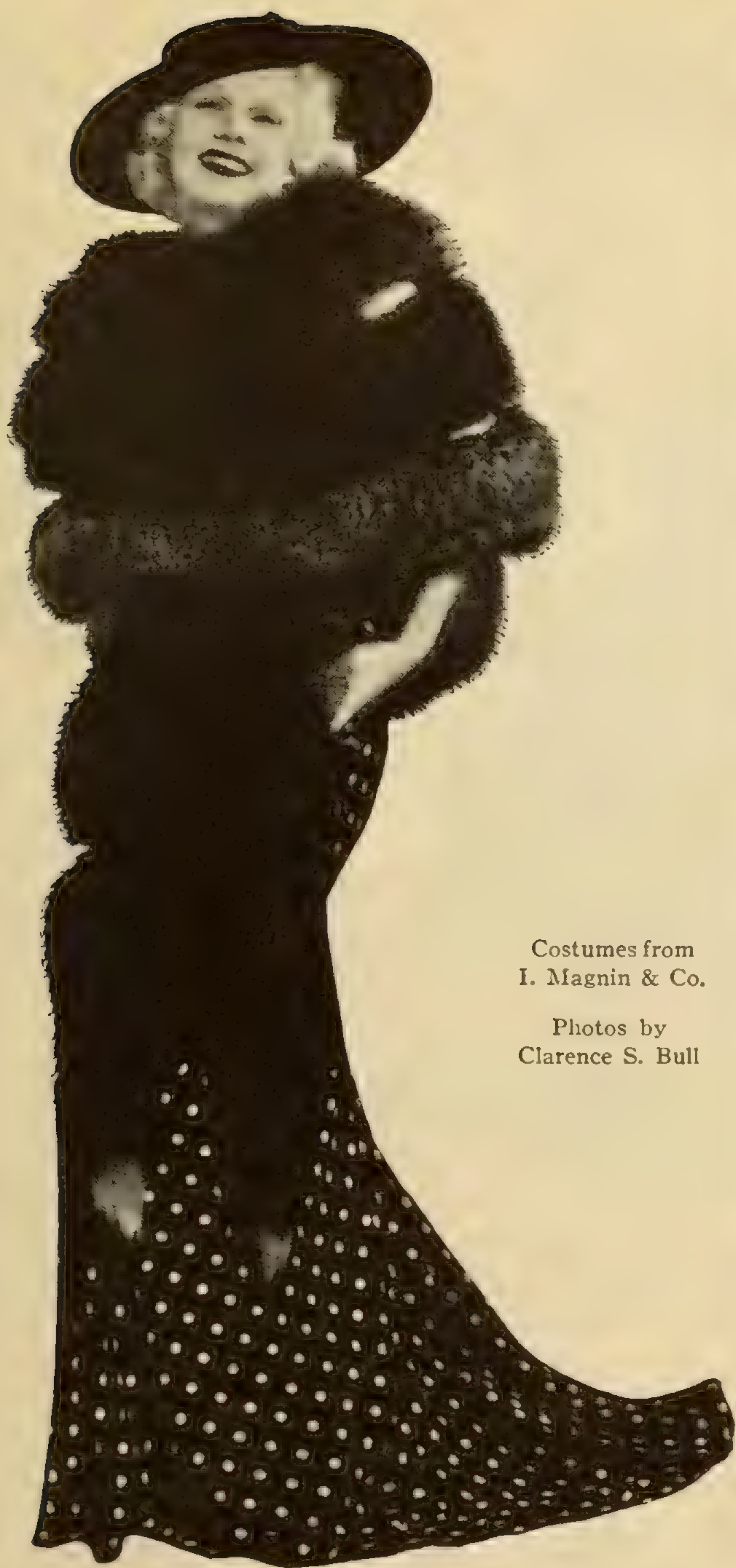


If you have wondered how a famous star starts her day, Jean Harlow gives you the answer. She is up early and into a trim white silk sports dress. No languid reclining in bed—Jean is an energetic person, even as you and I. The most amusing detail of this dress is the blue and white sailor collar worn in reverse fashion like a bib

Lunch at the Assistance League —Jean appears fresh and cool in navy silk suit with crisp accents in white piqué. The jacket is double-breasted, fastened with white bone buttons. The short sleeves with elbow cuffs and the wide revered collar are smart details. Her brimmed hat is Panama; fabric gloves have flaring perforated cuffs



Off to the studio in a striped corded cotton suit that is suitable for both daytime and sports use in Hollywood. Jean uses the dark cotton blouse as contrast but her accessories are white. The jacket has the new short sleeves, a tie belt and four small but useful pockets



Costumes from
I. Magnin & Co.

Photos by
Clarence S. Bull

Dinner time finds Jean dining out, so she wears a black and white polka dotted gown with a slight train. And what furs! Magnificent silver fox for the cape and big muff. A great cart-wheel straw hat puts that final touch of formal elegance to this stunning Harlow costume

Jean's a great golf enthusiast and she manages to find time in her busy day for a round or two. This is her favorite golf outfit. There's an English tweed skirt, a mannish sports shirt and a swagger top-coat of white chamois. A white Breton sailor and low heeled white buckskin shoes top it off smartly



And at the end of the day, a glittering Hollywood premiere with Jean making the audience gasp and cheer as she sweeps into the theater in this beautiful gown. White—her favorite evening shade—in a crepe gown of graceful lines. Both the cape and the long train are trimmed with heavy white fringe. The neckline forms a deeply draped cowl in front, low at back

Hollywood

Mitzi Cummings Sees It All



The Beach Club very nearly lost a crack volley-ball player when Joel McCrea stepped on Mitzi's smouldering cigarette. But Joel's kangarooish leaping saved the day for dear old Yale

THIS dauntless young lady—a sort of a Miss Pepys of the movie colony—takes you around the sets and behind the scenes of the studios, into the homes and the play places of the stars, at a breathless pace.

She knows her Hollywood from one end to the other, knows its people, from the big to the small. And in this, the second of a series of her fascinating, twinkling letters, Miss Cummings tells you about the whole brilliant panorama, in intimate detail.

Dearest Joan:

SUCH fun reading your grand letter. But now, alas, how my heart is aching. A major catastrophe—I have just lost the most enchanting bonnet. And all because I was a dilly-dallier. For several days I turned over in my mind the idea of purchasing a superlative red chapeaux (with impudent daisies on it). The hat had madness, and it had chic—But when I went to buy it, it was gone! (Low moans.) Sylvia Sidney now owns the little darling. I imagine it's to go with some one of the new Greer gowns she has been so excited about. She's getting herself an entire new wardrobe all made up at once, which is a



Jean Harlow has worn the same little turban for six years. And did Jean's beauty recipe embarrass Mitzi for a while!

pretty grand way of keeping yourself happy, I'd say.

Well, anyway, as I sat in the store commiserating with myself, all of a sudden I noticed a perfectly stunning coupé stop outside and from it step the beauteous Fay Wray. She had on white slacks, white beret, and three-quarter length white sailor coat with slightly puffed sleeves. She gaily wagged a finger at the milliner and pantomimed that she would be in next week. Then she went into the beauty shop next door.

Now if you are up on your psychology, Joan, you know that there is nothing better for low spirits than a beauty shop. (Unless it's a new hat!) So, with new life in me, I followed Miss Wray's lead and went and got myself a manicure. Things happened. First, Frances Dee

Turned Inside-Out



Leslie Howard has fifty-two beagles, each named after a card in the deck, in his hunting pack. His favorite pups are called Six of Clubs and Nine of Diamonds

came leaping in and made a mad dash for the back of the store where the bath and massage department is. "Cute girl," I murmured, whereupon the manicurist got very solemn-voiced and said, "Never was such a darling." Now I don't know the lady, but I do know her husband, Joel McCrea, although it's been many moons since these old eyes have had the pleasure of seeing him in person. Him I'd certainly nominate as a darling, so Frances probably is, too. My mind tottered back to the old days at the Beach Club where Joel, when he was just starting pictures, played volleyball religiously. He cut a pretty sensational figure, too, I might add.

DO you remember George O'Brien, the muscle lad? He was Joel's big sidekick. Well do I remember how once I nearly won the day for the Santa Monica Swimming Club team, the Beach Club's bitter rival. Joel, who was playing for the Beach Club, came over to talk to me. I was in the stands and had just tossed a cigarette in the sand. It seems the thing was not extinguished, and the McCrea would step right on the burning end! How he leaped! Totally kangarooish, really. But then a burnt sole is nothing to be placid about. I was so sorry, and so was he, but fortune being with the Beach Club, Joel did not develop a blister and was able to go into the game and win "for dear old Yale." There may be a moral to this, but it's rather vague, so we'll let it go.

Lew Ayers impresses Mitzi ever so much, at work on his composing. Lew has had his symphony broadcast "all over," and is taking his music very seriously

Anyway, my manicurist's voice brought me back to the present, and she made me rather sad when she told me that one of her customers was on her way over to Edmund Lowe's house. He was giving away all of Lilyan Tashman's clothes to her dearest friends. I think it's pretty touching, don't you? And a very beautiful way of keeping her memory alive. I had seen him lunching at the Vendome a few days previously, and the black band around his sleeve was no more heart-breaking than the look of loneliness in his eyes.

My mind is on "what to do to make yourself beautiful" these days, and even at the expense of appearing ridiculous to you, I must tell you what happened last week. I had read how Jean Harlow (pet, did I or did I not tell you that she's worn the same little turban for six years? She has it copied, you ninny!) puts skin food on her nicely cleaned face and then ducks it several times in a pan of ice and water. So, I hastened to do likewise. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 103]



Wally Beery *Debunks* Matrimony

Plenty of money, a fine house and freedom don't make a marriage happy, according to Mr. Beery

By Eleanor Packer



"Childless marriages are the bunk!" says Wally. The Beerys are rearing three: Baby Carol Ann, George and William. This picture was made in 1931, when they took the children

Beery back from the hospital, and Wally determined that there shall be many happy years ahead of them.

"The first rule is an easy one," he fairly shouted. "If you can't have a child of your own, go out and get one."

"Just ask Rita (Rita is Mrs. Beery) what a change Carol Ann has made in our house. We were happy before she arrived, but we're twice as happy since

then. I'm naturally a selfish sort of person. I want what I want when I want it, and in the way I want it. But, since we adopted Carol Ann a couple of years ago, I haven't had so

much chance to think about the wants of Wally Beery. Why, even when we went to Europe—and it was my first trip, too—I caught myself wondering whether Carol Ann would enjoy certain things, instead of whether it was what I wanted to do."

Then Wally went on to point out the successful marriages in Hollywood where there was a child in the household—the Thalbergs, Irving and Norma, who are fortunate enough

STRONG, lusty and hearty are Wallace Beery's ten rules for happy marriages.

And Wally should know. Among all the topsy-turvy, here-today-and-gone-tomorrow marriages of Hollywood, Wally's own marital ship had sailed along smoothly and serenely for ten years, when his charming wife was taken very ill. But some of Wally's cheerfulness has returned with Mrs.



Wally and Rita spend all the time possible with Carol Ann, whom they legally adopted. "We're twice as happy since we took her," they say. Mrs. Beery has been very ill, but is on the road to recovery

have a baby of their own flesh and blood; the Fredric Marches, who adopted a child; the Slim Summervilles, who also found a homeless little orphan to call their own, and a half dozen others.

Wally spends every possible moment with his Carol Ann.

"She eats breakfast and dinner with me every day," he said proudly. Wally is always proud when he talks of the three-year-old apple of his eye, "and as many lunches as I can manage. This business of putting children out of the way and letting nurses get all the joy out of them, never appealed to me."

The Beerys legally adopted Carol Ann when her mother, Mrs. Beery's aunt, died over two years ago, leaving three young children. Wally and Rita are also bringing up the other two youngsters, George Priester, now eleven, and William, who is six-years-old.

WALLY'S second rule was given with an emphasis almost equal to the first.

"Keep your wife away from the studio. Your work and your home should never mix. Your wife should run one, and you the other. I don't interfere with the way Rita manages the house and I don't believe that she should interfere with the way I run my business. Not that she would want to. She is far too sensible and smart for that. But I have seen a lot of actors' wives who want to hang around the studio, mixing into things. You don't see doctors' wives or lawyers' wives or manufacturers' wives camping in their office, trying to have a say-so in their business. Well, believe it or not, acting these days is a business, too.

"And there's plenty to be said on the other side, also. I

don't believe in husbands trying to tell their wives how to manage their business. If I had a husband like that, I'd throw him out, bag and baggage."

Then Wally propounded his third rule.

"No wife should have a career. It won't mix with marriage, other than in a few exceptional cases. If a woman is ambitious, she should forget about a husband. I tried being married to a career woman and it didn't work. When I married Rita, she gave up all thought of a career of her own and, so far, everything has been great."

Wally's first wife, as almost everyone knows, was Gloria Swanson. They were married many years ago, when Gloria was a beginner in pictures and Wally was already a featured comedian. Gloria careened dizzily to stardom and the marriage was lost on the way.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 108]



Wally believes in an occasional vacation from the wife, because a man's always "so darned glad to get back." He usually flies off alone



Wally and his first wife, Gloria Swanson. They were divorced in 1918. Beery opposes the idea of women mixing marriage and a career

"Paducah Was Never Like This"

Irvin S. Cobb

tells

Sara Hamilton



GOOD grief! Look who's in the movies! None other than Irvin S. Cobb himself, writer of those grand *Judge Priest* stories, as well as countless other yarns.

Out to become a movie star!

After that—the deluge. For movies have seen a lot of things in their young and slightly befuddled life, but never anything like Irvin—with his Mexican-blue shirt, his bottle-green bow tie, his tummy, a pair of Argonne forests for eyebrows, and a lip that looks like the grandpappy of the one Chevalier sports.

Not only does Irvin in profile look like a roll-top desk, but he says himself that when turned sideways he's the most out-

standing literary figure in America today. He's one of the wittiest, grandest and funniest persons to hit Hollywood in years and years, and girls, listen:

He has new and refreshing ideas about who are the real heroes of the movies. None of the handsome women-tamers of the acting profession will do for him. Your pretty idols crack their clay feet in retreat when Irvin Cobb of Paducah, Kentucky, inhales and goes into this monologue:

"Out in the wood-sheds, back of the movies, are the real heroes of this business. Those boys who, with a hammer, a few nails, a nickel's worth of chicken wire and a bucket of plaster, can slap up a mosque with hot and cold running Arabs that would knock the Maharajah of Junkey-Dory flat on his face. Without the least flurry of excitement or the slightest effort,

The real heroes are the unknown, unsung prop men and carpenters who can supply anything from a monument to a dinosaur, Cobb is convinced. Charlie Oelze's work on the Hal Roach lot fascinates the humorist

The celebrated humorist turns a movie set into an old Kentucky home



they do it. That's the beauty of it. They never get temperamental or fling out of the prop room in a tantrum. They do everything they're asked to do, from creating a whale that will swallow ten Jonahs to erecting the ruins of Pompeii in ten minutes."

So, girls, follow on.

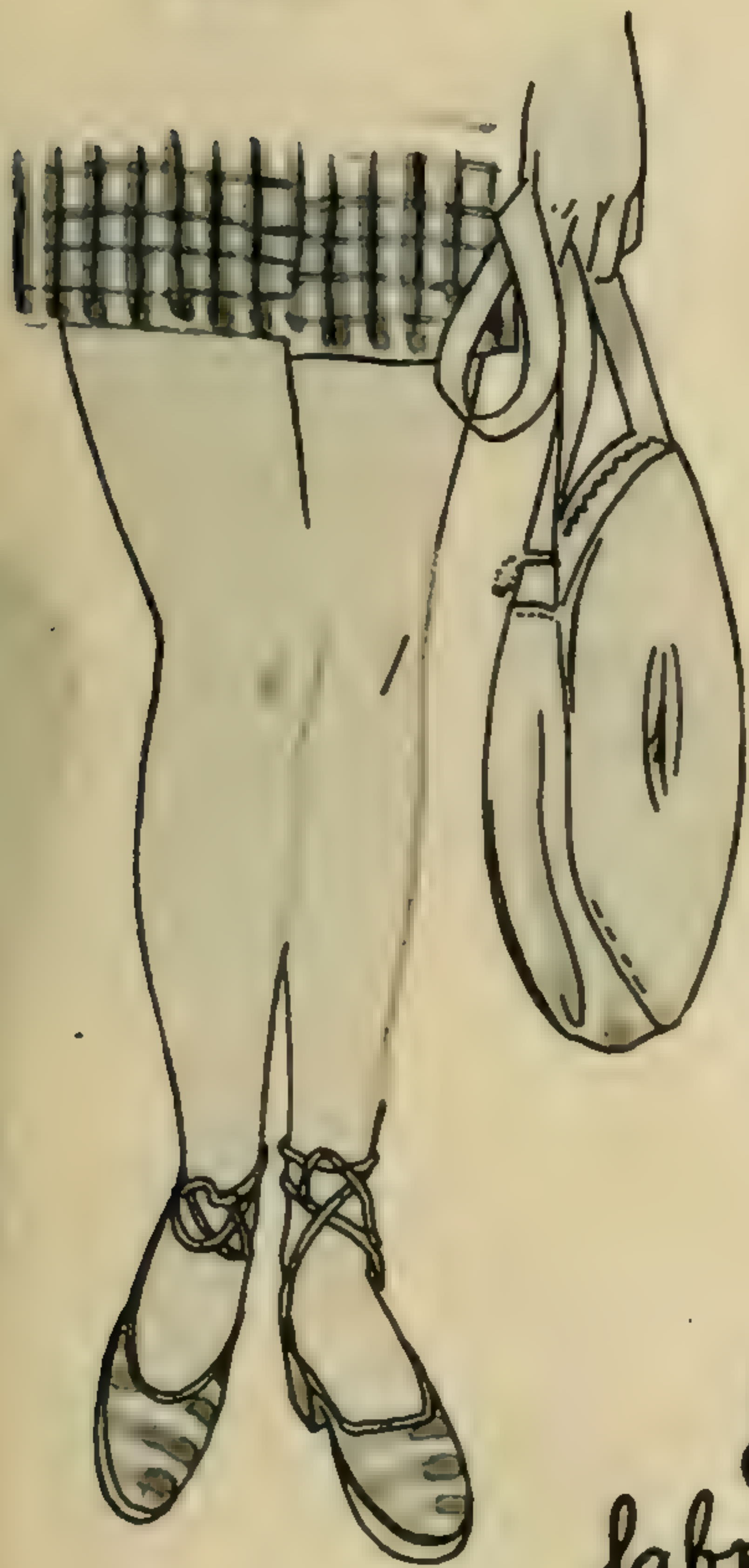
It all began, this prop man business, the first time Cobb came to Hollywood some years ago. They shoved him into a scene in a picture called "The Arab." Cobb was supposed to be a tourist wandering about. And, as a matter of fact, with that protuberance where the waist-line should be, he provided the only shade the Arabs had during the making of the whole picture.

But the trouble was, when they [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 113]

Fashion Scribbling in Hollywood



Irene Castle, returning to films, sketched at lunch in straw baby bonnet with white ruffle under brim —



Knit cotton fabric and wood in beach shoes — circular canvas beach bag —



Blouse, skirt and shorts — Hollywood's beach uniform. Myrna Loy wears it in white linen —



Elizabeth Young plays Badminton in flannel slacks and shirt — silk scarf tucked into collar



Norma Shearer sketched at wedding in huge white cart — wheel hat, white long skirted suit —



Three New Extras To Play Star Parts For Summer

— Seymour —

ONE evening gown doesn't make a summer—which is twisting an old adage about. But it is true, none the less. This charming white chiffon is the perfect gown to augment your mid-summer dancing list. Kalloch has designed it for Dorothy Burgess to wear in "Black Moon." The décolletage is daring with its deep square cut, two clips emphasizing it on either side. The halter effect joins a piece at the back which meets the belt at an even deeper point. A sparkling brooch fastens the belt at front, matching the clips. The idea of a double train formed by two distinct pieces is unusual. Note Dorothy's smart twin bracelets





ROMAN striped ribbon contributes a gay detail to this white cotton dress which Kalloch has designed for Fay Wray to wear in a scene from "Black Moon." The ribbon is drawn through buckles for both belt and bow tie. The dress is simple with a simulated two-piece design. The pleated brim of large cotton hat is an original twist



BILLIE BURKE has to be snipped bright out of a scene from "Arabella" in order to give you a preview of this attractive costume. It's a pajama outfit as worn by Billie Burke, but we have copied the quilted jacket, chiffon scarf and all to make a dancing costume of it!

Taking A Vacation In Smart Costumes



RED and white is a cool contradiction for hot days. Claire Trevor wears this lipstick-red dress which Royer has designed for "Baby Take a Bow." Crystal cube buttons linked with chain and white piqué collar and cuffs lend a frosty offset to the torrid color. Claire, as you notice, chooses white accents in shoes, gloves and bag. Also a white bandeau on her hat

WHITE cartridge pleating used to trim the blue coat of Irene Hervey's ensemble gives a Russian dash to the costume. Irene wears this in "Let's Try Again," but it is recommended as a good traveler on that vacation jaunt of yours. Blue silk for both dress and coat. The dress has a high neckline with tucked vest and white buttons as fashion interest!



Warning! Pack One Silk And A Cotton

— Seymour —

IT'S no exaggeration to say a half dozen of this type of cotton dress will not go amiss on your vacation holiday, whether you spend it at a resort, on a boat or at home. Fay Wray wears this in another scene from "Black Moon." Kalloch's artistry is evident in the detail of the blouse, especially the collar and buttoned patch pockets. White with blue accents

THE shipboard scene in "Grand Canary" where Zita Johann wears this silk frock suggests future travel for it in your wardrobe! It's a fashion that looks toward Fall with its long sleeves, high neckline and rippling jabot—yet it is cool and wearable for right now. The sleeves have a restrained fullness which will be evident in the newest Autumn costumes





Canary Yellow Inspired By A New Picture

HOLLYWOOD CINEMA FASHIONS

here sponsored by PHOTOPLAY Magazine and worn by famous stars in latest motion pictures, now may be secured for your own wardrobe from leading department and ready-to-wear stores in many localities . . . Faithful copies of these smartly styled and moderately-priced garments, of which those shown in this issue of PHOTOPLAY are typical, are on display this month in the stores of representative merchants

— Seymour —



A SUNNY and summery yellow takes its fashion inspiration from the exciting new film, "Grand Canary." You get your first glimpse of it in this cool, becoming sports dress which Madge Evans wears in a shipboard scene. Short-sleeved, the dress is simply designed with a wide collar finished in self silk fringe, tying like a 'kerchief. Wooden clips make a smart decoration for the wide silk belt. Pleats animate the skirt, as shown in the scene still at the right

DON'T you think this is just about the most entrancing photograph of Ginger Rogers you ever saw? Ginger is always busy, thrives on work and grows more fascinating all the time. Her latest picture is "Change of Heart," for Fox, and her next assignment is in "The Gay Divorce" at her home studio, Radio, opposite Fred Astaire. She and Fred were established as a popular team in "Flying Down to Rio," when they introduced the Carioca

Hurrell





SHIRLEY TEMPLE is cute any way you take her. The photographer told her to be a good little girl, so she looked angelic. But she can, just as delightfully, pout or play at the art of the coquette (they're never too young!). Shirley willingly posed at the studio, but when the cameraman came into her garden, interrupting her romp—that wasn't so nice. As for having pictures taken at bedtime, Shirley just yawned at that



SHIRLEY, *Take A Bow!*

Little Miss Temple remains unspoiled despite all of her amazing new honors

*By Barbara
Shawn*

A PICTURE stealer—at five!
A new, sudden, meteoric personality, discovered overnight.

One day she was just Mr. and Mrs. George Temple's little girl, Shirley. The next day she was star material, Shirley Temple—in electric lights.

This is what happened.

The Fox studio made a million dollar picture, "Stand Up and Cheer." The producer was Winfield Sheehan. This was his pet picture, and nothing was spared in assembling the finest talent available, with lavish scenes and effects. John Boles, Warner Baxter, Madge Evans and Jimmy Dunn were in the cast.

Several nationally famous comedians were brought out from New York—Mitchell and Durant, Aunt Jemima and Stepin Fetchit. Such infallible actors as Ralph Morgan and Nigel Bruce just had bits to do.

Then a mere baby stepped into the scene, did a little tap dance, sang a song—and walked away with the picture! A baby named Shirley Temple, who was not five-years-old at the time.

Audiences went wild about her, every place. Letters, telegrams poured into the studio from critics and theater managers all over the country—demanding information about the child. Their customers were besieging them to know all about her.

SUCH a sensation had not been caused by a youngster in pictures for a long, long time. There was once a little boy named Jackie Coogan, who gave our hearts an awful tug with a pair of melting brown eyes and an old cap—without words or music. Another extraordinary youngster who could act rings around many of the oldsters—Jackie Cooper—did it again.

But among the hundreds of talented little girls, there had never been one who broke into the front rank of screen personalities on the strength of a few short little scenes—until Shirley came along.

She is pure gaiety and love of life, and miraculous unself-consciousness. Her hair is a mop of flying spun-gold. There is a stray dimple down at the corner of her pink little mouth. She is as natural as a puppy, in a world where children are quickly turned into affected imitations.

She is capable of letting out a whoop of abandon and turning a handspring, without warning—or she can sit primly in a huge chair, as I found her, trying to reach her legs to the floor.



An original, intelligent personality, but none the less a genuine and lovable child, she is wisely guarded against too much adulation

She gave that up, folded her hands with resignation, and looked ready, not saying a word. "Well, Shirley," prompted her mother.

"I'm waiting till she gets her pencil and paper out," explained Shirley, patiently.

Many a blonde five times as old as Shirley has been interviewed who didn't have the situation half so well in hand. She's a precious, that one.

NOT "smarty." Not any of those irritating things precocious stage children can be. Shirley has the dignity that only five-years-old can achieve. It has to put up a defense against such a lot of grown-up twaddle.

As unspoiled *now* as your own little girl, busy wearing out her dolls and her shoes and the seat of her rompers. And oh, please, everybody say a prayer that she'll *stay* that way. Because there never was a little lamb in such a tough spot to hold onto her equilibrium.

The press in every part of the country is doing nip-ups over her discovery, audiences obey the title of her big success "Stand Up and Cheer," and everybody in the studio just goes ga-ga as soon as she is in sight.

But when the impulsive ones, who don't stop to figure the consequences, go off on a tangent { PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 115 }

DEAR JEAN: Hail, little woman of "Little Women"! Jean, darling, this month I'm holding you up as the shining example. I want every star in Hollywood to take a good long look at you.

Hundreds of PHOTOPLAY readers have been writing and asking me to tell them what I thought was the perfect figure. They've wanted me to give them elaborate charts and diagrams.

Well, I don't believe in stereotyped stuff like that. So, I'm answering their questions through you, Jean. Here—all you girls—here is the girl with the perfect little figure. Jean Parker! I drink a toast—of tomato juice—to her!

There—and I hope, Jean, that you show this letter to some of those girls in Hollywood who squawk when I criticize their figures. Believe me, darling, when I see something *good* I can admire it. I want those girls to take a look at your figure and get what I mean when I speak about beauty of form.

In a published interview, Sam Goldwyn is quoted as saying movie glamour is on the wane; that overdressing in the movies must cease; that audiences are fed up with too luxurious costumes and sets and that people want simplicity. I'll go Sam one better and say that people are fed up with overdressed figures—with bad lines concealed (or at least, people think they're concealed) by fluffs and frills.

Sam claims people want simplicity. I say people want simplicity of figure. You, Jean, have that, and—what's more—you have a simple, unaffected grace because you're not corseted to the eyebrows. A good foundation garment is okay, but a tight corset never fooled anybody. Don't overdress your figure with fat.

Sam Goldwyn also says, "People are fed up with overdone backgrounds in pictures." Well, I'm fed up with overdone backgrounds too—but I'm not talking about movie sets. I'm talking about those spare tires around a lot of stellar waistlines, and about excess weight on hips and ankles.

Your figure is grand, Jean

Keep That



Parker, and I want you to keep it that way, so let me give you a word of warning.

You're young. You're working in the most nerve-racking business in the world. The producers—who are pretty smart fellows and know an actress of charm and beauty when they see one—are putting you into picture after picture. I don't want you to grow old before your time.

There are plenty of fine, courageous young girls in the world who, still in their teens, are doing the work of grown men. I want to save you and all other hard-working girls from overstrain. Therefore, it's about time I gave you a heart-to-heart talk about health, a straightforward warning about keeping your vitality and beauty.

If somebody gave you a beautiful diamond necklace you'd keep it in a safe place, wouldn't you? You wouldn't throw it around. Well, the greatest gift you can have in this world is beauty and health. Guard it! Keep it! Preserve it!

So, listen, Jean, I want you to show those Hollywood girls that my faith in you is well-founded. I want to point to you ten years from now



"Hail, little woman of 'Little Women'!" She has an unaffected grace because she is not "corseted to the eyebrows." Jean is shown with Henry Stephenson

All the girls in Hollywood and everywhere else should look upon Jean Parker's figure as perfection, Sylvia says; and she offers health advice which will preserve such shapeliness

and say, "See, she still has a perfect figure!" That's why I'm writing you—out of my great admiration—implore you to preserve what you've got. Jean, you must keep healthy!

Here's my health routine.

Perfect Figure!

(Jean Parker Has It, Says Sylvia)

Every morning after you've had your bath, flop onto the bed face down and have your maid or your companion give you a brisk rub-down with witch hazel, paying particular attention to the spine and the muscles at the back of the neck. And have her dig in hard, now, with her thumbs, under the scalp. Also have her knead you hard under the shoulder-blades. All of this loosens up the nerves and muscles, keeping you relaxed, free of tenseness the whole day long.

Then have her put a Turkish towel along your spine, and, with brisk slaps of the palm of the hands, go up and down your spine.

You girls who haven't a maid can persuade your mother or sister or some girl friend to do this for you. Even if you live alone, you can work on your own spine and muscles.

On the days you're not working, take a sun bath every day—but don't be foolish and spoil that beautiful skin of yours. Protect your complexion with a red chiffon veil and your body by a generous covering of oil. Begin your sun bath by lying on your back for five minutes, then your stomach for five minutes. You can work that up to an hour a day.

You girls who can't get outdoors to do this can let a patch of sun in through an open window and take the sun bath on your bedroom floor.

And, no matter how tired you are, sit up straight at meals, then right after meals walk around the room for ten or fifteen minutes with the stomach in, shoulders back and head up.

DO you know the part of the body to which you must give most attention if you want real and lasting health? I'll tell you. It's the solar plexus, which controls the liver and spleen. The Greeks used to think that the seat of the emotions—the heart—was in the solar plexus. And they weren't so far wrong. The condition of your liver affects your moods—makes you gay or grouchy, happy or blue. So, if you want real health, you've got to concentrate on that solar plexus, and here's how to make the old liver work for you instead of against you.

Stand straight with the right arm over your head and the left hand underneath your right ribs. Now, in this position—your upper arm fairly well stretched—dance sideways with a little hopping motion across the floor—moving right with the right arm above your head. Now change hands—left arm up, right hand under left ribs and dance back across the floor, sideways. Go back and forth like that four times every single day. That stimulates the liver action, which is most beneficial to your general health.

Your spine is important to your health, too. Here's the exercise to keep the spine limber. In the morning, lie flat on your back on the floor, with your arms above your head. Swing quickly upwards and forward, touching your fingers to the floor with your face between your knees. Now back to the original prone position, then—with your knees slightly relaxed—touch your toes to the floor over your head. Oh, boy, that puts pep into the spine, and it makes you feel like a million dollars! Do that half a dozen times.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 84]

Personal replies by Sylvia, on Page 84, will help many who seek health and beauty. What is your own problem?



Sylvia



"Simplicity of figure"—that's what Sylvia wants, and what Jean has. But this young star must learn the secrets of exercise, food, sun and air if she is to retain her charm



Walter Huston's ideal year is seven months' work, five months' rest. He would do his resting in his cabin in the mountains where he is photographed with Mrs. Huston (Nan Sunderland)

after a vacation? Work? Well, I'll be all right when I get into it. And I'll like it, if I'm doing what I want to do."

In his last months in the movies, Huston was not doing as he wanted to do. He was much dissatisfied with the pictures that were coming his way. Also, he felt that long-term contracts limited his activities too much. He didn't want to be tied down. He had plans. So, for a time, he has dropped movies, although they are not wholly out of his plans

But, to my mind, his major reason for shelving pictures is summed up in two lines from Sidney Howard's play based on Sinclair Lewis' book, "Dodsworth," in which Huston as *Dodsworth* is scoring a smash hit on Broadway.

Dodsworth, in one scene aboard a liner bound for Europe, is talking with *Edith Cortright*, played by Nan Sunderland (in private life, Mrs. Walter Huston). They are talking of life and aims.

"Mr. Dodsworth," says *Mrs. Cortright*, "just what are you after?"

"Well, I guess," *Dodsworth* replies, "my leisure."

Walter Huston Shuns PICTURES

This stage star insists he must have
suitable rôles and plenty of leisure

He loves life, and
wants time to enjoy
it fully

ABOUT three years ago, Walter Huston came back from his one and only trip to Europe. He was asked the usual commonplaces—how he had enjoyed his vacation, how good did the Statue of Liberty look to him as his ship breasted its way up through the Narrows, and other such mummified questions in the museum-piece list of an interviewer. Then someone said, "Well, Mr. Huston, you must be just keen to get back to your art."

"In the first place," grinned Huston, "'art' nothing! It's work—a job. And in the second place, did you ever hear of anyone wanting to rush right onto the job

Huston wants leisure to do the work he desires to do when and where he wants to do it. Also, he wants leisure to rest. His ideal year would be seven months' work and five months' rest, as he terms it. The rest period he would spend at his place near Lake Arrowhead, up in the mountains not a great distance from Hollywood.

He has a fairly well mapped out plan of how he is going to employ his leisure for the next three years. But, his plan is elastic so that if something more appealing than what he is doing at the time comes up, he may turn to it. A picture, for instance.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 10]

By Walter D. Shackleton

PHOTOPLAY'S

Hollywood Beauty Shop

Conducted
By Carolyn
Van Wyck

All the beauty
tricks of all the
stars brought to
you each month



A warm-weather coiffure with two good points in its favor. It's off the face for coolness and the tiny rolls at the back are flattering but easy to arrange. Created by Mel Berns especially for Sidney Fox. Here are youthful, good lines for the full, young face

An interesting pose of Mona Barrie, in which she introduces a dramatic touch by those silver bands among her dark hair. Silver cloth ribbon is plaited in with that braid, which is then adjusted in the coronet manner. A cool, distinctive and charming novelty for the summer evening coiffure. That separate braid will create effects on the long or short-haired girl that are smart, new, different and most refreshing

Keep Cool



Use a cream rouge first, then re-touch as necessary from your compact, suggests Helen Vinson, who knows the secrets of a fresh, radiant appearance in spite of hot weather difficulties

THE whole secret of summer loveliness and charm is looking cool and feeling cool. Never have clothes lent themselves better to this purpose than this year, it seems to me. Soft, big hats, lovely fabrics and gay sandals all help you create a picture of summer beauty. But actually feeling cool is another matter. So, taking a big lesson from the Hollywood stars, I give you some practical suggestions for feeling like the proverbial cucumber or crisp lettuce leaf even when the thermometer is at ninety degrees above.

The summer bath is all-important. Whether you use tub or shower, you will get more cooling results from tepid water than you will from cold, although that cold is a great temptation when you're just too hot to breathe. If you choose a tub, do avail yourself of some of those delightful bath salts, water softeners and perfumers, as well as those bath oils that make a bath a luxury and leave you feeling soft, cool and fragrant for hours after. If you take a shower, one of the stars has discovered that you can still use a bath perfume to advantage. After she has dried herself, she takes a drop or two of the perfumed oil on her damp bath-cloth and rubs this well over her body. The perfume will cling for hours.

No one should be without a toilet water or *eau de Cologne* in summer. They are the greatest revitalizers I know. After you have dried yourself from the bath, pour a few drops into the palm of your hand and rub lightly over your whole body. These lotions give you a smooth, tingling feeling that is delightful. Use dusting powder generously, and be sure you are heat-proof for hours to come. Many dusting powders now come in flesh tints, which avoid powder lines between face and neck. For safety, you may need a spray or dab of your favorite deodorant or non-perspirant, and you are ready for fresh, soft underthings.

If you are going into the country, or anywhere, in fact, inhabited by mosquitoes, here's another Hollywood tip. Use your *eau de Cologne* or toilet



An ardent user of perfumes is Sidney Fox. A touch to ear lobes, eyebrows and lips is her practice in summer weather

Evelyn Venable thinks you need more powder in summer, but urges that you remove all excess with a brush to prevent that overly-powdered appearance

water well down over legs and ankles. Only the mosquitoes will not like you when thus laved, and this precaution will spare you their annoying bites.

Hair is our next consideration. You must keep it extra immaculate in summer, because normal perspiration around the hair line and on the scalp can soon flatten and deaden its appearance. If you use cream for cleansing your face, be very careful to remove every bit around the hairline with a bit of cotton dampened in face tonic. When you go away for weekends or vacation, it's a very good idea to carry with you

one of those waterless shampoos. They cleanse very perfectly and will not remove your wave. And here is something everyone, even men, should remember about salt water bathing. Regardless of the caps we may wear, the hair invariably gets wet. If you let it dry with salt water on it, you do your hair great harm. The trick is to give it a good clear water rinsing as soon as possible. This removes the salt and will keep your hair in good condition generally, regardless of oceans.

If you can possibly wear your hair off the face, summer is the time. It creates a cool, cameo-cut line, particularly lovely on the younger person. Sidney Fox shows a typical warm-weather coiffure on the first page of this department. Or, if you must have fullness at the sides, try to keep that line smooth and clear cut. Wild, fluffy hair is charming when you're lying about on a beach or riding a bicycle in the country. But un-groomed hair in town or with conventional clothes is not a smart touch any more. I don't mean that you can't have your curls and all the trimmings, but work to keep them in a definite design.

NAILS are another matter that need special attention in summer. Salt water and outdoor life cause them to misbehave if you aren't careful. Cuticle oil or cream will help keep them in good condition. Even a new polish remover is now made with oil, to give the nails every possible benefit of this beautifier. Watch your lacquer in summer, too. As your hands begin to get that out-door color, you can use a deeper tone. It is gay, in good taste and will do nice things for hand skin that is getting darker. And don't forget your toes. Even if you won't go in for lacquering—and you should if you follow fashion's dictates—do give them the care that you would your fingers. With the summer sandals and occasions for beach bathing, it is much to your advantage to have every bit of you as lovely as possible.

I've purposely left your face until now, because there's a lot to say about that.



A new study of Joan Crawford, emphasizing three important beauty trends. A lustre make-up for an opalescent effect, eyebrows following a natural line and dark nail lacquer right to the nail tip



Although I covered freckles and sunburn last month, there will be new readers to whom this subject is their worst summer problem. Ida Lupino, whose pictures are shown in these pages, has the right idea. Protection against freckles and tan. Ida has one of those fair, flawless English skins, and for this type, freckles and burn are fatal to beauty. Liquid powder or a good foundation is the first step in thwarting the inroads of summer. Apply this generously to face, neck, arms and whatever part of the body is exposed. You can use plenty of it if you will be careful to smooth and spread it evenly. Ida

Between calls to the set, Thelma Todd pauses for an eye bath to keep her eyes clear, refreshed and brilliant. All eyes need this daily care, especially after exposure



A Hollywood tip for a coppery skin tone. Raquel Torres puts a few drops of iodine in face bath, soaks her face well and applies mineral or olive oil before exposure. Sun then gives a golden-brown tint

uses a soft sponge in the picture, which is a good idea. If you will dampen it first, squeeze out all the water, then apply the liquid, it works even better. The same goes for absorbent cotton—which, by the way, is one of your best beauty allies for many purposes.

If you happen to apply too much liquid powder or foundation, take a cleansing tissue and blot it up. Don't try to rub it away, for then it will streak and look uneven.

Now, over this skin coating, press on plenty of powder.

Evelyn Venable offers the sensible solution of putting on even too much, then brushing the surplus away with a powder brush or any very soft brush.

You now have a protection that will work on any skin, but is especially advisable for sensitive skin.

If you are a brunette, you may want just the right degree of tan.

And to some faces it unquestionably is a charming touch.

For you dark-heads, then, use a suntan



Two steps by which Ida Lupino keeps her skin freckleless. First, a covering of dark, liquid powder used on sponge

Second, Ida coats generously with a sun-tan powder. Water will wash away powder but not the base. Good trick



oil, with or without powder, until your skin is just the shade you want. You will get better results if you will expose yourself by timing, giving your skin a little more sun each day, then go in for the general protective routine.

Otherwise, you will get that dark, unbecoming shade which is hard to bleach away when you're ready for darker costumes.

Unless summer has dried your skin excessively, you will find that the best warm-weather cleansing method is the cream and soap-and-water way.

Use both.

There is nothing like cream for removing make-up, and there is nothing like soap and water for that perfectly clean feeling.

THEN, if your skin seems a little tight or dry, use a nourishing cream or oil, but don't leave it on too long.

When you remove it, use a good skin tonic or plenty of ice-cold water.

This water is a wonderful natural astringent, and is refreshing and refining.

Summer make-up is very important. My first tip is always to remove old make-up if possible before putting on new. Make-up "cakes" on the face more readily in summer than in cooler weather, and if you put new on over old, not only does it dim the fresh, lovely effect you should have from your artistic touches, but it is not good for your skin, no matter how pure your cosmetics. Naturally, few of us have time for a thorough cleansing routine throughout the day, but a liquid cleanser for in-between use is splendid.

It will rid you of that old make-up in a hurry and if you use it correctly, it will leave just a bit of dampness to the skin which will serve as foundation for the fresh powder.

This in-between cleansing is particularly important to girls who work.

It will keep you far more attractive looking all the time and is a wonderful preventive for the usual skin ailments of blackheads, large pores, etc., many of which result from faulty cleansing.

For make-up, there are just two places for decided effect—eyes and lips. Use even less rouge in summer than you do in winter.

Your face usually has more natural color in warm weather, and too much rouge gives a heated, flroid look. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 92]



MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, 2ND

CAMELS ARE MADE FROM
FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS
THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND

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Three things women enjoy especially in smoking Camels

"I enjoy their full, rich flavor," says Mrs. J. Gardner Coolidge, 2nd... "They never make my nerves jumpy," reports Mrs. Thomas M. Carnegie, Jr.... "They are smooth and mild," adds Mrs. James Russell Lowell... Again and again women make these same points about Camels.

"I find Camels delightfully mild," agrees Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer... "Camels never make me nervous," Miss Alice Byrd says. "I like their taste better," states Miss Anne Gould... Why don't you see if your nerves and taste aren't exactly suited by Camel's costlier tobaccos?



MRS. JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL

*Camel's
costlier tobaccos
appeal to*

Miss Mary Byrd
Miss Alice Byrd
Mrs. Powell Cabot
Miss Anne Gould
Mrs. Potter d'Orsay Palmer



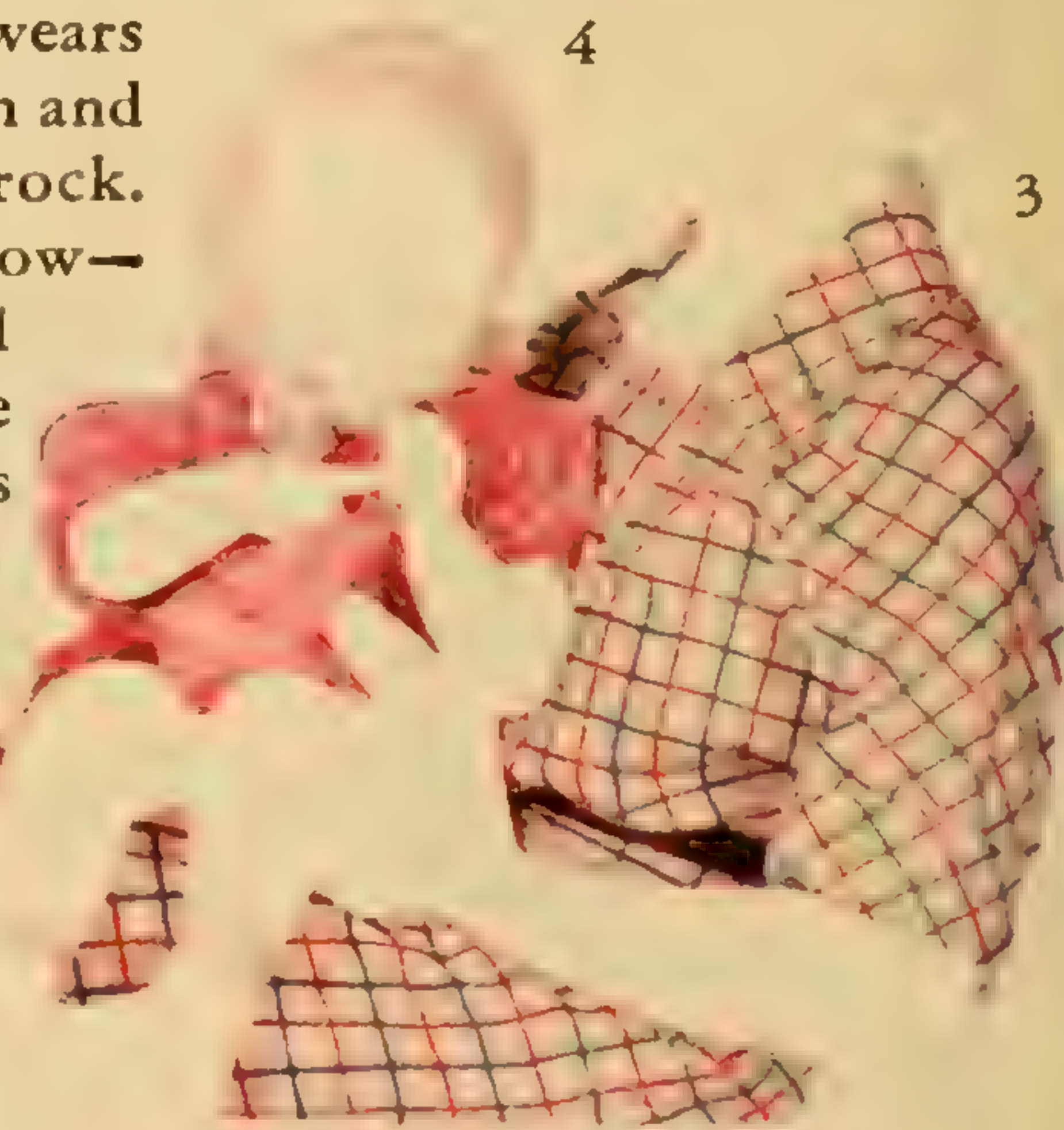
1. "Oh, this silk gingham ensemble isn't new!" says Dee. "I've washed it so many times with Ivory Flakes. I guess that's why you think it's new—Ivory's so marvelous for colors." True, Dee, but aren't *you* glad that nice salesgirl advised you to use *only* pure Ivory Flakes?

2. "Do you use Ivory Flakes, too?" asks Peggy, the wide-eyed witch in rosy-red. "I guess everybody does who knows. I wouldn't buy this silk shirt-dress until I knew it was washable. Then the salesgirl told me just how to squeeze it through lukewarm Ivory suds!"

3. "Mother Molly" joins in, "I'd be sunk without Ivory—because my clothes have to last forever! I never tremble over soap spots with Ivory Flakes—they melt so fast—you *couldn't* make me use another kind of soap flakes after what a salesgirl once told me!"



4. "Small Molly" wears an Ivory-bathed skin and an Ivory-washed frock. As all fine stores know—Ivory is safe for all fine things because it's safe for a baby's sensitive skin!



Save 20% . . . See how much bigger the IVORY FLAKES box is than that of any other fine-fabrics soap flakes. More soap for your money!



99 44/100 9/10 PURE

Ask The Answer Man



Nick Foran went to Hollywood making a survey of bus lines, and even his best friends laughed when he offered to sing! But Fox looked and listened and gave him a five-year contract

NICK FORAN is the chief topic of interest in the Answer Man's mail bag this month. The fact that he made his screen debut in "Stand Up and Cheer" with a dirty face, didn't keep the girls from falling for him. Here's the low-down on the smiling Irish lad.

Nick was born in Flemington, New Jersey, June 18th, 24 years ago. His father, Colonel Arthur F. Foran, is chairman of the New Jersey Highway Commission; former comptroller of the Port of New York; banker, iron founder, and director of steamship and railway companies. Nick worked in the foundry and also on his father's farm in Flemington. His hobby is raising game birds (pheasants), and breeding dogs. Favorite pastime is hunting; then fishing and horseback riding. In sports he prefers tennis, although he was once star tackle on the Princeton eleven.

He studied music at the Leibling studio in

New York and then got a chance singing over the radio. Formed his own orchestra, but disbanded because of difficulty in securing bookings. An assignment to make a survey of bus service from Coast to Coast took him to Hollywood. Lew Brown, an old family friend, who was casting for "Stand Up and Cheer," gave Nick a test and a part in the picture. His work in it won him a five year contract with Fox.

Nick is 6 feet, 2 $\frac{1}{4}$ inches tall, weighs 205 pounds and has bright red hair and blue eyes. His real name is John Nicholas Foran. He is superstitious about the numeral "13." Wore that number in three football games and was hurt in each one of them. Hates to dress up, prefers sports clothes. His latest appearance is in "Change of Heart," the Gaynor-Farrell film. Hollywood girls fell for this handsome red-head but papa Foran thinks Nick should stick to pictures.

Read This Before Asking Questions

Avoid questions that call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address. For a personal reply, enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.

Casts and Addresses

As these take up much space, we treat such subjects in a different way from other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, self-addressed envelope must always be sent. Address all inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

MARIAN SPRADER, MILWAUKEE, WIS. — Clark Gable was born on February 1st, 1901. He is 6 feet, 1 inch tall. His latest picture is "Manhattan Melodrama" with Myrna Loy and William Powell. Next picture will be with Joan Crawford.

JANE NEAL, SNYDER, N. Y.—Johnny Weissmuller's latest picture is "Tarzan and His Mate." Maureen O'Sullivan is the *mate*.

MARY ELLEN SCHILLINBERG, BALTIMORE, MD.—Shirley Temple was born in Santa Monica, Calif., April 24th, 1929. She is 40 inches tall (and growing fast), weighs 42 pounds; has golden hair and hazel eyes.

PAT, SEATTLE, WASH.—Pat, the cute chap who was the coxswain in "The Sweetheart of Sigma Chi" was Eddie Tamblyn. His latest picture is "Money Means Nothing." Eddie doesn't quite agree on that statement. Who does?

LUCILLE BAKER, MINNEAPOLIS, MINN.—Lucy, you'll have all those he-men admirers gunning for you if you insist that Russ Columbo is the "most perfect male" in pictures. Look out the goblins don't get you. Russ was born in San Francisco, Calif., January 14, 1908. He is 5 feet, 11 inches tall; weighs 175 and has brown hair and brown eyes. His full name is Ruggeiro Eugenio De Rudolpho Columbo, and I'm not kidding either. George Blackwood, who stands next in your esteem, is a Dalton, Ohio, chap, born there July 17, 1905. He is 6 feet, 2 inches tall, weighs 185 and has brown hair and hazel eyes. His latest pictures are "Son of a Sailor," "Lady Killer," and "Massacre."

DORIS JOHNSON, GALESBURG, ILL.—So glad you like our magazine. Constance Cummings is the girl who played the rôle of *Joan Whelan* in "Broadway Thru a Keyhole." Paul Kelly was the gang leader who appeared in the same picture. Edward Everett Horton was the lad who owned the shop in "The Way to Love." Don't hesitate to call on me for any information you want about your favorites.

A.A.C., SAUGUS, MASS.—Since appearing in "The Sign of the Cross," Tommy Conlon has appeared in "No Man of Her Own." "Laughter in Hell," "Auction in Souls" and "Only Yesterday."

Decorative Summer Salads



Cute Adalyn Doyle, who was last seen in RKO-Radio's "Finishing School," does a neat finishing job on her Chilled Lamb Salad. Ripe olives attractively garnish the blanket of mayonnaise

A TREAT is in store for those who visit Adalyn Doyle, former stand-in for Katharine Hepburn. She has gained a reputation in the film colony for her delicious salads. Invariably, one is in readiness when guests are expected.

And not only is Adalyn proficient in preparation of the salad itself, she realizes the importance of selecting the proper dressing.

Take a tip, then, and use Lemon Cream Dressing with all fruit mixtures, and a true mayonnaise (thinned, if desired, by adding a few drops of lemon juice or vinegar) for all other salads.

Here is the method used in preparing *Chilled Lamb Salad*—

Boil a piece of lean lamb until tender, then dice. Skim liquor in which it was boiled until entirely free from grease.

Bring to a boil 2 cups of this liquor, and in it dissolve two tablespoons of plain gelatine. Strain through cheese

cloth. Add one tablespoon lemon juice, two tablespoons orange juice, pepper and salt to taste. Now mix in the diced lamb and a chopped green pepper. Pour into a wet mold and put in refrigerator to set. When firm, turn out on a nest of crisp lettuce, spread with mayonnaise and garnish with whole ripe olives.

For a summer luncheon, nothing is quite so appetizing as *Pineapple-Strawberry Salad*—

This tempter is arranged by cutting pineapple in half lengthwise, scooping out the center and cutting in small cubes. Be careful not to destroy the shell.

Now one pint of hulled strawberries are halved, mixed with the pineapple cubes and blended with one cup of Lemon Cream Dressing. Arrange the mixture in half of the pineapple shell, and garnish with whole berries. Makes six generous portions.

Crab Surprise is indeed a boon when unexpected guests arrive. Preparation of this dainty morsel takes the hostess away from her party for only a very few minutes—one of those "jiffy snacks" ideal for summer menus.

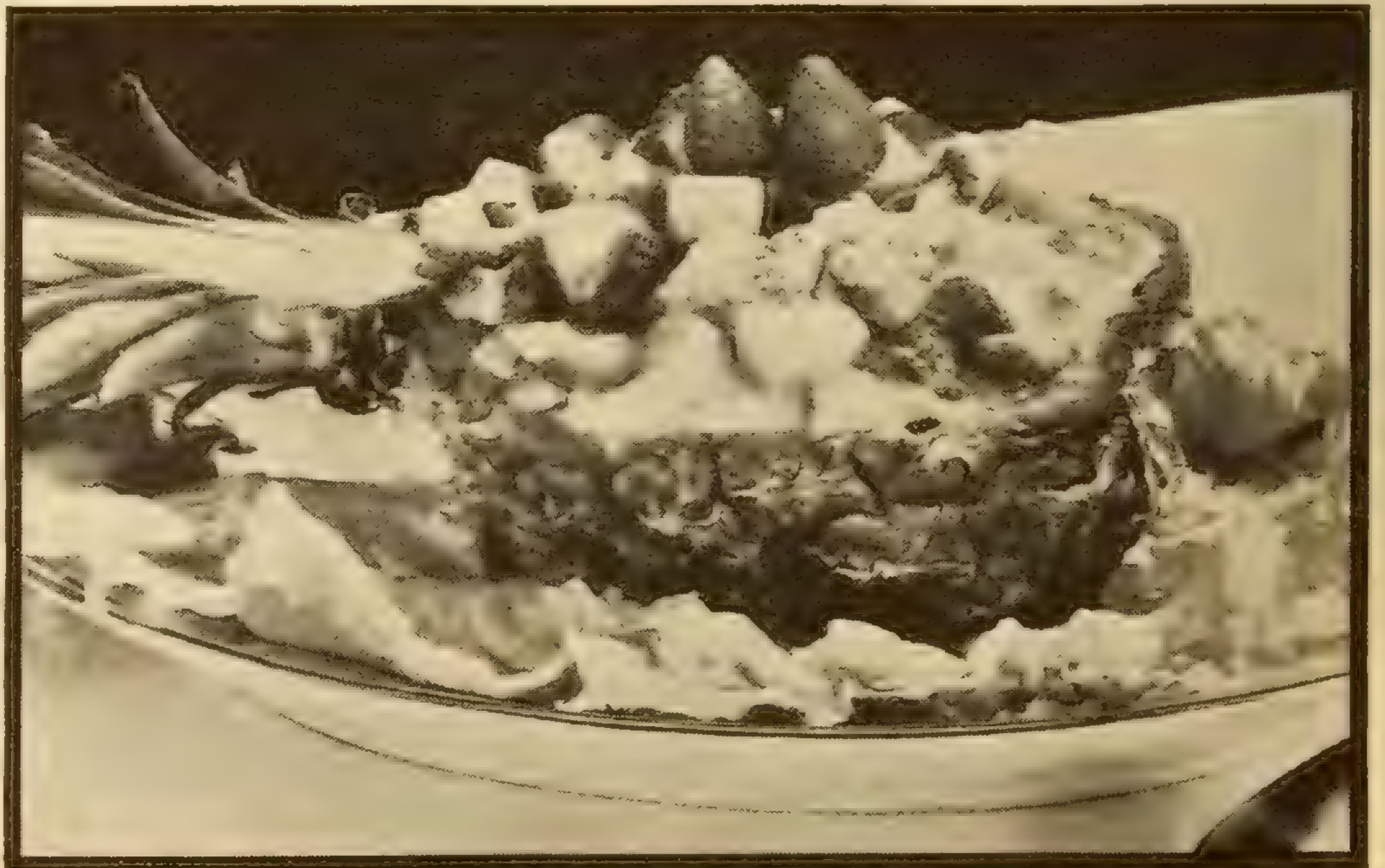
Make incisions from center almost to stem-end in four equal sections of six chilled tomatoes. Press apart, remove seeds and part of pulp. Salt inside of tomatoes.

Blend $\frac{1}{2}$ cup of true mayonnaise with 2 cups of flaked crabmeat, $\frac{1}{2}$ cup diced celery, $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon salt, a dash of cayenne, and 1 teaspoon lemon juice.

Pile mixture lightly in tomatoes. Serve on crisp bed of lettuce. Garnish with additional mayonnaise and anchovies. Amounts stated serve six.

With fruit salads, remember, we are going to serve—*Lemon Cream Dressing*: Fold $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of double-whipped mayonnaise, $2\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons confectioners' sugar, a dash of salt, and $1\frac{1}{2}$ tablespoons lemon juice into $\frac{1}{3}$ cup of whipped cream. Blend thoroughly. Makes one cup.

You won't want to use anything else over fruits when once you have whisked together a batch of this delicately flavored dressing. It satisfies the most discriminating tastes, and puts on the saucy side many who have always preferred their salads, especially fruits, without dressing.



Another warm weather tempter, Strawberry and Pineapple Salad. Lemon Cream Dressing is quickly prepared and blended with the fruit

"Gee, but you're beautiful! I'm crazy about you"

Read how a simple
clothes secret helped
Nancy win Romance



"A new girl in town—and, lucky for me, visiting right next door," said Bill.



He lost his heart on the spot, but—"Her clothes alone cost a fortune," he thought...So he



didn't dare dream she could live on his salary until one day Nancy burst out with



"Silly boy—I've learned how to make my clothes money go far!"

HER STORY



"I'm lucky at finding bargains, especially in silks and cottons. Then I never let things get faded or old looking. I use Lux for



all my things—dresses, blouses, sweaters. Most things wash, you know, but I don't take chances on wrong washing. Cake-soap



rubbing and soaps with harmful alkali too often fade colors, wear out materials. I stick to Lux—that's my clothes secret."

Your clothes money goes farther this way

Clothes are important to success—to romance, clever girls frankly admit.

"That's why it is so foolish," they say, "to let wrong washing fade colors, spoil texture and fit. We don't risk this—we always use Lux."

To be safe, you'd better insist on these exquisite tissue-thin flakes for your nice things, too! They dissolve

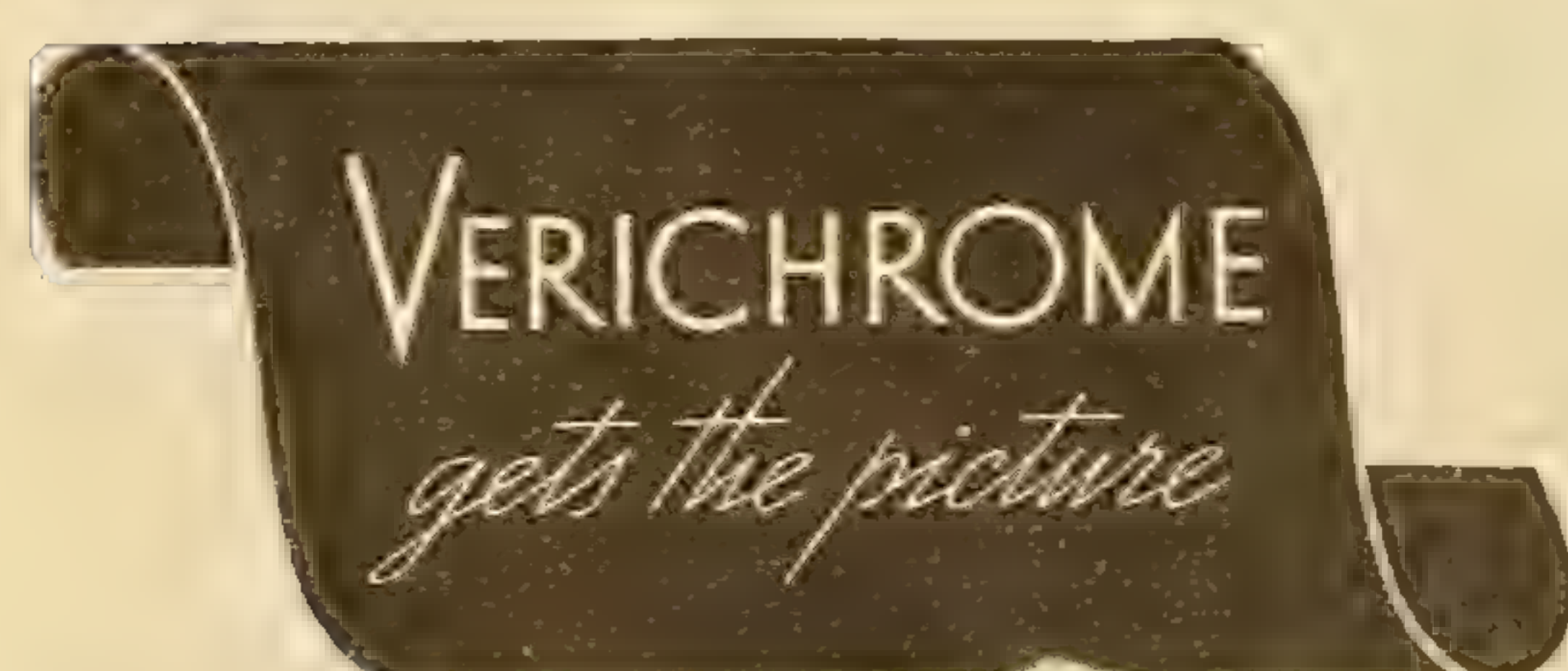
instantly in lukewarm water—contain no harmful alkali as ordinary soaps often do, to fade and shrink—do away with the dangerous rubbing you have with even the mildest cake soap.

Whatever is safe in water will come out of Lux like a dream—look *new* all season long. Gentle Lux care makes your clothes money go twice as far!

Safe for *anything* that's
safe in water alone



**No more squinting
at the sun... with
Verichrome you
take people at
their best...
relaxed, natural.
Forget about
posing... just snap
the picture.**



Accept nothing but the familiar yellow box with the checkered stripe.



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2. Highly color-sensitive.
3. Halation "fuzz" prevented by special backing on film.
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FILM**

Addresses of the Stars

Hollywood, Calif.

Paramount Studios

Adrienne Ames
Richard Arlen
George Barbier
Mary Boland
Grace Bradley
Carl Brisson
Burns and Allen
Kitty Carlisle
Claudette Colbert
Gary Cooper
Larry "Buster" Crabbe
Eddie Craven
Bing Crosby
Alfred Delcambre
Katherine DeMille
Marlene Dietrich
Jessica Dragonette
Frances Drake
W. C. Fields
William Frawley
Frances Fuller
Gwenllian Gill
Julia Graham
Cary Grant
Jack Haley
Charlotte Henry
Miriam Hopkins
Dean Jagger
Roscoe Karns
Walter Kingsford
Charles Laughton
Baby LeRoy
John Lodge
Carole Lombard

Pauline Lord
Ida Lupino
Helen Mack
Fred MacMurray
Julian Madison
Joan Marsh
Herbert Marshall
Gertrude Michael
Raymond Milland
Joe Morrison
Jack Oakie
Lynne Overman
Gail Patrick
George Raft
Lyda Roberti
Lanny Ross
Jean Rouverol
Charlie Ruggles
Randolph Scott
Clara Lou Sheridan
Sylvia Sidney
Alison Skipworth
Sir Guy Standing
Dorothy Stickney
Colin Tapley
Kent Taylor
Eldred Tildbury
Lee Tracy
Evelyn Venable
Mae West
Henry Wilcoxon
Dorothy Wilson
Howard Wilson
Toby Wing

Fox Studios, 1401 N. Western Ave.

Rosemary Ames
Lew Ayres
Jane Barnes
Mona Barrie
Warner Baxter
John Boles
Clara Bow
Charles Boyer
Nigel Bruce
Madeleine Carroll
Joe Cook
Henrietta Crosman
Jack Donahue
James Dunn
Jack Durant
Charles Farrell
Alice Faye
Peggy Fears
Edith Fellows
Stepin Fetchit
Norman Foster
Ketti Gallian
Henry Garat
Janet Gaynor
James Gleason

Harry Green
Lilian Harvey
Rochelle Hudson
Roger Imhof
Walter Johnson
Miriam Jordan
Victor Jory
Suzanne Kaaren
Howard Lally
Frank Melton
Conchita Montenegro
Herbert Mundin
Pat Paterson
Will Rogers
Raul Roulien
Wini Shaw
Sid Silvers
Shirley Temple
Spencer Tracy
Claire Trevor
Helen Twelvetrees
Blanca Vischer
June Vladek
Hugh Williams

RKO-Radio Pictures, 780 Gower St.

Fred Astaire
Nils Asther
Ralph Bellamy
Joan Bennett
El Brendel
June Brewster
Clive Brook
Tom Brown
Bruce Cabot
Mowita Castanada
Ada Cavell
Chic Chandler
Alden Chase
Jean Connors
Frances Dee
Steffi Duna
Irene Dunne
Hazel Forbes
Skeets Gallagher
William Gaxton
Wynne Gibson

Ann Harding
Katharine Hepburn
Sterling Holloway
Dorothy Jordan
Pert Kelton
Edgar Kennedy
Francis Lederer
Dorothy Lee
Eric Linden
Joel McCrea
Colleen Moore
Barbara Robbins
Ginger Rogers
Robert Shayne
Adele Thomas
Frank Thomas, Jr.
Thelma Todd
Helen Vinson
Nydia Westman
Bert Wheeler
Thelma White
Robert Woolsey

United Artists Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

Eddie Cantor
Charles Chaplin
Douglas Fairbanks

Mary Pickford
Anna Sten

20th Century Studios, 1041 N. Formosa Ave.

George Arliss
Janet Beecher
Constance Bennett

Ronald Colman
Fredric March

Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower St.

Robert Allen
Nancy Carroll
Patricia Caron
Walter Connolly
Donald Cook
Inez Courtney
Richard Cromwell
Allyn Drake
Dick Heming
Arthur Hohl
Jack Holt
Fred Keating
Tim McCoy

Geneva Mitchell
Grace Moore
George Murphy
Jessie Ralph
Arthur Rankin
Gene Raymond
Florence Rice
Charles Sabin
Joseph Schildkraut
Billie Seward
Ann Sothorn
Raymond Warburn
Fay Wray

Culver City, Calif.

Hal Roach Studios

Don Barclay
Billy Bletcher
Charley Chase
Billy Gilbert
Oliver Hardy
Patsy Kelly

Stan Laurel
Billy Nelson
Our Gang
Thelma Todd
Douglas Wakefield

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios

Brian Aherne
Katherine Alexander
Tad Alexander
Elizabeth Allan
John Barrymore
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Virginia Bruce
Charles Butterworth
Mrs. Patrick Campbell
Mary Carlisle
Leo Carrillo
Creighton Chaney
Ruth Channing
Maurice Chevalier
Mady Christians
Mae Clarke
Jackie Cooper
Joan Crawford
Marion Davies
Marie Dressler
Jimmy Durante
Nelson Eddy
Lilian Ellis
Stuart Erwin
Madge Evans
Muriel Evans
Louise Fazenda
Preston Foster
Betty Furness
Clark Gable
Joan Gale
Greta Garbo
C. Henry Gordon
Russell Hardie
Jean Harlow
Helen Hayes
Ted Healy

William Henry
Jean Hersholt
Irene Hervey
Jean Howard
Isabel Jewell
Otto Kruger
Elsa Lancaster
Evelyn Laye
Myrna Loy
Jeanette MacDonald
Ruth Matteson
Florine McKinney
Una Merkel
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Frank Morgan
Karen Morley
Ramon Novarro
Maureen O'Sullivan
Jean Parker
Nat Pendleton
Wanda Perry
William Powell
Esther Ralston
Donald Reed
May Robson
Shirley Ross
Norma Shearer
Martha Sleeper
Mona Smith
Lewis Stone
Gloria Swanson
Franchot Tone
Henry Wadsworth
Johnny Weissmuller
Diana Wynyard
Loretta Young
Robert Young

Universal City, Calif.

Universal Studios

Heather Angel
Henry Armetta
Vince Barnett
Dean Benton
Russ Brown
Russ Columbo
Ann Darling
Andy Devine
Sally Eilers
Hugh Enfield
Francesca Gall
Edward Everett Horton
Alan Hale
G. P. Huntley, Jr.
Leila Hyams
Lois January
Buck Jones
Boris Karloff
Lenore Kingston

June Knight
Edmund Lowe
Paul Lukas
Ken Maynard
Chester Morris
Neysa Nourse
Edna May Oliver
ZaSu Pitts
Roger Pryor
Ellalene Ruby
James Scott
Onslow Stevens
Gloria Stuart
Margaret Sullavan
Slim Summerville
Polly Walters
Lois Wilson
Jane Wyatt

Burbank, Calif.

Warners-First National Studios

Mary Astor
Arthur Aylesworth
Robert Barrat
Joan Blondell
George Brent
Joe E. Brown
Lynn Browning
James Cagney
Enrico Caruso, Jr.
Irene Castle
Hobart Cavanaugh
Colin Clive
Ricardo Cortez
Dorothy Dare
Bette Davis
Dolores Del Rio
Claire Dodd
Ruth Donnelly
Maxine Doyle
Ann Dvorak
John Eldredge
Patricia Ellis
Glenda Farrell
Philip Faversham
Kay Francis
Pauline Garon
Geraine Grear
Hugh Herbert
Leslie Howard
Josephine Hutchinson
Allen Jenkins
Al Jolson
Paul Kaye

Ruby Keeler
Guy Kibbee
Esmond Knight
Terry La Franconi
Hal LeRoy
Margaret Lindsay
Helen Lowell
Emily Lowry
Aline MacMahon
Frank McHugh
Jean Muir
Paul Muni
Pat O'Brien
Henry O'Neill
Virginia Pine
Dick Powell
Phillip Reed
Philip Regan
Edward G. Robinson
Barbara Rogers
Barbara Stanwyck
Lyle Talbot
Verree Teasdale
Genevieve Tobin
Dorothy Tree
Henry Tyler
Gordon Westcott
Joan Wheeler
Renee Whitney
Warren William
Pat Wing
Donald Woods

Lloyd Hughes, 616 Taft Bldg., Hollywood, Calif.
Harold Lloyd, 6640 Santa Monica Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.
Neil Hamilton, 351 N. Crescent Dr., Beverly Hills, Calif.
Ned Sparks, 1705 No. Sycamore Ave., Hollywood, Calif.
Alan Dinehart, 2528 Glendower Ave., Hollywood, Calif.



"Try and
get this
snapshot
back"

He'll carry it and look at it and show it until it's worn dog-eared—this square of paper. Because it's a snapshot of *the* girl. Her smile. Her sweetness. Put down on paper, by some magic, so he can carry it around with him, and feel always that she's near. Now pictures like this are easier to make than ever. *Kodak Verichrome Film* extends snapshot possibilities amazingly. Eastman Kodak Co., Rochester, New York.

The pictures you will want TOMORROW . . . you must take TODAY

Keep That Perfect Figure!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

In order to keep a beautiful figure and to have a graceful walk you must keep limber and relaxed. You can prolong your life ten years if every time the clock strikes—meaning every hour—you stand up and stretch as you do when you first wake up. Yes sir! If you stretch those lazy muscles, you'll give yourself an extra ten years of life and health. Just do that every hour. It's such a simple thing, isn't it? Learn how to stretch from watching a cat or a dog. Animals are lots smarter about health than we humans are. Notice how they turn and stretch even in their sleep.

And remember this: The body needs proper food, air, sun, stimulation and correct elimination. Don't forget to take plenty of air baths to purify the pores and allow them to breathe

properly. Always remember to rest before your meals—to get the stomach relaxed so that it will accept and properly digest your food.

And now just a word about food. You've got to have iron in your system. Eat plenty of celery, spinach, raw red and white cabbage (eat large amounts of raw cabbage), beets, lettuce, raw carrots and fresh berries. Meat once a day.

You've got to have energy and stimulation, so take orange juice, tomato juice, berry juice, fruit juices with gelatine, vegetable juices—particularly turnip-top juice. Eat lots of fresh fruit, but I don't advocate bananas because every nervous person I've ever known has told me that he felt uncomfortable after eating them.

Don't overload your stomach. Keep lean, lithe and limber.

There, Jean, these are simple, easily followed rules. I want you to keep that beautiful, grand figure; to keep on being my best example of perfection; to preserve your health.

This letter is for you, and for every person who doesn't want to be ill. It is for all girls who are building a foundation for the future, to give them courage, and to help them see the beauty of life.

Remember, Jean, I'm rooting for you. I'm sincere when I tell you I'm one of your greatest admirers. I'm your real fan, and I want to be seeing you on the screen for years to come.

Devotedly,

SYLVIA.

Answers by Sylvia

Dear Sylvia:

I've heard that laughing makes wrinkles. Can you tell me what to do about laugh wrinkles around the eyes and mouth?

U. T., Butte, Mont.

Sure, laughing makes little wrinkles. But what do you care? It's better to have wrinkles from laughing than crying. You don't want to go around with a straight face all your life, do you? Laugh a lot—and don't worry about the wrinkles. Worrying makes the bad wrinkles. Don't be a grouch. Don't worry. Naturally, however, you want to keep your skin soft and smooth. Nice, firm, smooth skin doesn't take wrinkles as harsh, dry skin does. Give yourself a good facial every day, with plenty of cold cream smeared on both fingers and face and use the tips of the fingers to tap gently into the wrinkles. Also use the fingers in a gentle rotary movement, but never pull at the skin. Just keep it stimulated and alive with the finger-tips.

Dear Madame Sylvia:

I notice that you often talk about air baths. What do you call an air bath?

Mrs. R. D. G., Madison, Wis.

An air bath is just what it sounds like. The pores need air, just as the lungs do. They must be allowed to breathe. It stimulates and refreshes the body. Here's how to take one. Every day of your life, open all the windows in your house—maybe you'd better lock the door—and go about your daily tasks without any clothes on. No, I don't advocate nudism. I'm not a cultist, but I know that the body needs air. I know a woman who does all her housework without any clothes on. It's a wonderful idea. Naturally, she keeps a robe handy if the door-bell should ring. If it is impossible to have enough privacy for complete nudity, then wear very loose, light clothes and let the air get to your pores.

Dear Sylvia:

My bust is firm but one breast is slightly larger than the other. Can you tell me how to reduce that one and not the other?

C. D., Philadelphia, Penna.

ARE you too fat? Too lean? Have you any physical defect that mars your beauty? How are your nerves? Do you sleep well? I shall be glad to offer you advice—free of charge—of course. All you have to do is write, enclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope. Address Sylvia, care of PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 W. 57th Street, New York City.

Almost every woman has one breast slightly larger than the other. Be thankful they're firm. You should see what lots of women go through to make their busts that way. If you did, you wouldn't be complaining.

Dear Sylvia:

I'm one of those people who lie in bed at nights and worry about everything that has happened during the day. I wish you would tell me how to go to sleep quickly.

H. H. R., Montpelier, Vt.

First of all, don't worry. Think of something besides your own troubles. Get the proper mental attitude about yourself and your relationship to the rest of the world. Your mental attitude is wrong. Then try these purely physical methods for inducing sleep: Drink a glass of grapefruit juice (I said grapefruit juice, not orange juice) before going to bed. Relax in bed. If you awake very early in the morning, get up and dress and stay up. Don't lie in bed and worry about not sleeping. Just get up and do some little task, even if it's three o'clock in the morning. The next night you'll sleep soundly.

Dear Sylvia:

I am overweight in spots, I know that. I've read all your articles and I'm sure they have wonderful advice in them, but I just do not seem to find the time to take exercises. Is there any other way to reduce in spots?

D. W., Macon, Ga.

I wish I could get my hands on you. I would give you a good shaking. You can find the time if you want to find the time. Shave off a little of the time you spend in bed sleeping to take exercises. If the stars, who literally work from ten to sixteen hours a day when they're making a picture, can find time to take my exercises, I'd like to know why you can't. Girls who do the most strenuous work are my best patients. Gosh! You make me mad! No—and a thousand times no—there isn't any way to reduce in spots except by exercise and squeezing off the flesh. Make the time. There are no short-cuts to beauty. Snap out of your indolent ways and get busy right now!

Dear Sylvia:

I'm on your building-up diet, but I dislike milk. Is there any substitute?

J. V., St. Louis, Mo.

No, I'm afraid there isn't. You'll just have to learn to like milk. Drink it very slowly so it won't form a lump in your stomach.

Dear Sylvia:

I wrote to you two months ago, asking what I could do to reduce my hips. Your exercise worked wonders, and I'm very grateful.

B. D., New York, N. Y.

Dear Sylvia:

I am taking your building-up diet, but I find that when I eat as much as you prescribe I feel uncomfortable and heavy after meals. I just have to force myself to get down that much food and drink the milk, too, but I'm very much underweight and want to build up. What can I do?

S. A., Omaha, Nebr.

Dollars to doughnuts you're nervous, very nervous, although you didn't tell me that. Nervous people always have trouble in digesting their food. So here's what to do. Take everything I've given you, but spread it out, so that you have five or six meals a day instead of three. In this way, you will have what you need, without overburdening your stomach at any one time.

This is not a screen test...

BUT IT UNCOVERS A PANTRY STAR!

Here's 3-way proof that Borden's
Evaporated Milk is better!



NUMBER 1 IS PROOF ENOUGH!

One taste of Borden's Evaporated Milk, just as it comes from the can, will convince you that Borden's is better! Note the fresh, sweet flavor... the creamy color and full, rich body. Pour some into a tumbler... and out again. It clings to the sides of the glass... just like cream!



NUMBER 2 SURPRISES EVERYONE!

Men and women everywhere are amazed at the richness of coffee "creamed" with Borden's. Try it—and taste! Had you ever dreamed that any evaporated milk could taste so fresh, so creamy? Women who pride themselves on their tables prefer it. It's more economical, too!



NUMBER 3 CLINCHES THE CASE!

Wherever milk or cream is used in cooking, Borden's Evaporated Milk fills the bill! In white sauces, cream soups, mashed potatoes... it gives you the sweet, fresh quality, the richness of pure cream. It adds to taste and texture, too! So, when you buy evaporated milk, ask for Borden's.

*...you'll love
Borden's Cheeses too!*

On your next visit to your favorite food store, ask for Borden's Fine Cheeses... cheese treats from all over the world at their delicious best!

Treats that once only world travelers could know — today, thanks to Borden,

these treats are all on parade right in your neighborhood.

Take a tour!

Start your cheese tour with good old-fashioned Borden's American. Next step over the border into Canada and discover Borden's Chateau, the mild, rich cheese flavor that cheese-lovers everywhere are praising. Then to France with Borden's Military Brand Camembert and Brie — and Napoleon Roquefort.

Now meet golden Liederkrantz — a German type cheese. Let's be on to Switzerland and a new thrill in Borden's nut-sweet Swiss and mellow Gruyere.

Get some today!

Good fun, isn't it...this Borden cheese cruise? And we've just started. Many another member of Borden's cheese family is waiting to greet you at your food store. And every one, in goodness and quality, is worthy of the name *Borden*.



When you remove cosmetics the Hollywood way, you guard against unattractive Cosmetic Skin . . .

POWDER and rouge every day? Skin delicate? Even then there's no need to worry about getting unattractive Cosmetic Skin.

Even though you may already have detected warning signals—tiny blemishes, enlarging pores, black-heads, perhaps—you can guard against this modern complexion trouble the Hollywood way.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

Cosmetics need not harm even delicate skin unless they are allowed to *choke the pores*. Many women who *think* they are removing cosmetics thoroughly are all unconsciously leaving bits of stale make-up in the pores day after day.

When this happens, the pores gradually become clogged, distended—Cosmetic Skin develops.

Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics *thoroughly*. Its rich, ACTIVE lather sinks deeply

into the pores, carries swiftly away *every vestige* of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics. Before you apply fresh make-up during the day, and ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up *thoroughly* the modern Lux Toilet Soap way.

In this simple way you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.





USE ALL THE
MAKE-UP YOU WISH,
MY DEAR, BUT
PLEASE
LET US BREATHE!
SAY THOUSANDS
OF TINY PORES

You can use cosmetics
as freely as you wish,
if you guard your
skin as I do—with
gentle **Lux Toilet Soap**

ELISSA LANDI

STAR OF THE PARAMOUNT PICTURE,
"THE GREAT FLIRTATION"



A Star Who Won't Forget Her Friends

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40]

Then, in October, Ann Sothern was "born."

In November, when "Let's Fall in Love" was released, she let out her first little silvery croon—and the whole town peeked in the crib to see what it had there.

It discovered it had quite a crib full of dainty, musical, dansical and dramatical star material.

And so—Hollywood paid court to baby. Paramount begged for her for "Melody in Spring." Columbia snatched her right back for "The Party's Over" and "The Hell Cat." Samuel Goldwyn will bounce her on his knee as Eddie Cantor's next leading lady—but he'll have to hurry, because Columbia must have her right back for "Blind Date."

ANN Sothern—let's call her Ann, although in those days she used her own name, Harriette Lake—was a pretty important person to herself before she arrived in Hollywood—the first time. She came of a good family, an intelligent family of means. There is a staunch Scandinavian strain in her blood. Her mother was a concert singer; her father a successful business man. Ambition for achievement was predominant in her family, and an elemental part of her background.

Ann herself had studiously acquired a well rounded musical education. She was proud that for three successive years she had won first prize for the best original piano composition in an international high school contest. Her old maestro, Henri Verbrugghen, had preached to her that she *must* develop her talent.

She had made high grades at the University of Washington. She was an important figure on the campus.

Then she came to Hollywood to visit her mother, who was coaching talkie-stranded actresses how to speak English. There wasn't any idea of her going on the screen—but one day she went out to Warners-First National Studios with her mother. A friend, then studio manager, suggested she join their stock company. The studio gave her a contract.

Ann was thrilled with the prospect of a movie career. She treasured her first seventy-five dollar pay check—but as the days and the weeks went by, she actually began to resent it. It was like a gift with no feeling from the giver.

BECAUSE there was nothing for Ann to do. Practically nothing. Studio executives hardly knew her name. She was lost in the shuffle, less important than the brown dust of the Burbank studio lot, and in picture knowledge as green as the grass on the front lawn.

Her pride was crushed; she was puzzled and confused. What to do? How to do it? No one seemed to bother to explain. Her few small parts terrified her.

Ann's morale sank to its lowest ebb; she desperately needed friends—that's why Marion "Peanuts" Byron is one girl who will always be close to her heart, no matter how fortune deals with her.

"Peanuts" was up then—and Ann was down, pretty far down in spirits. "Peanuts," then an important, featured actress at Warners, took time off to help a fellow out.

"Your make-up's all wrong," she told her. "Come on, let me show you how."

Make-up wasn't all. "Peanuts" gave sound

advice in a hundred other matters. Gave Ann some idea of what this picture business was all about. Bolstered her confidence.

And Ann has never forgotten. Even though fate isn't so kind to "Peanuts" now, she was the first person Ann looked up when she came out the second time. Today, "Peanuts" is a frequent and honored guest at lunch in Ann's Columbia dressing-room. Neither is a fair-weather friend, going up or coming down.

Lou Silvers, then head of Warners sound department, is another friend Ann met on the first trip up, passed again on the way down, then found still a friend at a dangerous point in her second climb.

Silvers had no particular reason to take an interest in her at Warners. She was just a young tyro like hundreds of other young tyros. But she could sing, and it seemed a shame—so he took an interest in Ann.

"You know music," he told her, "and you can sing. All you've got to know is *how* to sing for pictures, and I'm going to see that you learn."

So he spent hours of his precious time teaching Ann how to lend her voice to the microphone. He gave her sound, almost fatherly advice about Hollywood.

And then, as if that wasn't enough, he risked his reputation to go to bat for Ann at Columbia when her big opportunity picture, "Let's Fall in Love," was finished.

SILVERS had just been signed to a new job when he saw the finished piece. Maybe it wasn't any of his business, but there were some recordings of Ann's that weren't up to par. They might have gotten by, but if they had they wouldn't have helped a newcomer. So he fought for—and got—the important retakes which were the margin between success and just getting by.

You can't call Lou Silvers a name in front of Ann. Nor the late Paul Bern, who saw her through the discouraging months at M-G-M, her second inactive stock contract during the first Hollywood venture—who told her she was going to make good eventually—and never to forget it.

Nor Ivan Kahn, the agent who took a gamble on an unknown girl, because he believed in her. Who persuaded M-G-M to sign her and then sacrificed what profit he made by getting her out of her contract when her chance with Ziegfeld came.

Ivan Kahn is Ann's agent today. She put herself in his hands the minute she arrived in Hollywood, because she doesn't forget those things.

Nor will she ever forget her utter desolation and lonely fear of Broadway when Ziegfeld's unexpected wire called her for a part in "Smiles." Broadway was to be the turning point in her career. But, as she had come to Hollywood in complete ignorance, so Ann went to the bright lights, not knowing a back-drop from a curtain-cue.

The wire came out of a blue sky. Ziegfeld had met her at a party, and admired her voice. He said she ought to be on Broadway—but Ann had learned not to take producers' remarks too seriously by this time.

She left the next morning.

Not a friend in Manhattan—she thought—but she was wrong.

There was Tom Howard.

Tom was an old-time stage comedian—and a good one. And his experience penetrated Ann's masked ignorance.

Never on a stage before in her life, she was given two songs. No one volunteered to tip her on stage technique. She received curt orders and was expected to know what to do. At a dress rehearsal the stage manager called her.

"You go on in one," he said, with no further explanation.

"Yes, sir," Ann replied, afraid to tell him that she had no idea of what in the world he meant.

TOM Howard caught the situation. He strolled up. "You don't know what he's talking about, do you?" he grinned.

Ann smiled her confession.

"Well, he means you go in that alley over there marked Number One," explained Tom, "and stand just off the stage, ready to go on."

Ann went "on in one," tripped and fell on her face, stumbled through her song, wondering all the while how she was ever going to get off the stage!

But Tom showed her how, and took her aside more than once to give her the wisdom of his years of troupng.

Ann has never seen him since—she left "Smiles" after two weeks—but "if I ever do, I'm going to throw my arms around his neck," she swears. And she will. She's that kind.

Walter Donaldson is another friend of those frightened, precarious days who popped up again.

When Ann left "Smiles," discouraged that the show had nothing in it for her after all, she walked into the office of Walter Donaldson, a song writer she had met.

"I've just left the Ziegfeld show," she told him flatly. "I hate the stage."

"No you don't," said Donaldson. "Wait. You ought to meet Larry Schwab of Schwab and Mandel. Stick tight and I'll get him up here."

She could hardly believe her eyes when, after Donaldson's sales talk, the big producer—who never was known to go out of his office to interview anyone, let alone unknowns—actually arrived and signed her for her first real part, in "America's Sweetheart."

Twenty-three weeks of that—and a couple of more stage shows, "Everybody's Welcome," and "Of Thee I Sing." Then Hollywood, where she blossomed out under the brand-new name.

DONALDSON has been signed to write the songs for Ann in the next Eddie Cantor picture.

"And he'll write grand ones for me," Ann is confident. He's her friend. He was her friend when he didn't have to be at all.

"I've never forgotten and I never will forget the people who have been nice to me," she vows.

"I'll never change, never go high hat. Because I'm counting on those friends to put me right, if I ever start in that direction."

"I'm not kidding myself. I know that fame often has a short life in Hollywood—and if I must go down eventually, I want to meet a few friends on the way."



*What a shame! That compact was a keepsake.
"Pocketbook Panic"* cures this star.*

NOW *Frances Dee*
INSISTS ON HANDBAGS WITH THE SECURITY
OF THE TALON SLIDE FASTENER » » »

Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

"Careless" handbags with insecure fastening devices can cause a lot of damage. Precious contents slip out, unnoticed, until the important moment when you look for them and they are gone!

The Talon Slide Fastener eliminates accidents and insures safety for the contents of your bags! This modern closing device actually adds to the trimness of handbag styles, too. Smooth, easy-operating (just a pull on the Talon Slider opens or closes your handbag), it has revolutionized handbag tailoring. Insist on this safety and style device when you choose your next handbag. You'll find Talon-fastened bags in varied styles and at all prices in your favorite shop.

Take the screen-world's word for it . . . it doesn't do to carry anything but a Talon-fastened handbag!

*"Pocketbook Panic" is that terrible feeling you get when your pocketbook opens and the contents spill out or are lost.



HOOKLESS FASTENER COMPANY, MEADVILLE, PENNA.
NEW YORK • BOSTON • CHICAGO • PHILADELPHIA
SAN FRANCISCO • LOS ANGELES • SEATTLE

Why Women Are Crazy About John Boles

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

he lighted three cigarettes for the leading lady. *Impasse*. Which one did he like best? Result: a draw, and two tousled coiffures.

I happened to run across the same ingénue recently, and asked her casually why she thought women liked John Boles.

"Because he's so unattainable," she answered wistfully.

And the very next person I asked said, "Because he makes every girl believe she is *the* one."

HOW can you figure out a man like that?

Then I went out to Universal and braced little Margaret Sullavan with the question. Margaret shies like a startled fawn surprised by big bad hunters when she spots a reporter in the offing.

But she talked willingly about John.

"He was so wonderful to me while we were working in 'Only Yesterday.' Generous, helpful and patient. It was my first picture, and there were many things to discourage me. John Stahl is a superb but a very meticulous director. He will make fifty shots of the same scene to capture exactly the mood he wants. I thought it was my fault. It was John Boles, with his quiet understanding and encouragement, who helped me through."

Once they worked for two entire days on a single scene. And John Stahl works his actors. Ask anyone in pictures. The tension would have driven almost any other player into a frenzy. But this is what Stahl said, later:

"John Boles is so polite it is actually difficult to direct him, to criticize him. You can't bawl him out, the way you have to bawl out some actors to get what you want from them. Where another man would blow up, Boles says, 'Very well, Mr. Stahl. Let's try it again.' He disarms me. I am in a fever—and he remains so cool. What can you do with a man like that?" he pleaded, helplessly.

John, himself, says:

"There is a rhythm and a lilt to life that one learns through association with music."

WHEN or where in all the world has there ever been a musician who did not attract women? And in the life of every one of them women have figured conspicuously. John Boles is no exception.

When he first went to New York, after the war, it was a little chorus girl who took the golden-voiced young man in hand and showed him the ropes. She told him how to talk to

managers—and which managers to talk to. Then Geraldine Farrar rehearsed an opera with him. It was never presented, but he derived priceless experience from it.

Next Gloria Swanson saw him on the stage, and wanted him for "Love of Sunya," one of her own productions in the silent days. She brought him to California. His agent is a woman, Rebecca, of Rebecca and Siltan.

He has been married to the sweetheart of his college days, for seventeen years. And admits that he considers it more romantic to keep one woman happy for that long than to have married half a dozen. The answer to a romance, says John, is how long you can make it last.

He is so grandly, contagiously *happy*. Life is a sort of revel and he is the guest of honor. You look at him and say:

"There is a man who loves his work!"

home. Papa is such fun, such an indulgent, devoted father.

And at the same time, the same man is a wandering minstrel at heart—a gypsy who longs for the broad highway and a ragged coat with a few coins to jingle. The family keeps him anchored—is a perfect balance-wheel. But there is something about a domesticated Romeo that women find very intriguing.

IN his professional, as in his domestic life, John is incomplete without the feminine complement. The most perfect team of which he has been a part was he and Irene Dunne, in "Back Street." There have been many requests for them together again, from all over the world. They are perfectly *simpatico*, those two. Perhaps, for one reason, they have music in common, and even study with the same vocal teacher.

John Boles' recent ascending success is a direct reward of the talkies. Before he could use his voice, he was not as assured—only "half there," as he puts it. Even the use of his speaking voice gives more confidence. In his present picture, "The Life of Virgie Winters," opposite Ann Harding, he does not sing.

His appeal seems to grow every year, if his fan mail is an accurate indication.

It is proof that a world of women is fed up with the antagonistic slug-'em-and-leave-'em boys, and are looking for romance—less violent and more permanent? Tender understanding seems to be the approaching mode in popular romance (if it has ever been out of fashion). And a lot more potent, according to ladies who know about these

things. It never puts one on the defensive right from the start, the way the strong-arm lads do.

Women may show sudden interest in cave-man stuff. After all, when a man smacks a lady he is bound to attract attention. At first there may even be a shining admiration for such tactics. But soon the admiration fades and interest wanes. And the lady turns with sweet relief to the calm philosophy of a Mr. Boles who substitutes softly spoken flattery for harsh commands, and tenderness for pressure.

The little world he creates for a woman—whether off the screen or on—is one of happiness and song, where the skies are always rosy.

If your lilt won't reach the octave you desire to reach, and your silver lining looks a little tarnished around the edges—see Boles. He's sure-fire treatment for a limping lilt!

Helpful Advice For Husbands And Suitors

By John Boles

Don't—

Say "I understand women." You don't, you can't, and you never will.

Talk of one lovely woman to another.

Think romance lies in numbers. Any man can make any woman happy—for a week.

Fail to give credit where credit is due—to the women in your life.

Do all the talking. Women appreciate an audience, too.

Lose your temper. You will pay dearly for it later.

Do—

Realize your duty as a man is to make every woman feel lovely, important, and desirable.

Be appreciative—and say so.

Be assured, but not bold.

Remember an ounce of tenderness is worth a pound of pressure.

Never forget—all women are fundamentally clinging vines, in spite of any and all militant independence.

Remember, women are easy to capture and hard to hold . . . the ones worth holding.

The reaction he gets back is in direct ratio to that which he gives out. The camera, they tell us, photographs what you *are*. What actors give out comes back to them.

There is a teasing, healthy challenge in the Boles presence—on the screen or off. It says, "Come on, let's sing a lot and eat a lot and drink a little good wine and flirt a little. Just to let me know I enjoy your approval, and you like me. Nothing serious—no forced gaiety. Just a nice *camaraderie*."

Men like that do a girl a lot of good—only there are nowhere nearly enough of them to go around.

He cultivates marguerites and marigolds—in his garden. At home, he is the perfect husband and father. He comes home like a child—wants to find his wife there, in a familiar place, to greet him. Marcelite and Janet, the two little girls, love to bring their school friends

"AND TAKE GOOD CARE
OF THE CAR, TOO, SON!"

"SURE! WE'LL DRIVE CAREFULLY
—AND USE MOBILLOIL!"

*The Best Care you can Give the Engine
in a Modern Car—is Mobiloil*

TRUST the younger generation to be careful with the family car! Take this pair. They know why Dad says, "Use Mobiloil."

They know that the family "bus" has a high-speed motor. They know parts fit so closely you couldn't slip a sheet of letter-paper between them.

They know that such motors "turn over" faster—and naturally generate more heat at normal running speeds.

And they know that this calls for

an oil that holds its toughness in a film thin as onion skin—an oil like Mobiloil, that won't thin out dangerously under high heat.

To most people, Mobiloil is the oil that makes their cars run best. The reason is that Mobiloil is made to take the extra punishment that modern motors put on oil.

This summer, give your motor the benefit of Mobiloil—particularly if you're driving a new car. The lighter

grades—such as Mobiloil Arctic—will get your motor "broken-in" safely and perfectly. After that, the nearest Mobiloil dealer will know exactly what grade is best for your particular make of car.

Look for the Mobiloil dealer nearest you. Where you see the sign of the Flying Red Horse, you can also get Mobilgas, Mobiloil's quality mate.

*Mobiloil
makes smoother
running motors*

Mobiloil



AND FOR COMPLETE SMOOTH
PERFORMANCE..Mobilgas

SOCONY-VACUUM OIL COMPANY, INC.

Warm Weather Beauty Tips

By Carolyn Van Wyck



that I do not need to tell you they will stay on while in bathing. Most cream rouges are the same, too, so that the modern mermaid emerges from the ocean as lovely as when she went in.

In summer, it is especially advisable that your powder be your own skin tint. You need more powder in summer, and if it is too light or too dark, you will not be in step with present-day beauty standards.

"FRESH as a Daisy" tells you the tricks of summer daintiness and the names of reputable preparations, and the "Sunburn, Freckles and Tan" leaflet still awaits the late-comers. Both leaflets will help you get through the summer without the usual warm weather tell-tale signs. Both are yours on request for stamped, self-addressed envelopes—one for each, please. Personal beauty problem letters are also carefully answered. Write to Carolyn Van Wyck, PHOTOPLAY Magazine, 221 West 57th Street, New York City.

Milk plays an important part in Judith Allen's diet, because she knows its beauty and health giving values. If you like milk and it does not make you fat, take as much as you want. It's marvelous for skin and hair charm and will build you up if you are thin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76]

With eyes, you must be very careful. The best day tricks are a tiny bit of shadow spread over the upper lid and a touch of mascara.

The new water-proof mascaras leave you confident that dampness around the eyes will not make it run.

This is a good thing to know, too, if you want to come out of the ocean with lashes instead of dark streaks about the eyes.

For evening, of course, you can resort to your eyebrow pencil for making the eyes appear longer at the outer corners, or for accenting the lid along which the lower lashes grow. But for the latter, be sure that a dark lashline under the eye is becoming. On many, it gives a heavily made-up look, anything but attractive.

Summer lipstick should be bright and soft looking. It should create the idea that summer is making you glow with good health and color.

A dark, dull lipstick will not do this.

Most of the lipsticks are so permanent now



Without combing and brushing, you can never have real hair beauty, Frances Drake believes. Brushing exercises the scalp, cleanses and polishes the hair; combing also exercises and airs it. For a smooth effect, brush; always comb for a fluffy halo

MY SECRET

to give
Beauty
ADDED *Loveliness*

As told to Florence Vondelle
by
CLAUDETTE COLBERT



CLAUDETTE COLBERT

Starring in Paramount's
"CLEOPATRA"

Powder...the first essential is face powder to harmonize with my colorings, black hair, dark eyes, olive skin. Max Factor's Olive Powder is correct. A color harmony tone, richly beautiful, to enliven the beauty of the skin. Fine in texture, it adheres perfectly and creates a satin-smooth make-up that clings for hours.

Rouge...next, to impart a youthful, natural glow of color to the cheeks, rouge must, of course, harmonize with your face powder and your colorings. Max Factor's Raspberry Rouge is correct for me. A perfect color tone...and creamy-smooth, like finest skin-texture, it blends evenly...imparting a delicate, lifelike coloring.

Lipstick...last, and so very important, is lip make-up to accent the lovely appeal of your lips. Max Factor's Super-Indelible Crimson Lipstick completes my color harmony make-up. It's moisture-proof, the color is natural and permanent and once I've made up my lips I know they'll appear perfect for hours.

WHEN you see the lovely beauty of Claudette Colbert flash upon the screen, you know that she gives extra thought to her make-up. Each detail is perfect, yet unnoticed...it is the vision of beauty that attracts and impresses.

"To me, make-up means the accentuation of nature's colorings," explains Claudette Colbert. "That is why color harmony make-up, created by Max Factor, is so perfect.

The color tones of powder, rouge and lipstick harmonize to bring out a new enchanting loveliness."

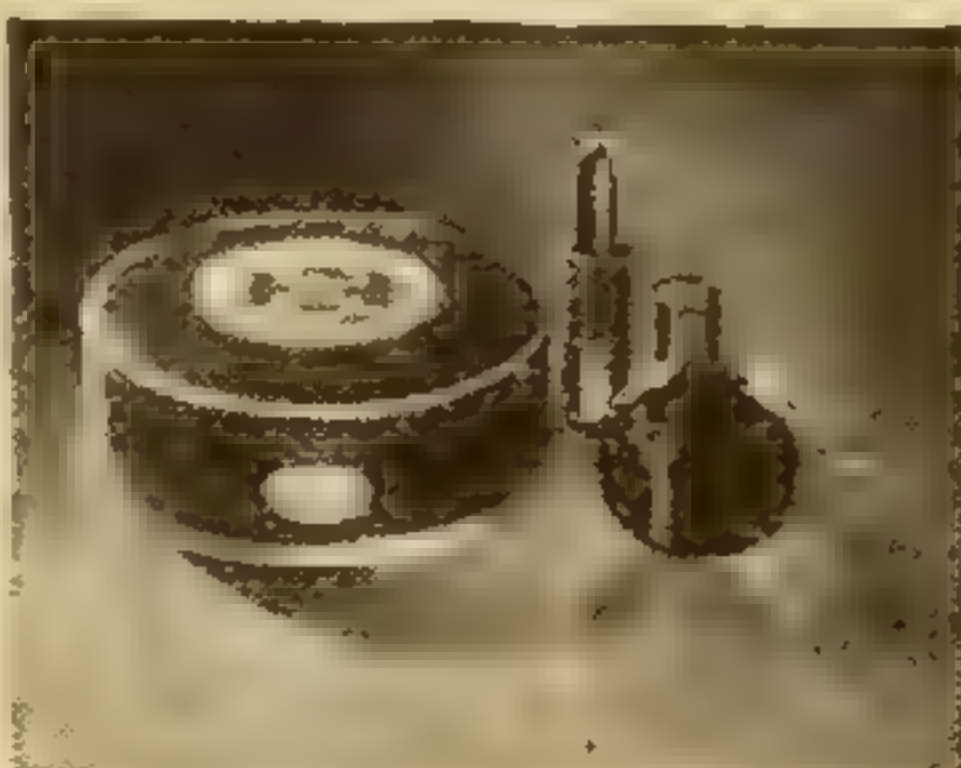
New loveliness for you, too...for you may now share the luxury of color harmony make-up, created originally for the screen stars by Max Factor, Hollywood's make-up genius. Max Factor's Face Powder, \$1; Max Factor's Rouge, 50c; Max Factor's Super-Indelible Lipstick, \$1. At leading stores.

Max Factor * Hollywood

SOCIETY MAKE-UP... Face Powder, Rouge and Lipstick in Color Harmony

TEST YOUR COLOR HARMONY IN FACE POWDER AND LIPSTICK

Just fill in the coupon for Purse-Size Box of Powder in your color harmony shade and Lipstick Color Sampler, four shades. Enclose 10c for postage and handling. You will also receive your Color Harmony Make-Up Chart and a 48-pg. illust. book, "The New Art of Society Make-Up"... Free. ©1934 Max Factor



COMPLEXIONS	EYES	HAIR
Very Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Blue <input type="checkbox"/>	BLONDE
Fair <input type="checkbox"/>	Gray <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Creamy <input type="checkbox"/>	Green <input type="checkbox"/>	BROWNETTE
Medium <input type="checkbox"/>	Hazel <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Ruddy <input type="checkbox"/>	Brown <input type="checkbox"/>	BRUNETTE
Sallow <input type="checkbox"/>	Black <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
Freckled <input type="checkbox"/>	LASHES (Color) <input type="checkbox"/>	REDHEAD
Olive <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/>	Light <input type="checkbox"/> Dark <input type="checkbox"/>
SKIN Dry <input type="checkbox"/>	Dark <input type="checkbox"/>	If Hair is Gray, check
Only <input type="checkbox"/> Normal <input type="checkbox"/>	AGE	type above and here <input type="checkbox"/>

MAIL THIS COUPON TO MAX FACTOR... HOLLYWOOD

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Synopsis of "Anthony Adverse"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 31]

Fuente, of the pale gold, gleaming hair, nearly blue-black eyes and a deeply stirring voice. Anthony is again in love. But they must part. Anthony is bound for Africa to collect the Bonnyfeather debt in kind—slaves. On the ship is Brother Francois, exiled for his sympathy with the slaves.

At the slave establishment, Anthony finds the owner dead and he takes over, building up a flourishing business and taking as his sweetheart, Neleta, half Spanish, "a honey colored Senorita," of curves and lines. Brother Francois and Neleta fight for Anthony, he for his soul and she for his body. Brother Francois goes into the wilderness to set up a chapel. Anthony comes upon his body—crucified by the natives. It is this experience that loses the fight for Neleta.

Anthony returns to Livorno, after an absence of four years. John Bonnyfeather is dead. But Anthony again meets Vincent Nolte, now a rising young banker. Vincent interests Anthony in a scheme to get Spanish bullion to France by way of neutral countries. It is through this scheme Anthony meets Don Luis. Anthony becomes aware of Don Luis' hostility without knowing the cause, but Don Luis has learned of Anthony's identity. Don Luis has also met Faith Paleologus and she has become his sweetheart. Don Luis and

Faith leave Livorno for Spain the same day Anthony and Vincent Nolte leave for Paris. Don Luis tries to force the coach of Anthony off the road in a high pass in the Alps, but fails.

In Paris Anthony again meets Angela, the prima donna she set out to become. She is caring for the aged and infirm Debrulle, her former patron, and she has intrigued Napoleon. Anthony, through Banker Ouvrard, financier of Napoleon, is made an agent at New Orleans to forward Spanish silver from Mexico. First he goes to Madrid for final instructions and sees Dolores de la Fuente, his Havana love. Dolores is the wife of a Spanish grandee. Anthony and she recognize they are still in love, but "pass by," accepting conditions as fate. He also sees Don Luis and Faith.

In New Orleans, Anthony engages the pirate LaFitte as his silver "bootlegger." Walking along a street one evening, he recognizes a tune coming from a house. On an impulse, he knocks at the door. The knock is answered by Florence Udney, now a widow. The meeting ripens, and Anthony and Florence marry. But disaster overcomes them. Florence and their child, Maria, are burned to death while Anthony is away. All that is left in the ruins of their house is the statue of the Madonna which Anthony has kept with him through the years.

He takes the Madonna and drifts off to the wilderness that is the West, hoping to forget even himself. He is captured by Spanish-Mexican horsemen and taken before the governor of Santa Fe—Don Luis. Don Luis sends him, on foot, with other prisoners to Mexico City. On this terrible "American Siberian pilgrimage," Anthony finds eternal truth and peace of mind.

He nearly dies in the prison at Mexico City, but he is rescued by Dolores de la Fuente, herself a widow, and come to Mexico to live on the vast estates left her by her husband. She and Anthony escape to a mountain, near El Paso, Texas. For some years they have peace and happiness—until the day Anthony goes to cut down an ancient tree. In the center of the tree, centuries before, a stone has been caught up in its growth. Anthony's axe is deflected by the stone and it gashes him. He bleeds to death.

Many years later, a group of pioneers come upon the spot, deserted and in ruins. Nearby are the ruins of a small chapel and in a niche is Anthony's Madonna—unrecognizable, ravaged by the elements. A little girl cries for the figure, for a doll. Her father, Abner Jorham, sees the figure as a pagan statue. He and his companions set it up as a target. A bullet knocks the Madonna to dust.

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

IT'S certainly no secret that Joan Crawford and Jean Harlow are anything but chummy. And now Joan's big, big heart interest, Franchot Tone, is busily engaged making torrid love to Jean in her new picture, "Born To Be Kissed."

"Stills" from the picture show the love making between Franchot and Jean growing warmer by the picture. And someone remarked that Franchot looks a bit more frightened in each picture. Well he may, after the snubbing Joan gave the lovely British star, Madeleine Carroll, with whom Franchot played recently in "The World Moves On." A frigid "How do you do" dismissed Miss Carroll from Miss Crawford's life. Now the studio is wondering if any fireworks will result from the Tone-Harlow team.

Anyhow, Hollywood is getting a chuckle from the enthusiastic praise for Mr. Tone which Jean is spreading around. And when that reaches Joan's ears—!!

IT'S called the "Jean Harlow Fascination" and it's a brand new way to have the nails manicured. Instead of having the nails finished in red polish and the tips white, Jean has just reversed the process and has the nails finished in a white polish and the tips red. Very fetching, girls, very fetching.

IT was during a stockade scene on the "Treasure Island" set. Smoke and flames were filling the place. A pirate extra was overdoing his bit to

attract the director's attention, and when the scene was finished, staggered over to the assistant director and said, "Whew, I feel like a smoked herring." "You mean a smoked ham, don't you?" said the disgusted director.

CHALK up another tragedy of thwarted hopes in Hollywood.

Sigrun Solvason, professionally known as Rae Randall, who had a fleeting taste of fame when she was hailed as Greta Garbo's double, ended it all with poison.

She couldn't stand failure; she was unable to cope with the pangs of a stifled ambition.

Only the month before, Julia Graham tried the same thing—but fortunately Earl Carroll intervened.

LITTLE Carol Ann Beery was visiting her daddy, Wally Beery, on the "Treasure Island" set. Wally was in his small portable dressing-room, resting while a scene was taken. He was tilted back in his chair, his eyes closed, while Carol Ann sat on the floor cutting out paper dolls. After a great deal of delay and effort the actual shooting of the difficult scene got under way. Guns barked and popped.

Right in the middle of it, the director was horrified to hear a child's voice ring out. It was Carol Ann calling from her daddy's dressing-room. "Here, you over there," she called, "you stop all that noise. My daddy wants to rest." The entire scene had to be remade.

PAUL AMES, brother of Stephen—ex-husband of Adrienne, now married to Raquel Torres—has turned his eyes from Renee—sister of Raquel—toward June Knight. And we had hoped for a double family wedding!

OF course you remember Charlie Ray. Well, Charlie, after a six-year absence from the screen, is back in a Paramount picture, "Ladies Should Listen." Charlie's last appearance was in "The Garden of Eden," with Corinne Griffith.

THE gossips who insisted that Katharine Hepburn and her manager, Leland Hayward, were headed for the altar, received a rude shock when Mrs. Hayward recalled her announced plans for divorce, which, by all the rules, makes Mr. Hayward ineligible.

Mrs. Hayward, the former Lola Gibbs, filed her action in Mexico, and when she withdrew it explained laconically and cryptically, "Oh, it's too hot in Mexico right now."

AT a cocktail party given by Al and Ena Rogell for Harry Joe Brown and Sally Eilers, lots of ex-es got together. Sue Carol and Nick Stuart were so palsy-walsy that Ken Murray hardly had a chance. And, as Marian Nixon was leaving with Bill Seiter, in walked Eddie Hillman and stopped her for a friendly chat. Question: How does the other man (which is the other man?) feel at a time like that?

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

Here's News--that will Thrill Every Woman!

**FOR THE FIRST TIME
THAT MIRACLE WORKER**

Sylvia of Hollywood

**HAS PUT ALL HER BEAUTY
SECRETS BETWEEN THE
COVERS OF ONE BOOK**

A Statement by
KATHRYN DOUGHERTY
Publisher of
PHOTOPLAY Magazine

I REALLY believe this announcement is one of the great moments of my life. You see, it was through PHOTOPLAY Magazine that so many of you readers became almost personally acquainted with Sylvia of Hollywood. You read her fascinating stories of the stars and their beauty problems in PHOTOPLAY . . . you flooded her, through this magazine, with questions about your own health and beauty. And now, after months of persuasion on my part, Sylvia has finally consented to put all her beauty secrets . . . every scrap of the knowledge she has acquired through years of work and study . . . into a single book. A book written just for you thousands of women who can be beautiful . . . if you only know how and where to begin.

"No More Alibis!" is even more wonderful than I expected it to be . . . and I expected a lot! It is, I believe, a great book because it is a philosophy of life as well as a lesson in beauty. It will teach you how to live as well as how to become lovely.

It is written in the frank, breezy style which is so like the Sylvia I know . . . it is simple, easy to follow, full of information every one of you should have. It tells in detail every single one of Sylvia's famous methods and treatments . . . tells you how to apply them yourself in the privacy of your own home. The exercises are fully explained and illustrated with photographs . . . the diets are accompanied by complete directions. In fact, in this book, Sylvia has given you everything Hollywood's most glamorous stars paid her thousands of dollars to learn. I do truly feel that "No More Alibis!" offers the women of America a rare opportunity to place themselves under the expert care and guidance of one of the most remarkable women of our times. I urge you to own a copy of "No More Alibis!" because I sincerely think it can "remake" you just as the methods it tells about "remade" so many stage and screen notables. Treasure it, study it carefully, follow the treatments outlined. Then you too may acquire the beauty, the charm, the vitality, which you admire so much on the screen. You will learn how to improve your figure so that you may wear the striking clothes you've always wanted. You will acquire that self-confidence which is the basis of all charm. Every woman can be beautiful and alluring . . . every woman can know the delight of attracting admiring glances wherever she may be. Every woman can be her "best self" . . . a self which Sylvia develops for you in her marvelous new book, "No More Alibis!" Don't miss another day. Send for it now!



"NO MORE ALIBIS!"

By
SYLVIA OF HOLLYWOOD



The most famous women in Hollywood have been made lovelier, more radiant by Sylvia . . . and you too can join the long and glorious list of Sylvia's successes

Yet

while screen stars too numerous to mention have paid Sylvia fabulous sums for her help you can have it merely for the price of Sylvia's marvelous new **\$1** book, "No More Alibis!"

If your department or book store is already "sold out" of "No More Alibis!" by Sylvia of Hollywood, clip this coupon and mail it to Photoplay Publishing Company today!

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When Fat is Localized
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More Captivating
Red Head!



Be a
More Glamorous
Blonde!



Be a
More Alluring
Brunette!

*This can
be You*

Cal York's Monthly Broadcast from Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]



Director Wesley Ruggles is accusing Adolphe Menjou of trying to hide his identity with those big, black specs. But Adolphe swears he has a sty. Pouf! contends Adolphe, cheaters couldn't hide *his* identity

The man merely held out his arm and said, quietly, "I got it in the war." The arm was shattered. A silent pause. Then the drill master said tenderly: "Here, buddy, you take my place. I'll do your job for you."

MAE WEST won't wear pearls in any picture. To Mae, pearls mean only tears and unhappiness—and no tears for Mae if she can help it.

Another sure way to court bad luck, according to Mae, is to sew on Sunday.

It was necessary for Mae to go to the Paramount studios for a dress fitting on a Sunday. The dress was to be used in the first shot the following morning. Travis Banton and his assistants were flying madly about, pinning the elaborate frock together. The fitting over, Mae said, "Now mind, no sewing today." Which simply floored the fitters, who were to have the dress finished by eight the next morning.

The dress was ready the next morning and—luckily for two little seamstresses—Mae forgot to ask about the sewing on Sunday.

EMBARRASSING moments department: Louis B. Mayer, M-G-M mogul, was almost put on the spot when he graciously asked the visiting Indian potentate, the Sultan of Johore, whom he would like most to meet in Hollywood, and having ye Sultan reply without batting an eye: "Mae West."

Of course, the Sultan didn't know that Mae

THE exclusiveness of Garbo has extended to her Swedish chauffeur. No longer does the chauffeur drive openly into a Beverly Hills garage to have Garbo's car greased and oiled. He now telephones the garage attendants that they will find the car parked on such and such a corner (usually around the block) with the key hidden in such and such a place. When the job is done, the chauffeur slinks back and picks up the car.

Perhaps all the publicity about Garbo's exclusiveness has gone to the chauffeur's head.

EDDIE CANTOR attended a stag party, given by a hundred and fifty doctors, the other evening at the Beach Club. The medicos put on their own show, which no one seemed to enjoy more than Cantor. But after it was all over, one of the doctor-actors, mopping his brow remarked—"Whew! That's what I call hard work. Why is it, Eddie, that it never seems to be any effort for you to amuse people?"

"Listen," said Eddie, deadly serious, "with six girls, I got to be funny!"

A DRILL master was training some soldiers for a scene in "The Merry Widow." One extra was slow in his response. "You're always behind the others in presenting arms. What's the matter with you?" yelled the drill master.



Once you knew her as a flapper. But Colleen Moore is doing tinged-with-tragedy rôles these days. She just made the screen version of Hawthorne's classic, "The Scarlet Letter," for Majestic

punched the time-clock at Paramount instead of M-G-M—but Louis very hospitably sacrificed professional jealousy and whisked the ruler and his retinue over to the rival lot to find out if it was or was not a sin.

IS Mae West a menace to our schoolchildren?

Well—judge for yourself.

From the cultural center of Waldo, Kansas, came a report of the Westian influence upon the youth of the nation recently. A schoolteacher wrote that she was holding in her hand an examination paper in arithmetic signed "Mae West"—handed in by one of her pupils. Asking for an explanation, the tot wise-cracked, "Because I done 'em wrong."

IRVIN S. COBB, just about the biggest son—Paducah, Kentucky, has ever boasted, now trying his hand at picture acting, was invited to a tea along with a number of other prominent writers in Hollywood. Each of the writers was asked to bring a copy of his own works, to be auctioned off for some worthy cause. Kunnel Cobb, suh, didn't have one of his books with him, so he went shopping. He couldn't get one for love or money. Now that noble Southern brow of his is furrowed with the question of whether it's a case of no one buying any of his books or whether the books were all bought up.

QUESTION: If divorce shatters a delayed honeymoon trip, is the trip off? **Answer:** Not in Hollywood. A little thing like a wrecked marriage shouldn't ever disturb your plans.

Jean Harlow and Hal Rosson planned a love-jault to Honolulu, but they never found time until it was too late.

However, Jean is going to take the trip—with mother, Mrs. Marino Bello.

BING CROSBY has been around offering to bet some of his friends that he would be the proud father of a brace of croonerettes within a few months. But nobody took his wager, because they suspected that Bing had been to the doctor's first and doctors can tell almost anything these days. Bing's wife is the former Dixie Lee, of the screen, you know, and they already have one heir, Gary Evan Crosby.

"WHAT was the most thrilling and exciting thing that happened to you on your European trip?" I asked Dick Arlen.

"Getting home!" answered Dick.

THE neatest marital trick of the month in Hollywood goes to Blair Gordon Newell, sculptor-husband of Gloria Stuart. Gloria and the "ex" tried a much publicized "marital vacation" and "trial separation" for a year—then they decided to cut all ties.

Gloria sued for divorce, and while she was suing, the spouse became impatient, so took himself a trip to Mexico and divorced Gloria!

To cap it, he married again the next morning.

Gloria is still a little dizzy about just who's who and why—but the Hollywood swains, who have been holding off because of this "marital vacation" business, aren't going to hold off any longer, Gloria is warned.

THAT arch rib-splitter, W. C. Fields, is cannier than that bulbous nose leads you to believe. As the back-fencers have it—W. C. and Judith Allen are stepping about, hand in hand, in the eventide.

GLAZO costs you less, but that's not the point... it's a Better Nail Polish!



Many's the girl who dotes on three-dollar powders, twelve-dollar perfumes . . . and New Glazo For Glazo is a very special polish . . . and its modest 25c price is just your amazing good luck.

The lovelier, richer sheen of its new lacquers alone would put Glazo in a class by itself. Then Glazo gives you 50% longer wear . . . tests prove it!

And if you're extra-choosey about colors . . . Glazo's six authentic shades are approved by beauty and fashion authorities. The exclusive Color Chart Package shows them all, just as they'll look on your nails.

You'll thank Glazo's new metal-shaft brush, with its soft, uniform bristles, for making nail polish easier to apply. And the bristles *won't* come loose.

Glazo New Polish Remover!

Contains Oil. Does not dry Cuticle or Nails!

Just out! Glazo's New Polish Remover contains a special oil that leaves cuticle soft. No more fear of brittle, splitting nails due to the use of old-time harsh removers. Leaves a perfect surface for fresh polish. Extra-size bottle, and no increase in price.



GLAZO LIQUID POLISH. Six authentic shades. Natural, Shell, Flame, Geranium, Crimson, Mandarin Red, Colorless. 25c each. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO NEW POLISH REMOVER. Just out! Contains Oil! Non-drying to cuticle and nails! Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO CUTICLE REMOVER. A new liquid cuticle remover. Extra-size bottle, 25c. In Canada, 30c.

GLAZO TWIN KIT. Contains both Liquid Polish and extra-size New Polish Remover. In Natural, Shell, Flame, 40c. In Canada, 50c.

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ-84
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

(In Canada, address P. O. Box 2320, Montreal)

I enclose 10c for sample kit containing Glazo Liquid Polish, New Polish Remover, and Liquid Cuticle Remover. (Check the shade of Polish preferred) . . .

☐ Natural ☐ Shell ☐ Flame ☐ Geranium

13 Irresistible Women

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

makes up his own mind. There are several very extensively publicized "beauties" whom he has pointedly ignored. For instance, I inquired if a certain so-called glamorous star had entered into his considerations of the thirteen leading beauties.

Gently, a trifle sadly and without acrimony, he dismissed her with these words:

"I would not photograph her. She is simply bovine. We will not discuss it."

And, of course, he works his camera with superlative skill.

So, now that you've met the Baron, let me present his beauties irresistible.

On Garbo and Hepburn, the artist adds:

"THEY are at opposite 'poles,' so that all other women must be classified between. They are the greatest women, as Charles Chaplin and Walt Disney are the greatest men in Hollywood. Garbo is unequaled and unparalleled. Her spiritual quality is beyond any definition of beauty. She is so far superior to any other woman on the screen that she has to be classed apart, not compared."

The Baron met Hepburn on the boat, coming over from Europe. He was with Ernest Hemingway, whom she wanted to meet. So his artist's eye had the opportunity to study her informally, at close range.

"Katharine Hepburn," he says, "is the contrast of tremendous, burning intensity, inside a placid face with tiny features and the skin drawn tight like a drum. She is like a fire at which you would wish to warm yourself, and you would surely be burned if she did not dart away too soon. There is a fanatical expression in her eyes and a dynamo inside her which makes her slightest word or gesture take on enormous importance."

"With her flaring nostrils and harsh mouth, she could never be called beautiful, but her face has a dynamic quality which is more important to an actress than beauty. She could make people believe anything; she is almost hypnotic. It is this which is back of her ability. It makes everything she does dramatic, and it makes you wait for her to do something else, if only to sit down. It is too bad she has had a quick career. She should have arrived later, after work and struggle, because she has the same touch of violence that Sarah Bernhardt had—only Bernhardt had it under perfect control. She must have muscular things to do rather than spiritual."

"Then there is the genuine Peter Pan quality about her, too. She is always young. Her casualness as to appearance, that, also, is genuine, not intentional. I should describe Katharine Hepburn as 'civilized.'"

DOLORES Del Rio, who tops his list of classified beauties, fires the Baron's enthusiasm to high pitch.

"She wears less make-up than any of the stars I have met, yet her vividness is breathtaking. The bone structure of her head and body is magnificent. Her skin is like ripe fruit. She has sinuous yet artless grace; her face is so perfectly constructed that she can be photographed in any light, at any angle. Wherever the light falls, it composes beauty."

"As an experiment, we went outside the studio in the glaring sunlight, the most ungentle light of all, and I photographed her

there. It made no difference. She requires no artifice whatever—the supreme test.

"She is the most beautiful Latin since Cavalieri, more lovely than Raquel Meller."

Dietrich he ranks second—with this interesting observation:

"Hers is a purely physical beauty, as her face lacks 'soul.' It has no depth, but it is the most beautiful *superficial* face."

"In such physical terms, she is the perfect

The Most Beautiful Women in Hollywood

In the opinion of

Baron George Hoyningen-Huené

(Celebrated Photographer)

The one supreme beauty, defying any classification:

Greta Garbo

The Classified Beauties

1. Dolores Del Rio
2. Marlene Dietrich
3. Gloria Swanson
4. Anna Sten
5. Loretta Young
6. Jean Parker
7. { Miriam Hopkins
Grace Moore
(The Baron considers Miss Hopkins and Miss Moore one and the same in type.)
8. Jean Harlow
9. Carole Lombard
10. Toby Wing
11. Adrienne Ames

The most vital personality, also defying classification:

Katharine Hepburn

example of blonde beauty, more lovely off the screen than on. There is an opposition of skin-tone and hair, creamy-silk skin and red-gold hair. She has perfectly cut eyes and mouth. The placing of her eyes is unique, and there is an exciting quality in her hollow yet normally full cheeks."

After Dietrich, the Baron places Gloria Swanson:

"Her face is exotic, irregular, with infinite variety. She has the loveliest eyes of any screen actress. She successfully combines exotic beauty with a fundamental 'niceness'—that is, discrimination and good taste. A rare combination, almost impossible to find elsewhere."

Fourth—Anna Sten.

"I don't know what she looks like," he comments. "She changes continuously, under your eyes. She is an insignificant and colorless background on which any picture may be painted. She is like a blank canvas on which an artist can reproduce anything he likes; a perfect type to be an actress, never a personality. She has an ephemeral, fleeting quality.

She can look like many people, and be any of them. Hers is an unobvious, obscure beauty that takes time to grow on one."

There was considerable ceremony involved when this star was photographed by Baron Huené. Miss Sten arrived. She was most charming, sweet—but firm.

"Where is my dressing-room?" she demanded. And again, more firmly: "Where is my dressing-room?"

The Baron was somewhat puzzled. There were but a few poses to be made, in only one costume. . . . But he soon found out.

WITH a momentous flourish, all the streets around the vast stage were cleared. Then, with stately majesty, up drove a gigantic truck, and out of it was wheeled the portable dressing-room, two-family bungalow size. Finally it was placed in the exact location indicated by Miss Sten. She disappeared a moment, to emerge for the photographing ceremony. There arrived scores of workmen, who surrounded the spot where the camera was set up with huge screens of gauze—hundreds of yards of gauze, enclosing the Baron and his subject in an enchanted circle. Then, and only then, did Anna Sten have her picture taken!

Loretta Young, Number Five, fetches this eulogy from the Baron:

"She is the perfect type of refined young girl. It is youth with great distinction. She is the only remaining one of her type. All the others have gone into exaggeration; she alone has remained natural. She has the same face, constructively, as Joan Crawford, without the Crawford extremes."

"Miss Young has splendid ideas for posing, and poses better than anyone with whom I have worked out here. She poses easily, is most encouraging, and seemingly never tires. She has the fresh *dégagé* quality of the French *jeune fille*, with, of course, more poise and experience."

Jean Parker, who wins sixth place on the listing, stirs the Baron to remark:

"Miss Parker is the very incarnation of insouciant youth. Her coloring is incomparable, she has pretty features and enormous talent. But she is so full of life she jumps around like a monkey, and one needs a snapshot camera and a ladder to photograph her."

NOW comes that remarkable pairing of Miriam Hopkins and Grace Moore in seventh position, they being the two women whom the Baron found "so fundamentally alike" that he could not choose between them.

"Grace Moore," he says, "has a radiant, sunshine quality—she is glowing with health and inspired vitality. She has exquisite arms, teeth, hair and figure. These make her beautiful in spite of her irregular features. She is divinely gay, as only the true musical temperament is capable of being."

"She poses with champagne all around, a colorful confusion of flowers, music, people, cigarettes, chatter, spontaneous bursts of laughter. She has swirls of dresses brought in, her lovely new costumes. She couldn't wear all of them in the poses, but everyone has to see them anyway, and admire them, with Miss Moore admiring them most of all—delighted as a child, breaking out in arias. Then there is more champagne. It is a party, everyone has a

glorious time. Grace Moore is what you call a swell girl, in any language. She is so happy, no one can help having a good time around her."

After which, we'd say, Miriam Hopkins surely ought to take a bow, too. It is high praise to be bracketed with such charm.

And this description of Jean Harlow, whom the Baron ranks eighth, has us all in a swirl.

"She is the most effective woman I have ever seen, the most sensational and carnal creature in female form. She is what Jean Nash and Peggy Hopkins Joyce *should* have looked like. She is Sex, projected on a poster with a capital S—arresting, startling.

"But to analyze her—it is as if a sculptor said, 'I am going to make a woman with the most beautiful body ever dreamed of by man.'

"And so he shaped and formed with infinite feeling for design, sensuality and perfection. It was a labor of love, and he achieved the most divinely female symmetry ever seen.

"But he became so absorbed in the glorious body—he forgot the face!

"It is a strange puzzle of features, thrown hastily in a heap. There is sharp discord in juxtaposition. The features have no rhyme or reason or relation to each other. The final result, with the thin, soaring, striped eyebrows, is definitely Oriental.

"But, I repeat, she is the most effective woman I have ever seen. She has the most wonderful good nature. She was in the midst of filming a picture and had to dart in and out between scenes, rushing back and forth between my camera and the set, when I photographed her. It must have been trying, but you would never have known it."

Carole Lombard takes her niche:

"A most unusual woman who could be a very important actress if she had a chance. She more nearly displays her possibilities in '20th Century' than in anything she has ever done, I am told. Otherwise, she has played falsely-sophisticated women who look dreary on the screen.

"But they are not herself. She is energetic, full of good-will and genuine gaiety, she has intelligence of a high order, and imagination.

"Miss Lombard bounds around her dressing-room in an excess of good animal spirits. It was an agreeable surprise to find her so vivacious. Also, she has great chic, a real feeling for fashion, and an interesting face with a fine sculptural forehead. She had so much fun posing that two hours seemed like ten minutes."

As for the tenth selection in the classified list:

"Toby Wing belongs here. She is a lineal descendant of all the revue queens and chorus girls that have existed from Gaby Deslys on.

"Say a man has seen five hundred chorus girls—he remembers them in a composite picture. The image he takes home with him is Toby Wing, the perfect chorus girl."

Eleventh in the ranks comes Adrienne Ames.

The Baron considers her "the perfect fashion plate, the prototype of every woman whose primary interest is in clothes. She is what Americans imagine every smart woman in Paris to look like. She has good bone-structure, poise, and a calm distinction. She more nearly resembles an English beauty than any other race, but she has more flair for dress. She poses easily and well."

So there you have them—the numbered eleven, or rather, twelve (with the one two-in-one arrangement), and the two great picture personages who frame them: First, Greta Garbo, and here—

Katharine Hepburn!

. . . And all outside the frame, there is great wailing and gnashing of pretty teeth. . .

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25¢ in Canada

A MOST REFRESHING SMOKE

like a downstream paddle . . .

like a breeze from the sea . . .

like a shower on a dusty day . . .

like a tall, tinkling drink . . .

KOOLS are definitely refreshing. They're mildly mentholated to cool the smoke, save your throat, and to bring out the full flavor of the choice tobaccos used. The cork tips save your lips.

SAVE COUPONS FOR HANDSOME PREMIUMS

Save the B & W coupons packed in KOOLS. They are good for worth-while, nationally advertised merchandise. (Offer good in U. S. A. only.) Send for complete illustrated list.

BEST SELLERS. Certificate good for the current book chosen for exceptional merit each month by the Literary Guild—or a choice of several outstanding previous selections. (Write for list of available titles). Each book, 125 coupons.

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COCKTAIL CUPS (by Chase). Satin chromium inside, set of 4 cups. . . . 125 coupons.

COCKTAIL TRAY (by Chase). Polished Chromium. . . . 125 coupons.

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CARD TABLE*—"Adler Royal" folding, very sturdy. Three tones of wood inlaid in a smart, modern effect. Legs won't wobble. . . 500 coupons.

INITIALED BRIDGE CARDS—Gilt-edge, Congress Quality U. S. Playing Cards. (Initial or fancy-back) Deck. . . . 50 coupons.
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CANTERBURY SILK STOCKINGS—all popular shades of this beautiful woman's hosiery. . . . 125 coupons.

REVERE COPPER COASTRAYS—Coaster and ash-tray combined; set of four. . . 85 coupons.

JULEP CUPS—silver plated. Set of 2, full 14 oz. . . . 100 coupons.

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LEATHER BRIDGE SCORE PAD, PENCIL—choice of colors. . . . 85 coupons.

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B & W coupons also packed with our non-mentholated Raleigh Cigarettes. Raleighs now cost no more than ordinary cigarettes.

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GUESSED \$1 TO \$3 FOR Bouquet Powder

CENTRAL PARK CASINO on a gala night in season! That was the spot for our young interviewer to find the fairest women in Manhattan. And she did, by lingering in the powder-room and offering dainty samplers of a fragrant, soft, exquisite powder. Would they try it and state a possible price? Well, the greatest number said \$2 a box, and the next highest number, \$3 a box. Only one woman all evening guessed 50c and wanted to know at once where she could buy it! Armand Bouquet Powder in favorite shades is found at good stores everywhere and you can "sample yourself" with the debutante package by sending free coupon below.



ARMAND, DES MOINES, IOWA

Send me a free sample of Armand Bouquet Powder.

Name _____

Address _____

PHO-8-4-B

Hollywood Goes Communistic

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 33]

"Ah, Comrade Gloria Swansonova. Vat is your hurry?" called Garboski.

"I'm on my way to the Registrar's office to get a divorce," said Swansonova, with a merry smile. "All I have to do is sign on the dotted line. Back in five minutes."

"She's had a divorce effery day this week," informed Garboski. "Such an energy! I shoold t'ink she gets tired, valking all dose stairs up to the Registrar's office."

"Say, that gives me a grand idea!" whooped Comrade Ivanovitch. "Why don't you get married, Comrade Garboski, and give me the story? You can get a divorce the next morning. Or even the same morning!" Ivanovitch fairly glowed with enthusiasm.

GRETA GARBOSKI closed her eyes wearily. "All dose stairs . . . Ay am too tired, Comrade. Ay tank ay go home."

"Remember the soap—and your promise!" hissed Ivan Ivanovitch through his long pink beard.

"Comrade, I congratulate you," Garboski bowed low. "In all this Communistic Hollywood where clothes and food, housing and wages, are given to all alike and incentive to achieve is gone—you, you alone have left ambition. *Such* ambition. To get Garboski married, and you alone to have the story. The editor's dream. Vell," she favored him with a cryptic smile, "I see vot I can do for you. A Garboski never forgets! Now I go home to my bath." She undulated gracefully away, gnawing on a herring.

A group of men with grim expressions strode by. They came from the palaces of Beverly Hills, all of which had been turned into living quarters for the workers, except the few which were reserved as museums. The swimming pools had been drained to discourage too much bathing.

In the center of the group were Irving Thalbergovitch and Darryl Zanuckski, looking very cross. They were being forcibly borne away on a vacation, because it was their turn to take a vacation, and the Communist law said they had to take one every three weeks, whether they liked it or not. Thalbergovitch was ordered to play polo on what were formerly Zanuckski's polo ponies, and Zanuckski was obliged to do thirty-six holes of golf a day with Thalbergovitch's clubs.

IN their absence, there would be a suspension of activities in the production of propaganda pictures, which were the only kind the Communist Government permitted to be made. They were all eulogies on the joys of Communism.

Thalbergovitch's latest sex-thriller, "French Fried," depicted five families living in a one-family bungalow. Its purpose was to educate the women to the use of one communal kitchen, with sweetness and light triumphant over argument as to which one used the paring-knife last, and who put the broiler away without washing it.

The plot was revealed in the title, and the Big Moment arrived when Lupe Velezski, Jean Harlowski, Norma Shearerski, Joan Crawfordski and Marlene Dietrichski, the five little house-wives, all agreed to have the potatoes French fried on Wednesdays, to promote efficiency and complete accord in the culinary

department. It finished with Lupe doing a rumba on the stove, while the other four joined hands and danced around in their little burlap aprons.

This scene, however, was later deleted for not properly delineating the seriousness of the situation—and two murders, in the Russian manner, were substituted.

There were, of course, no servants in Communistic Hollywood, and all the stars did their own work. The children were placed in Government Nurseries while their mothers were engaged at the studio.

THERE were no castes (except the "e-less" kind in pictures), creeds, or classes. All the population was leveled to one common denominator, and the low-comic rated the same social distinction as the great dramatic star. In the homes of former Hollywood aristocrats (meaning anyone whose salary had been fifteen hundred a week or more), marked off into floor-space, lived prop boy, star, street cleaner, director, and cook. The star could not get uppity or she would be exiled to Poverty Row, which was the same as Siberia.

A slight exception was made in the case of Cecil B. Demilleovitch. He was issued a bath ticket daily, to see if he could take it.

Gossip was no longer a major sport. It was Government business. All tattle-tales were rewarded. Any complaints, however indirect, leveled at the Regime, could be reported to the District Chief. The squealer received ten counts toward an official post for demonstrating his loyalty. Fifty million counts, and the squealer was eligible to the office of reader of all letters marked "personal."

Any Hollywood Communist could be abolished for chiseling vodka and food tickets. It was not considered quite enough to warrant shooting the offender. Some of the habitual party-throwers found this a harsh rule. It put an abrupt end to parties because nobody had ever learned how to give them without rivers of vodka—or its equivalent.

With the constant espionage system, nobody could trust anybody, which was practically the same as before the new Regime, but they couldn't talk about it, and no one had any fun at all.

EVERY studio was operated by the Triangle, an old Hollywood custom—only this was a different sort of a Triangle. It consisted of one Soviet official and two Labor Union representatives, who sat in judgment on all grievances.

In the recreation-and-grievance room, provided for the actors in each studio, they were free of all supervision except governmental.

This was known as the "mad" room. All players with a grievance were privileged to write it in the form of a bulletin, accompanied by caricatures if they liked, and post it on the wall. The major studios were forced to throw two and even three of their huge sound stages together for this room, in order to provide sufficient wall space for the actors' complaints against the producers. And against each other.

Over at Paramount, forty square feet of space was reserved by W. C. Fieldski, alone, on which to post his "I am mad at baby Le-Royoff" complaints. This entire deplorable situation could be grasped at a glance. "Baby

LeRoyoff Has Libeled Me. He Says I Stole His Bottle. Baby LeRoyoff is All Wet." "Baby LeRoyoff Is A Menace. He Steals Scenes," etc., *ad infinitum*.

Out in the M-G-M mad room was a large placard in letters of flame: "I am mad at Louis B. Mayerski. He has been renting my Franchot Tonna out to other studios. First, that lead with Connie Bennettovitch. Then with Madeleine Carrollitzky. But that isn't the half of it. Now he has been cast opposite Jean Harlowski! AM I BURNING!" Signed, "Joan Crawfordski," with a flourish.

The Warner mad room was decorated with thousands of signs, but the most prominent read: "I am mad at Perc Westmorovitch and Orry Kellyski, because they couldn't make me look like Napoleon." Signed, Edward G. Robinsonovitch. And a small, neat bulletin proclaimed: "I am not mad at anyone—today. BUT LOOK OUT!" Signed: "Jimmy Cagneyzova."

OVER at Fox there was a cute little baby-blue sign, all curlicues, which stated, "I am mad at Warner Baxter and John Boles for getting more fan mail than I do." Signed: "Janet Gaynorbova."

Wherever Lupe Velezski happened to be working, this sign inevitably blew into the mad room, as if propelled by a hurricane—"Lupe is so mad at all you—(Deleted by Government censors)—reporters for talking about me and Johnny. This is a private fight. You keep out or I keel you!"

All the complaints were regularly inspected by the Triangle, and if the accusations were unjustified, the accuser was made to go without close-ups for a week. If they were justified, when they happened to name a producer, the actor could fire the producer.

Naturally, everybody except gluttons for punishment dodged executive positions. Executives were paid the same as laborers, issued the same food, clothing and housing. They could not even will their money, if any, to their children . . . they couldn't own anything, not even a yes-man. So why, most of them reasoned, assume the mental worry and responsibility that burns up the human system?

Sex was regarded with disfavor, and only a few of the habitual old-timers clung to the custom. Boys and girls were dressed, educated, and had their hair clipped exactly alike, so it was indeed difficult to tell the younger generation apart. It was becoming increasingly difficult to tell them *anything*.

SUCH luxuries as silk stockings and fountain pens were unknown. All uniforms had long trousers, anyway, designed by Dietrichski, and there were no checks or contracts to sign.

Dictator Stalin-von-Sternberg cast all pictures by the simple expedient of dropping his glove. The first girl to retrieve it was given the starring part in the picture. The most nimble of all was Marlene.

The day following the soap drama, Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch was agreeably surprised in his attic by a call from Comrade Garboski, who practically never called on writers before the New Regime. . . .

She danced in with airy grace, full of glee. "So whatski?" inquired Ivan Ivanovitch.

"I haf dezided to gif you a story," she giggled.

"All right, shootova," ordered Ivanovitch, his typewriter poised for action.

"I am going to marry the three reporters!" said Greta Garboski.

"My heavenski!" yelled Comrade Ivan Ivanovitch. "It *must* be Communism!"

COPY THESE PIQUANT

Hollywood Hair Styles

only if your hair is not

too DRY or too OILY



A very brilliant star, who exemplifies sophisticated good taste, dares to smooth her gleaming tresses straight back from her brow. She dares because her hair is soft and lustrous—not dry and fly-away. To make dry hair more manageable, use Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* treatment (below).

This pert, "page-boy" coiffure of a famous screen favorite is intriguing if your head is the right shape for it and your hair soft enough to retain a smooth wave. If your hair is too oily to hold a wave, use the Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* treatment given below.



Help for DRY hair:

Don't put up with dry, lifeless, burnt-out looking hair. And don't—oh, don't—use a soap or shampoo on your hair which is harsh and drying. Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* is made especially for dry hair. It is a gentle "emollient" shampoo made of pure olive oil. In addition, it contains soothing, softening glycerine which helps to make your hair silkier and more manageable.

No harmful harshness in Packer Shampoos. Both are made by the Packer Company, makers of Packer's Tar Soap. Get Packer's *Olive Oil Shampoo* today and begin to make each cleansing a scientific home treatment for your hair.

PACKER'S

OLIVE OIL SHAMPOO

for DRY hair



To correct OILY hair:

If your hair is too oily, the oil glands in your scalp are over-active. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo*—it is made especially for oily hair. This shampoo is gently astringent. It tends to tighten up and so to normalize the relaxed oil glands.

It's quick, easy and can be used with absolute safety to your hair. Use Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* every four or five days at first if necessary, until your hair begins to show a natural softness and fluffiness. Begin this evening with Packer's *Pine Tar Shampoo* to get your hair in lovely condition. Its makers have been specialists in the care of the hair for over 60 years.

PACKER'S

PINE TAR SHAMPOO

for OILY hair

Here's the Easy-to-Use
**NEW LIQUID
 DEODORANT**



WHAT a grand improvement! A clear white liquid to stop perspiration, approved by Good Housekeeping . . . in a bottle that cannot spill or splash.

Women tell us it's the fastest-drying liquid deodorant they've ever used. Gentle on the skin, too.

**See How Easy it is to Keep
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You just lift the Perstop bottle and pass its little sponge top over the armpits. Precisely the right amount of safe, harmless Perstop covers the underarms after using this new drip-proof and splash-proof built in applicator.

Nothing more to do! You set your Perstop bottle back on the boudoir table and forget it for 1 to 5 days. Your armpits are now moisture-proof as well as odor-proof. Your frocks are free from ugly perspiration stains.

Leading department stores and druggists from coast to coast now feature Perstop. 50¢ buys a bottle that seems to last forever.

Made by the makers of Perstik, the original cream deodorant applied like a lipstick.



Feminine Products
 469 5th Ave., N.Y.



Perstop
 THE EASY WAY TO STOP PERSPIRATION

Last Chance to Vote

For The Best Picture Of 1933

IF you haven't already mailed your ballot, now is the time to send it. The polls will soon be closing, and we know you are anxious to have a part in awarding the annual PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal.

For your convenience, we have listed fifty outstanding pictures of 1933. But you are not limited to these. Any film released up to December 31st may be considered. Pictures reviewed in either our January or February 1934 issue are eligible.

As we have said in previous issues, there are no rules to follow, no limitations. In making your selection, simply consider acting ability of players, story, photography, direction and the spirit behind the making of the picture.

The medal, donated by PHOTOPLAY, is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights, and is two and one-half inches in diameter. It is designed by Tiffany and Company, New York.

This annual award—made each year to the film adjudged best by the greatest number of PHOTOPLAY readers—is highest honor in the movie world, the Nobel prize of the Cinema. Moreover, it is the only award going direct

from the millions of movie-goers to the makers of motion pictures.

On the contents page of this issue you will find a list of the thirteen previous winners. Make your nomination worthy of a place in this famous Honor Roll.

It is not necessary that you be a regular reader of PHOTOPLAY Magazine to vote. We want everyone interested in the betterment of motion pictures to take part in awarding this prize of prizes—to spur the producers on to even greater things for the coming year.

By signing the coupon below or sending a letter naming your choice, you will be performing a real service for the industry that gives us all so many pleasant hours.

During the past month—since the extension of voting time—ballots have continued to pour in.

The polls will close *July 25th*.

Because it is impossible for us to judge how long counting the votes will take, we ask that you watch for information relative to announcement of the winner in the September issue of PHOTOPLAY.

Fifty Outstanding Pictures Released in 1933

Adorable
Another Language
Berkeley Square
Blonde Bombshell, The
Bowery, The
Cavalcade
College Humor
Counsellor-at-Law
Dancing Lady
Dinner at Eight
Double Harness
Farewell to Arms, A
Footlight Parade
42nd Street
Gabriel Over the White House
Gold Diggers of 1933

Hold Your Man
I'm No Angel
King Kong
Lady for a Day
Little Women
Mama Loves Papa
Masquerader, The
Morning Glory, The
Night Flight
One Man's Journey
Only Yesterday
Paddy, the Next Best Thing
Peg o' My Heart
Picture Snatcher
Pilgrimage
Power and the Glory, The
Private Life of Henry VIII, The

Prizefighter and the Lady, The
Reunion in Vienna
Roman Scandals
She Done Him Wrong
Sign of the Cross
State Fair
Sweepings
This Day and Age
Today We Live
Too Much Harmony
Topaze
Tugboat Annie
Turn Back the Clock
Voltaire
When Ladies Meet
White Sister, The
Zoo in Budapest

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
 221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1933.

NAME OF PICTURE

Name _____

Address _____

**Send
 in
 This
 Ballot**

Hollywood Turned Inside-Out

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 57]

I will break down and confess that it made my complexion simply ravishing, but it also speeded up the circulation so that every bit of bad came out in me! Now the next evening I had a big date with a new and fascinatin' gent when, good heavens, a daisy pops out right on the tip of my nose! Now, I'm pretty fond of this Harlow woman, and her idea is a little pip, but let me warn you, my Joannie, if you're thinking of inaugurating this little blood speeder-upper, don't make any dates for two or three days. After that, judging from my results anyway, your peaches and cream will do devastating things to even the most reserved of men.

YOU'VE kept on asking me about that fascinating, kitten-faced Loretta Young till I decided I ought to do something about it. Well, I did. Yesterday I hied myself over to Fox (in all the flower plots they have appealing little signs that read "Please don't pick me") and found her on the "Caravan" set. (Do you realize what a big pal I am, always granting your slightest whim?) She looked pretty devastating. I remember she was quite an eyeful at thirteen, even. We had a merry laugh over one thing and another until she had to go to work. I got a few moments to talk to vivid, colorful Conchita Montenegro who, although she is a simply stunning dancer, does everything but dance in the picture. In fact, she is cast as a perennial weeper.

But to get back to Loretta. She was doing a picturesque scene—playing hostess to about seventy Gypsies, all in native costume. Loretta was dressed in a magnificent wedding gown of white net with exciting pleated *frou-frous* and golden spangles on it. Her new husband (in the picture, my pet. Don't jump so at conclusions!), the good looking Charles Boyer, sat beside her in Gypsy costume . . . You can now conclude that she's an outsider who marries into the tribe . . . I forgot to mention that before Loretta took her place at the head of the mile-long banquet table she handed a little home-movie camera to the assistant director and, with an enchanting smile, asked him if he would please shoot. He seemed willing, all right. With mouth agaww I watched him film the whole scene just as the director directed it.

NOW that idea struck me as a little beauty, so I got inquisitive and Loretta told me that she liked to shoot all the nice scenes from her pictures and then run them for her family and friends. She even goes further. She directs said family and friends in little stories. Last one was called "A Man's Rassel," a take-off on her picture with Spencer Tracy you so raved about, "A Man's Castle." Sister Polly Ann and Billy Bakewell acted in it. Loretta directed the thing all over the place, the garden, upstairs, the roof even. Remember the whistle-of-the-train business? Well, Loretta took her kid sister's toy train and every so often would take a shot of it racing around the tiny, circular track. All in all, a simply dandy picture came out. Can you imagine the fun the grandchildren are going to have?

Of course, I am interested in the more lofty things of life, too. I was ever so impressed the other day when I saw Lew Ayres bending

*Have you ever really
tried a true Film-
removing tooth paste?*

IF you really want whiter, more attractive-looking teeth, FIGHT FILM, say leading dental authorities. Film is that dull, dingy coating that constantly forms on teeth. It catches bits of food. Harbors stains from smoking. Combines with substances in the saliva to form irritating tartar. And worse still, film is laden with millions of tiny germs that are often the forerunner of tooth decay. Film unremoved invites tender, spongy gums, pyorrhea. Thus film must be removed—kept off teeth.

Brushing alone cannot remove film satisfactorily. Ordinary tooth pastes or powders may be either ineffective or harmful to tooth enamel. There is now a dentifrice you can *depend on* regularly—a dentifrice thousands of dentists use in their own homes and millions of people have used successfully. This dentifrice is Pepsodent—the special film-removing tooth paste.

The safe way to cleaner teeth

No other equally safe way removes film as thoroughly as Pepsodent. Pepsodent is different in formula, hence different in the way it works. Harmful ingredients were discarded. No grit, pumice, soap. The basis of this definitely modern tooth paste is a new and revolutionary cleansing and polishing material—recently developed. This cleansing agent is far softer than the polishing material used in other leading tooth pastes or tooth powders. Yet it removes film and polishes teeth to new gleaming lustre as more abrasive kinds can never do.

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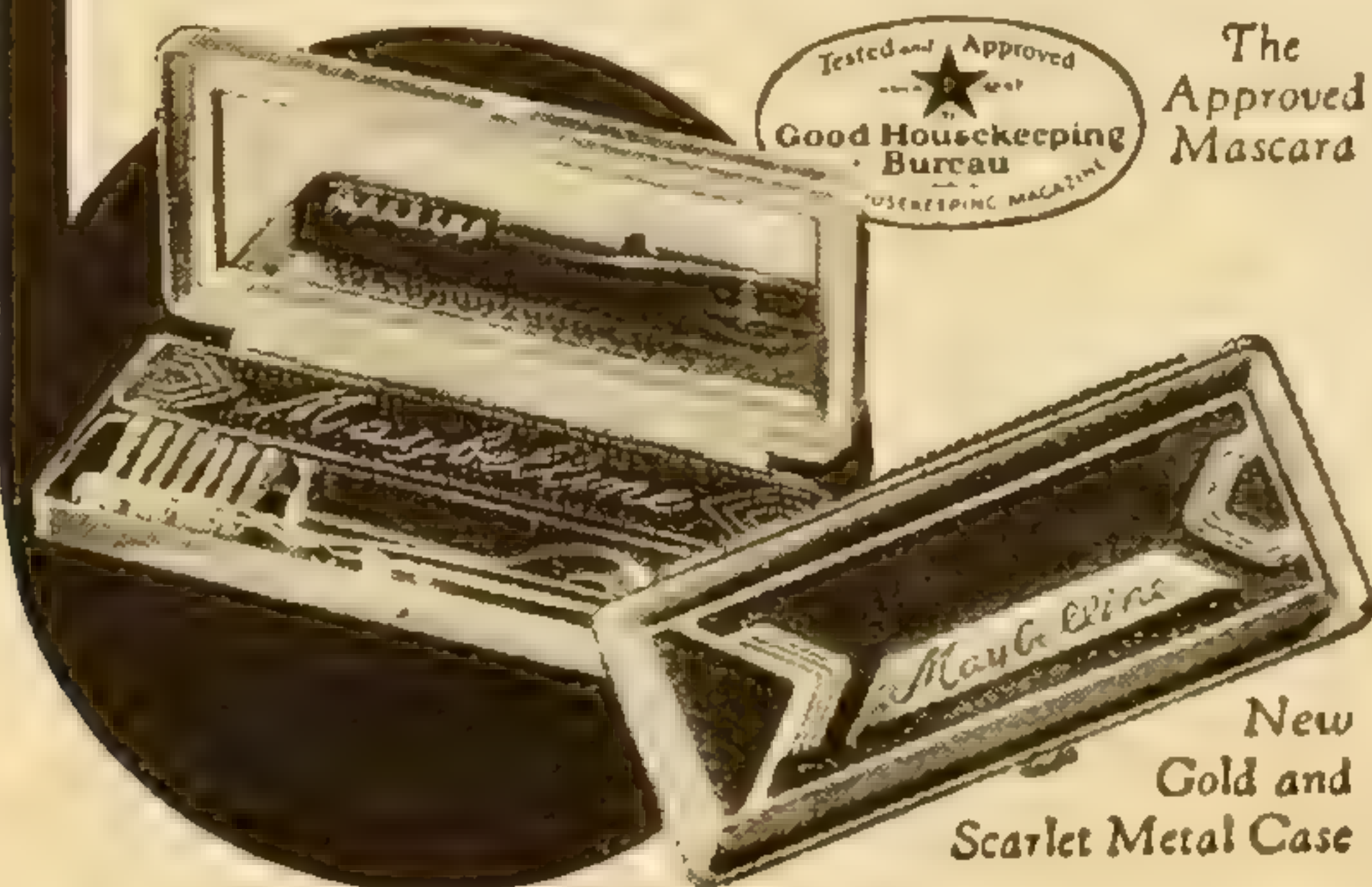
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studiously over some music on which he had been working. Yas'm! Mr. Ayres, so boyishly handsome and sighed over by many of our leading beauties, is a composer. Uh-huh! A music composer. And he's had his symphony broadcast all over. I'll wager you had your pretty ear glued to the old rad-ee-o. Eh?

OH, I forgot to tell you, Joan, when I was on the subject of beauty somewhere back yonder in this epistle, that the lady who washes my raven curls also washes the crowning glory of one Marlene Dietrich. She, the shampooist, only dunks, nothing else does she do, and a grand looking mop she turns out, what with oil rub, egg shampoo and hand dry. She thinks that Miss Dietrich is the sweetest, noblest, finest, beautifulest, most gentle and considerate lady in the land. I also learned that when this phenomenon of all the virtues comes for the weekly laundering she is accompanied by small daughter Maria. Maria is dressed sometimes in slacks, like her mother may be, or in just plain kid's dresses, like your neighbor's child. Maria waits for mama, or mama waits for Maria. But both get washed. Sometimes Maria comes alone with her nurse to get her golden curls scrubbed. Sometimes the shampooing lady goes to the house, when the actress can't get away. Marlene has lovely, heavy, fine-textured hair, which the child inherits, and the two of them, incidentally, seem pretty crazy about each other.

You know how sentimental I get when I see a dog that resembles my dear departed Tango—the Boston? I really don't know how I've existed these last seventy-odd years without him. The memory I most treasure was his gentleness with me—and his fierceness with any stranger that he felt might harm me. That's why foolish tears sprang to my eyes when Dolores Del Rio's husband (you never saw a more handsome individual, perfect pair those two) told me how her little bull, Michael (born March 17), guards her jealously. He said that the other day a man came to fix some of the mirrors and Michael went for him. Dolores called him off and reprimanded him for his bad manners. Afterwards, though, she took him into her room, patted him and told him that really she was proud of him. If dogs beam, Michael beamed. And I hereby give Dolores my personal nomination as a grand person. She's got appreciation, that's what.

OH, listen! I must tell you what happened recently at Columbia where Grace Moore was working. It could have developed into a simply splendid situation, only Miss Moore happens to be as grand a wife as she is a singer (and actress) and feels that everyone is entitled to at least one mistake. You know she has an impressively attractive Spanish husband who acts, too. His name is Parera—Valentin Parera—and he doesn't always get his vowels and consonants just right. I was over in a corner talking to him about cabbages and kings while Mrs. Parera was finishing up a scene with Lyle Talbot. When she joined us, good old Valentin popped out with, "Miss Cummings has just given me a massage." My heart stood still, I expected practically anything in reply from the missus, but she just grinned and said, "You mean 'message,' don't you, dear?" "Yes, yes," the gentleman responded eagerly, "massage."

This is a lesson in faith, little one. Always trust your husband, no matter what he says!

A good thing to have in life is an ideal, don't you think? Even if it's pretty impossible to achieve, it still is exciting to think about. So I just spend my days making up impossible

dreams about Leslie Howard. (Let me tell you that that's the safest possible ground to tread on!) Do you want to know the perfectly new, and—according to his dear friend, Monckton Hoffer, a biggy English playwright—the only *real* lowdown on him? Here it is, though it may startle you: "He's of Hungarian descent!"

That, more than likely, is where he inherited his taste for polo. In the old country, according to Mr. Hoffer, Howard's team played with twenty-seven men on a side. Isn't that exciting! Our Mr. Howard, again according to Mr. Hoffer, hunts three days a week when at home in jolly England and has his own private pack of beagles (Hunting dogs for small game; see the dictionary if you don't believe me). He knows every one of them by name. There are fifty-two beagles, each named after a card in the deck. His two most favored ones are Six of Clubs and Nine of Diamonds. (Mr. Hoffer's favorite is the Joker!) But there is yet more that this extraordinary fellow can do. He rows, too. Now this is no small accomplishment, particularly when you're a sculling champion like he is, three years in a row (champ of the Thames Bargemen). But he doesn't just row in a shell—nothing so unspectacular, my dear, he rows a yacht! No, I don't know how, either. Mr. Hoffer, my informant, looks the very soul of integrity, but, you may believe him or not. Personally . . . !

ANYWAY, there's no disputing this: Leslie is a perfectly grand actor. He gets my money any day he's in a picture. Yours too, I expect, after reading this!

Of course, little one, if you're not quite up to refined, blond men, I can give you a whirl at the dark, dashing Nils Asther . . . he's mah pal, he is. No dreams this time. There's not another in the land as handsome, either. Now this isn't being a traitor to Sir Howard, it's just Gospel Truth, that's all. Nils and me went to Palm Springs. (I'll give in and confess that he also took my mother . . . dern it!) I know you remember the adorable couple that Gary Cooper and Helen Hayes made in "A Farewell to Arms." She so tiny, he so tall? Well—don't interrupt!—that's how I felt when, all decked out in my little sailor shorts and sandals, I went for a walk with the towering Asther. He looked particularly elegant in tweeds, the shaggy kind, you know.

That's a man for you—bows from the waist—has flowers in your room—selects the best wines—pays you compliments that give you the vapours—drives about in a stunning open car with tonneau windshield (and how tenderly he stows you away!). Oh, I could go on and on about this lad, but I'll let you fritter yourself into a stew of envy with this revelation . . . he gave me his picture and on it is written, "To the only Mitzi." All right, all right, stop purring at me, you can come out and visit Hollywood this winter.

YOU know, Joan dear, I sometimes get to the point of thinking that what this world needs is bigger and better Privacy. Life gets so helter-skelter sometimes, don't you think? The only one who seems to have solved the problem so far, to a degree of nicety, is Elissa Landi. A capable girl, Joan. She not only writes books, rides horseback splendidly and knows her music (to say nothing about her acting), but she also has this Privacy situation perfectly in hand. A separate entrance for each member of the family is the solution. That's how her house is. First off, it's atop a canyon which takes you away from the maddening crowd. Second, the three women occu-

pants (her mother, secretary and self) have private stairways leading to their rooms. That makes each coming and going a quiet, non-disturbing affair. The rest of the house is downstairs, the living-room, dining-room, etc. That way the ladies are together when they wish to be. A bright arrangement, if you ask me. I understand that there isn't a swimming pool, so she occasionally uses that of her neighbor, Vicki ("Grand Hotel") Baum. And (ssh!) this genteel actress is pretty hot stuff in a bathing suit!

Once again my old malady is asserting itself . . . writers' cramp in the left pinky. So I warn you, you old news devourer, that the end approacheth. But just this one last story which I must tell you: Norma Shearer's little Irving was out in the garden with his daddy looking at the flowers when a bee came buzzing around and tried to get inside the posies for honey. He just didn't meet with success, somehow, and he buzzed and buzzed about, until the wee child queried: "Daddy, why don't he turn his motor off?"

Which is what I shall do.

Yours (unless anyone cares to dispute it),
Mitzi.

The Very Human Helen Hayes

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

Ernest Hemingway is," she went on. "You know I don't like to ask Charlie to introduce me to his friends, but I wish sometime when Hemingway is in New York that he would have me meet him. What power and gusto there is in his work . . . I was terribly sorry he was so bitter against the picture version of 'A Farewell to Arms.' I would have given anything to have had them put in the boat ride on the lake, and I might have made other suggestions, but I honestly think it wasn't such a bad picture. After all, there are certain limitations, even in pictures."

The name of another distinguished writer came up for discussion. "The trouble with him," Miss Hayes pronounced with the ghost of a sigh, "is that he is always his own hero. It's terribly hard to have to pack your own hero forever on your back. It makes one stoop-shouldered. Just think of always having to play up to your own hero."

"Most successful people do that," I suggested.

"It's a queer form of ambition, isn't it? . . . It's a rather devastating thing—too much ambition. And when one succeeds it's harder than ever. Most people can stand adversity, but it takes a great heart to withstand success. That'll break the best of men."

SHE was silent for a second. I could see her turning over in her shrewd and capable mind this whole glittering lure of ambition. It would never ruin her life. She had for too long tasted the full flavor of success. She would make life and glory, at least partly, meet her own terms. She would not permit others to dictate how she should spend the only really precious things she owns—her years. She would be the master of her own fate, and of her own very considerable and certain success.

Somehow the name of Anatole France, the great French writer, was mentioned. Eagerly Miss Hayes faced me. "I believe it was Max



Why the Writer of this ad suddenly took a New Interest in his wife!

BEING MARRIED to an ad-writer sometimes makes a woman skeptical about certain advertised products and their merits. I found this to be true in my case for my wife did not usually believe in the things I advocated.

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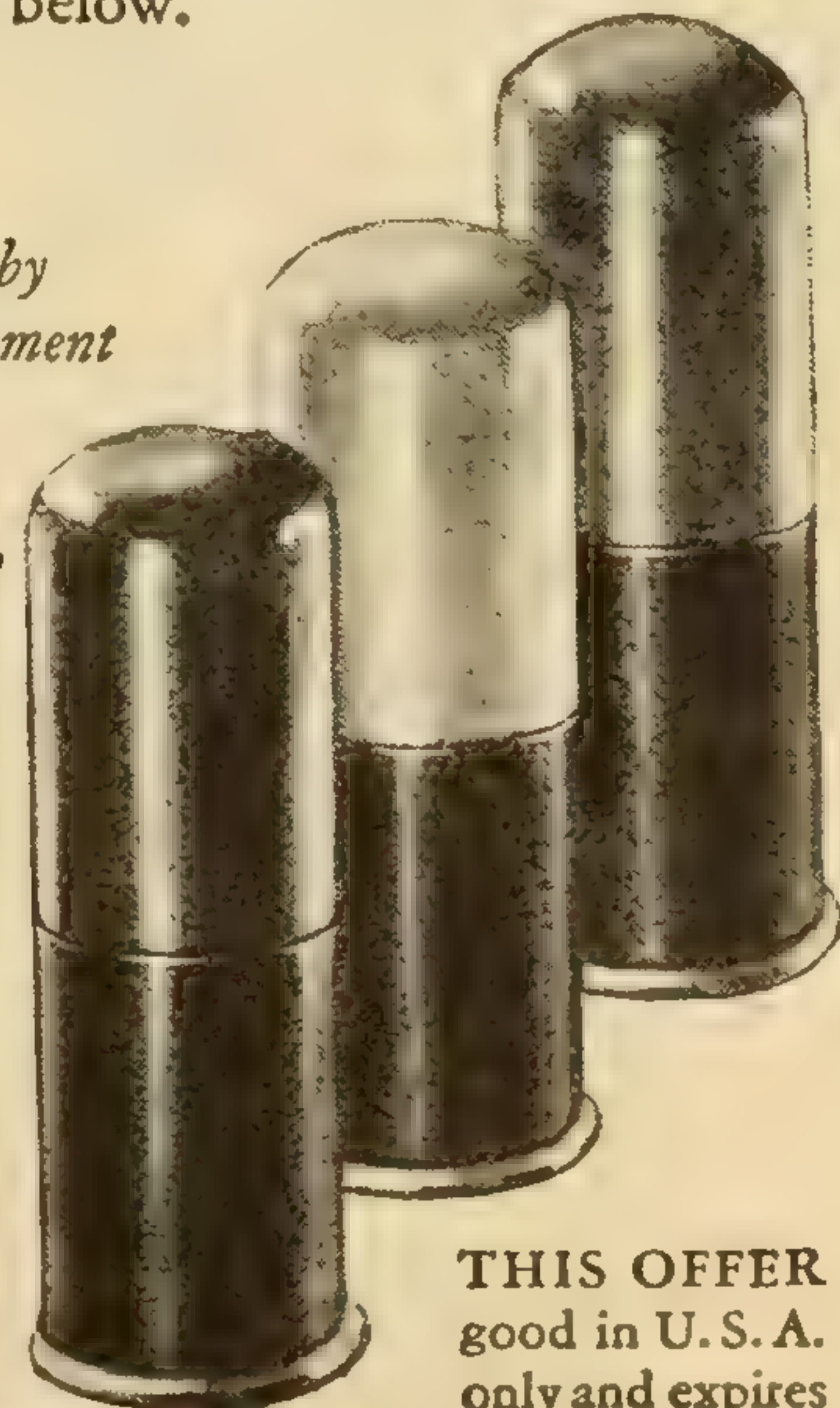
I know she enjoyed the LINIT Baths because her skin is more soft and smooth than ever before. I also know she was delighted with the lipstick because of my comments on how it improved her appearance. And naturally, she is pleased at the new interest and attention I have shown in her *since* then.

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10¢

Anderson who was telling me the other day that Anatole France once advised his friends never to congratulate an author when he brought out a new book. 'Each writer has been given only so much talent and only so deep a well of experience to draw from,' France explained, 'and with each new book he has less and less of this talent and reserve remaining. He uses it up, just as he uses up his years.' "

Then I told a story of the peerless France, that the distinguished sculptor, Jo Davidson, once related to me in Paris. Davidson was doing a bust of the old master, and during rest periods France would wander about his study, caressing the tiny ivory statuettes and treasures that he had gathered from over the world. Finally he turned to Jo and said:

"My friend, most people love to love art; I love art itself."

THE deep hazel eyes of this very fine woman mirrored her acceptance of this abiding truth. I am sure that she, too, loved art itself; the sheer beauty of perfection; the rare blending of a spirit with the whole universe.

So it was we fell to talking of the art of acting. "One very fine thing can be said for pictures," Miss Hayes explained. "You see, on the stage an actor or actress rarely reaches the very heights of his art. Possibly once or twice in a long season he can say, 'This night I touched the stars.' And that night he might have played in Peoria, Illinois, or Atlanta, Georgia. His audience appreciated this perfection, but it was at best such a tiny audience in such a great world. And that moment of satisfaction was a second lost in endless time. But in pictures, once you are lifted to greatness even in one tiny scene, it lives on forever. It belongs to the world. Wanderers in Shanghai can see it, and lonely souls in Bagdad thrill over your triumph. That is very fine to know."

"You like pictures, then?" I questioned.

"There is much in them that no stage can equal. But I do think an actor has a better chance to grow into a character in the theater than on the screen. The weakness is inherent in the very method of making pictures. A part is not slowly developed from the opening and permitted to grow and expand to the end. The last scene in a picture, the dramatic climax itself may be the first one shot. The actor has no time to study and enrich the character with his own gifts. You play a part exactly as the director wishes you to play it. And once it is played, it is over. But even at that those high moments when one touches hands with real art are caught and preserved. And that compensates for a great deal."

MISS HAYES hesitated, then continued: "There are some who have made the screen carry them far into the blue. Take Garbo. You know, I follow her just as if I were a child trailing her heroine. She is a real heroine of mine, and a very great actress. And she will go on to greater heights. . . . Hollywood is a strange place. It is a world unto itself. When you go there for the first time, it makes no difference how much stage experience or reputation you may have—you start all over again. Hollywood definitely looked upon me as an elderly beginner." I got a laugh out of that.

"It's perfectly true," she insisted. "I had been playing professionally since I was nine years old, and I had turned thirty when I went to the Coast to make my first picture, and yet I was distinctly an inexperienced outsider. It was fun to try to break through."

Miss Hayes' plans were to play "Mary of Scotland" in New York until early in June.

Then she was to go to Hollywood to do "What Every Woman Knows."

"I'm terribly excited about it," she said. "I hope I can do something beautiful with it."

"Then what next?"

"They tell me I shall do a picture from the novel called 'Vanessa,' written by Hugh Walpole. I don't know what comes after that, but I've promised Max Anderson that later on I'll take 'Mary of Scotland' on the road—and then I'm going to take a full year off. I shall not even read a play during that time. I'm going to be plain Mrs. MacArthur. I'm going to rest and read and watch the old Hudson flow by our place in Nyack (New York), and play with my little girl. Goodness, it hardly seems possible that she's four years old."

WE walked the long blocks back to the theater. I started to say good-bye at the stage-door, but she insisted on my coming back to her dressing-room while she made up.

It was like talking to an old friend. You didn't even have to talk if you didn't feel like it.

I looked around the room, browsing among the pictures and photographs. There were a half-dozen authentic prints of the lovely Scottish queen on the wall, and over by the door were three large photographs of a rambling, old-fashioned white house.

"That's where we live," Helen said. "Charlie is crazy about photography. He took the picture himself."

"How much time do you spend there?" I asked.

"Why, I'm there all the time. I drive there every night after the theater; it only takes me forty-five minutes."

"Lucky lady!"

"It is nice to have a dear old house like ours, and rolling lawns. It's great for us all. . . . Little Mary is happy as a bird."

I thought, above everything else, what a sensible woman Helen Hayes is. She has refused to let values get mixed. She knows both what she wants and what every woman knows. She has plenty of fine ambition—but she has it well house-broken.

She doesn't love to love art—she loves art itself. And she doesn't love to live life—she really loves life itself.

"What we're most interested in now is how the crocuses are coming up," she went on, after a pause. "There is nothing in the world quite so important to us."

I WAS such an old friend now that I wanted to give some advice. "Say, on that year off why don't you and Charlie go around the world?"

"Charlie has been talking about going to Algiers and Cairo and I'd love to visit Scotland."

"Ah, go to Japan and see the sun set on exquisite Mount Fuji," I rattled on. "And then cross to gorgeous Peiping and see the Ming tombs and the Great Wall. And then drift down to Shanghai and Manila and Bali and Calcutta. And before you die, don't bother with Naples, but see the moonbeams trickle down on the white marble of the Taj Mahal."

A bell sounded somewhere. I should have gone long ago. I hurriedly found my hat.

The great little trouser stepped from her table and said good-bye at the door.

"I'll send you a postal card with the Taj Mahal on it," she said as she shook hands.

And forty-five minutes away the crocuses were popping out of the green velvet lawn.

Walter Huston Shuns Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 72]

You see, although Huston says "art nothing. It's work—a job," he is never happier than when he has a character to play that he can get into and become. For him to enjoy a rôle, however, he must be sympathetic with it. The rôle doesn't necessarily have to be a colorful figure—big, powerful hero stuff. No. As long as it is human, natural, all right. Huston himself is a natural actor. He is very much a human being. And, in that he is, he enjoys other human beings.

And that's one of the reasons he returned to the stage. He wanted to watch an audience's reactions again. And that's why he picked "Dodsworth."

On stage, he carefully watches his audience. He wants his audience to feel the character he is portraying. If he sees smiles as he smiles, frowns as he frowns, and hears sympathetic clucks if he is balked by the villain of the piece, then he is tickled.

HE is getting such a reaction from "Dodsworth." You can tell it from his infectious grin as he swings around back-stage on one of the two revolving stages at the Shubert. The effect, to anyone watching him as he stands on the rim of the circular platform, is that of a kid on a merry-go-round who has just won the brass ring entitling him to a free ride.

He missed that glow from his audience when he was before the cold, unblinking eye that is a motion picture camera lens. Actually, it's the gregarious instinct in him, which simply means he enjoys having people around him and entertaining them.

He enjoys characterizations off stage as much as he does on. It is typical of his enjoyment of other people. He has a humorous fancy for people who do out-of-the-ordinary things, not necessarily big things, but something that emphasizes their being human.

For instance, Huston met Jose Iturbi, the noted pianist. Huston said he enjoyed his playing. (Huston himself is no slouch as a musician, by the way.) Iturbi invited Huston to hear him in concert that night at the famed Carnegie Hall in New York. Huston, due to playing in "Dodsworth," had to give his regrets.

"But you like my playing? You would like to hear me play? You shall hear me play," said Iturbi.

THE following afternoon, Iturbi called on the Hustons at their hotel suite.

"I would like," said Iturbi, "a grand piano."

Huston grinned, but, nothing daunted, went to the house telephone and calmly gave an order—"One grand piano."

Before very long, a corps of sweating porters had wrestled the awkward bulk of a concert grand piano to the center of the Huston living-room. Iturbi rubbed his hands in satisfaction, sat down at the piano and gave his concert of the previous evening.

Huston is still chuckling about it.

He enjoys almost equally well getting his friend "Mac" to tell about his great scheme. "Mac" is a humorous, diffident type of a person, very enjoyable, who bobs up every now and then to say "hello" to "Walter," as he calls him, but he says it as though it was spelled "Wolter." Well, "Mac's" fantastic

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ambition is to go down to the South Seas, where he has a family feud to settle with a sea monster. He says he has seen it and tried to capture it. Not only he, but his father. And before his father, his grandfather. One of these days, "Mac" is going to get that serpent. He'll expand at great lengths on the story before you can say "Loch Ness."

HUSTON will stop in the middle of making-up to go on stage to listen to further plans of "Mac" on his capture of the sea monster. But when he does, Clarence, his benevolently professorial dresser, steps in and begins handing him things to jack his mind back. Clarence is quite a character in his own right.

"I worry," says Clarence softly, "until I get him dressed." Huston was then dressed and out in the corridor leading to his dressing-room bidding goodbye to "Mac." "But," added Clarence, reaching for one of the "mahster's" cigarettes, "he makes work so interesting. Never a dull moment."

And how Huston enjoys such episodes. He enjoys them as much as he does his audience enjoying him in his stage characterization. His greatest satisfaction comes when he overhears some person say, "Why, that's just the way he is off stage, I bet!"

Another factor in Huston's dropping movies for a time is his desire to play Shakespearean rôles. In fact, he (with Mrs. Huston who will also take part) is on his way to Central City, Colorado, to play "Othello" there. To permit the Hustons to do this, "Dodsworth" has closed until the middle of August.

Speaking of "Dodsworth," and to show that the movies are not wholly out of his mind, Huston says he is going to do the play in a screen version, when the New York and a contemplated London run are over. And also to show that he is not lacking in a business sense, and knows his way about a bit, he has a little clause in his "Dodsworth" contract which stipulates that should he not be chosen to do *Dodsworth* in a film version, as is possible, he is to collect ten per cent of the money paid for the movie rights to the play.

ABOUT the London trip. Huston is looking forward to it. He thinks the town is more receptive to acting than any other. Also, he would like to do a movie there. He already has two offers.

Yet, so far as long term contracts—tying himself down for any great period—are concerned, they are out, Huston says. Pictures he will do, but only as his leisure dictates.

Wally Beery Debunks Matrimony

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

The loss of that happiness almost wrecked Wally's career. For two years he wandered around, doing nothing, caring about nothing. Then, with one valiant effort, he pulled himself together and went back to work.

He met Rita Gilman when she was playing a small part in "Robin Hood," and Wally was doing his never-to-be-forgotten picture of *Richard the Lion Hearted*. They were married in August, 1924, and the lovely, blonde Rita disappeared completely from the screen.

"**R**ITA had the makings of a good actress," Wally continued. "She might have been a star by this time, if the breaks had been right for her. We all know that success in this business is largely a matter of luck and the right break at the right time. But she agreed with me that happiness in marriage was more important than any career, so she gave it up without a second thought."

His fourth rule is:

"The wife should be home always at dinner time, should be there in the house, waiting when the husband returns. That may sound small and silly," Wally boomed, "but it means a lot to me, and I think it does to most men. There is something about coming home at the end of the day to find a wife waiting for you which warms the hearts of most men. Gadding wives are a nuisance and an unnecessary evil."

"These wives who think they are modern and sophisticated and all that sort of rot, may laugh at me for saying this. But they don't know what they're missing out of life and they don't know what trouble lies ahead of them. If a husband comes home a few times to an empty house, it soon becomes pretty darned easy to stop other places where there is human companionship. And that is usually the beginning of the end."

Wally labels his fifth rule: "Learn to share your recreations. When a husband finds his

pleasure in one thing and a wife in another, they are starting on the road which leads to an eventual split-up.

"Rita and I have been lucky because we've both liked the same things. If we hadn't, I hope to heaven that I would have been smart enough to make myself like the things she did, because I know that Rita would have learned to share my fun. In a case like that, the only answer is to make it a fifty-fifty proposition."

"Neither one of us cares a hang about social life and parties. Rita satisfies any desire she may have along that line by going to lunches and other things during the day when I'm busy. Both of us are crazy about out-door sports, hunting and fishing. When we built that place of ours at June Lake, I don't know which of us was the craziest about it. Whenever I feel the urge to go up there for a week or two—and it is 'way up in the wilds where there aren't any other people around—Rita is always willing and ready to pack up and go with me."

But, just as Wally believes in sharing pleasure, so does he believe in the wisdom of getting away from each other now and then.

"**M**Y next rule is to take an occasional vacation from each other," he explained. "It does you both a world of good. You're always so darned glad to be back together again. Every once in a while I get in the plane and go somewhere on a hunting trip, some place where Rita would not want to go, where the hardships and roughness would be too much for a woman to enjoy. And, now and then, Rita goes down to Palm Springs or some other resort, and stays a week or so. She buys herself some new clothes and sits around a hotel for a while, doing the things all women like to do. Then, both of us are so happy to get back to the house in Beverly Hills."

Wally believes that the actual physical qualities of the house in which you live have a great deal to do with happiness.

"Make your home as attractive as possible," is another good rule to follow. "It doesn't make any difference how large or small, simple or dolled-up it is. It has to be a place to which you want to go. These hotel-houses, where people are coming and going all day and half the night, are the cause of a lot of divorces. And these interior-decorated places, where you're afraid to sit down because you might disturb the general layout, would drive any man away to a comfortable spot where he could be himself.

"When our house burned down a couple of years ago, we decided to rebuild it as nearly as possible like it was before. We both enjoyed that first house. It was exactly what we wanted. So many houses belong just to the wife—they represent what she thinks is perfect in a home. Oh, maybe she throws the husband a spare bone by fixing him up a 'den' in some corner, but even that 'den' is usually her idea of what a gentleman's hang-out should be.

"OUR house belongs to us both. We have tried to make every room easy to live in. There is no such thing as 'your room' or 'my room'; they are all 'our rooms.' I've seen cheap little apartments that look more home-like than the big expensive barns over which some woman has worked and labored, thinking she was making a home for her husband.

"And, while we're on the subject of homes, my next rule is to live in those homes, not to depend upon outside places and people for your happiness. These social butterflies are the ones that get into trouble first, usually. What's the use of being married, if you have to go running around to find your pleasure? We haven't been to a real Hollywood social function since we've been married—I mean one of those affairs where everyone goes to be seen and to show off.

"Understand, I don't mean that you should live like a couple of hermits. That's almost—but not quite—as bad as the other. Everyone should have a few friends. But be sure that they're friends, not fair-weather acquaintances. And don't depend upon other people. Let your own companionship have a chance to grow."

Wally's ninth rule would make it possible to avoid many of the most serious ruptures in any marriage.

"THINK twice before you speak, whether you're talking about something of importance, or something which looks in the beginning as if it didn't count for anything," he said. "That's an old rule and you'd think, by this time, that people would have learned to follow it. But they haven't. I have seen—and so has everyone—a husband and wife say little things to each other which grew and grew until they became darned important. And, the first thing, you know, they had a good, first-class family row on their hands. If either one had kept his mouth shut, it never would have happened. Believe me, that's one rule I had to learn to follow. I've got a habit of saying what I please without thinking. It's pretty tough sometimes to keep my mouth shut."

Wally believes that the one fundamental cause of so much unhappiness in Hollywood marriages is too much money. With one emphatic wave of his large hand, he brushed aside other causes as being of little importance compared to the matter of money.

"There is no use denying the fact that people can earn more money with less effort

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in Hollywood than anywhere else," he said with Beeryish vehemence. "And most of the people who are getting so much haven't been used to it, and don't know how to handle it. Their main worry seems to be to find ways to spend it. They get all messed up in money and forget about other things.

"SO the tenth rule, which probably should have been the first in importance, is—don't give your wife too much money to spend. And, by the same rule, don't spend too much yourself.

"That's the trouble with Hollywood wives who think they have an unlimited bank account, and who want to go one better than the next wife—they lose all sense of values. In plain words, they make fools of themselves. And, pretty soon, marriage isn't as important as putting on a big show. Too much time and too much money will ruin any marriage."

And, with these words of wisdom, Wally lifted his bulk out of a canvas chair, put on his "Viva Villa" sombrero and prepared to depart.

"I'm not much for talking about things," he said. "But I've been around Hollywood for a good many years. I've watched 'em come and go. I've seen 'em march up to the church and then march up to the divorce court. All they need is a little plain common sense to make a go of their marriages. But most of them don't have it."

WALLY'S own marriage is proof of the wisdom of plain common sense. The son of the cop on the toughest beat in Kansas City, who has become one of the biggest figures on the screen and whose salary is one of the largest paid each week in Hollywood, has learned by bitter experience. And has profited well by that experience.

The Woman Who Found Charlie Chaplin

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 27]

"He looked," Reeves described, "the typical London street urchin who knows every inch of the town as he darts through hurrying throngs and dodges in and out of rushing traffic, managing by some miracle to escape with his life. He had a cap on the back of his head and wore a shabby old suit, short in the sleeves and frayed at the cuffs—a suit he had long since outgrown."

"Do you remember the name of the piece he was in?"

"I'll never forget it!" he laughed. "It was 'Jimmy the Fearless,' a right-enough name so far as that goes. He had the leading part."

"THEN he had got on, even at that time?"

"Indeed he had," Reeves proudly agreed, "though only in his teens. But it was not until he did something strikingly characteristic that I realized he was a rare find. His father in the skit was ordering him to drop his novel and eat his supper—'Get on with it now, m'lad!'—and jabbing a loaf of bread at him. Charlie, I noticed, cut the bread without once taking his eyes off his book. But what particularly attracted my attention was that while he absentmindedly kept cutting the bread, he held the knife in his left hand. Charlie's left-handed, but I didn't know it then. The next thing I knew, he had carved that loaf into the shape of a concertina."

Directly after the performance Charlie Chaplin had an unexpected visitor and a most unexpected offer.

"Will I go to America?" he cried. "Only too gladly, if you'll take me!"

"I told him," related Reeves, "I'd have a talk with Karno. At hearing this, he wiped the smudge of make-up off his face to give his smile full play, and I saw he was a very good-looking boy. I had made up my mind about him before leaving his dressing-room.

"Well," considered Karno, 'you can have him for the American company if you think he's old enough for the parts.' We were then giving 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' 'A Night in a London Club,' and 'A Night in a London Secret Society.'

"He's old enough," I told Karno, "and big enough and clever enough for anything."

That settled it. At lost no time in carrying the news to Amy.

"You're a good judge of talent, my girl," he

assured her. "What about a bite of dinner together?"

A little celebration was in order, for, thanks to a woman, Charlie Chaplin had been "discovered" for America.

"At what salary?" I inquired.

"Well, of course," said Reeves, defensively, "salaries with us weren't big in those days. You must remember, that was in 1910. Charlie was getting five pounds a week in England, but we doubled that for America to fifty dollars for the first year. It was really the opportunity, more than the money, that counted.

"It turned out well for more than one member of the company. At that time I also brought over Stan Laurel—then Stanley Jefferson—now the Laurel of Laurel and Hardy. It was a jump in salary for the others as well as Charlie, and they were all happy over it."

"Did you bring over 'Jimmy the Fearless'?" I asked.

"No," Reeves smiled. "We left 'Jimmy' at home, feeling that otherwise Americans might think we were carrying coals to Newcastle. Our main piece was 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' with Charlie playing a drunk who falls out of a stage box. Karno needn't have worried about Chaplin's age, or rather his youth. Charlie fooled everybody, even the manager of a theater we played.

"PERHAPS I should explain that in English music halls in those days there was a great deal of what might be called compulsory drinking. In the front of the house was a bar, usually run by the manager himself. When he paid off the actors at noon on Saturday, he expected them to hang around for an hour or two and spend part of their salaries standing treat. If they didn't do so, they weren't so likely to get a return engagement at his theater.

"Although there seldom was a bar in an American vaudeville house, there was always sure to be a saloon on the corner. That's what I'm coming to. As 'A Night in an English Music Hall' was a long piece, it usually made up the last half of the bill, so Charlie and I often went out front to watch the earlier acts. One night we were standing in the lobby when the manager came out of the box-office and invited me to go for a drink.

"Bring along your young friend, if you like," he added.

"He doesn't drink," I said.

"Then why," he demanded, disgustedly, "don't you pal around with a man who does—the one who plays the drunk in your piece—that fellow Chaplin?"

"This is Chaplin," I told him.

"What, that kid?" He couldn't believe it.

Reeves chuckled at the triumph of art over rum.

"Charlie was with us for three years," he went on. "Then, early in 1913, he had his first picture offer to go into Keystone Comedies. He talked with me about it. 'I think you'll improve yourself,' I told him."

A REASONABLY conservative opinion, you'll agree. Having unselfishly given it, Alfred Reeves parted company with Charlie Chaplin in Kansas City. Three years later, the now famous film comedian cabled his old manager in London:

"Am about to make my own productions. Would like to have you with me."

On the midnight that Reeves stepped from a train in Los Angeles to renew an association which has continued ever since, he found Chaplin waiting for him with a fine car and a liveried chauffeur.

"Charlie was now a wealthy man, but the same boy I'd always known," he remarked. "It was simply that he had gone on making his way and earning his living, just as he had done from the time he was eight years old, when he went on the music hall stage as a stepper with 'The Eight Lancashire Lads.'"

"Nothing proud about him," I remarked.

"No," declared Reeves. "The only thing I ever knew Charlie to be proud about was his first trunk."

He heaved a sigh, then proceeded to lift the lid of an amazing trunk mystery.

"Up to that time Charlie, like the other members of the Karno troupe, had managed to get along with a basket—a sort of canvas-lined hamper commonly used in England. Then, one day as we were taking a stroll in Philadelphia, he saw in a shop window a huge trunk with drawers and no end of things. It was something new, just out. Charlie was determined to have it. What he wanted it for I couldn't possibly imagine, as he had only about two suits of clothes, with plenty of room for all his belongings in his basket.

"I tried to talk him out of such wasteful extravagance as paying over sixty dollars for a needless trunk. But, buy it he would, and buy it he did.

UP to that time most of his money had gone for books—he was forever buying and burying himself in them.

"Then he splurged on the sixty dollar trunk, and at a railway station we always knew just where to find Charlie—look for his trunk. He was sure to be standing proudly beside its imposing bulk. As the tour went on I, who as company manager had to pay the bills, noticed that a hitherto unknown charge for excess baggage was steadily mounting. That puzzled me, as we had not added to the number of pieces since leaving Philadelphia. It was not until we reached the Canadian border, where customs officials inspected our baggage, that the mystery was solved. Charlie's enormous trunk was loaded with—books!"

Something still remained a closed book to me, so I asked Reeves:

"And what became of Miss Amy Minister?"

"She became," he replied, pinking modestly, "Mrs. Alfred Reeves."

DO BRUNETTES LOOK OLDER THAN BLONDES



THE ANSWER IS THAT 7 OUT OF 10 BRUNETTES USE THE WRONG SHADE OF FACE POWDER!

● BY *Lady Esther*

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by *Seymour*

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Racine Cloak Co., Racine

ALASKA

Hollywood Clothes Shop, Fairbanks

"Paducah Was Never Like This"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 60]

were ready to shoot a scene, they found their shade-giving tourist had wandered off to the nearby prop room. Pop-eyed and open-mouthed (there's a picture of Cobb to conjure with) he stood staring at an overalled lad, whistling away as he went on turning out a first-class, mountain-sized dinosaur. Eventually, on the screen, the giant saurian would snap the pants off a pair of comedians and then roll over and play a mouth-organ.

It was there Cobb learned about those real artists of the movies. And what cinched the matter forever with him was that as he stood there, gazing awe-struck at the mechanical, harmonica-playing dinosaur, a man thrust his head through a window and yelled, "Bill, bring over the crown jewels and a can of mince meat to the back lot!" And Bill nonchalantly strolled off and, in exactly three minutes, strolled back just as nonchalantly, with the crown jewels in one hand—and the can of mince meat in the other!

"HEY, Bill," someone called him later, "the director don't like that mosque you built on 'The Arab' set." "Okay," Bill responded, "didn't like it myself. Let's get at it." And the next morning when Cobb appeared on the set, there stood a new mosque that made the old one look like a roadside service station.

From then on, Cobb scarcely knew there was a John Gilbert or a Rudolph Valentino in the business. No more than today he realizes, only in a vague and mildish sort of way, there's a Clark Gable, a Jimmy Cagney and a Fredric March.

For, to Irvin, the heroes of the movies will always be back there with the mosque-building, mince meat-carrying gang—and don't try to tell him otherwise. What's more, he can't understand why we're not all more aware of them.

"Maybe the mechanics of the industry are the most fascinating part of the whole business to me," he says, "because I know nothing about mechanics at all. Just leave me alone at home long enough, and I'll get a nut-pick out of order.

"Now take this series of pictures I'm going to do for Hal Roach. I'm to be an old 'sister-pecked,' retired steamboat captain in Kentucky. The day I was called for my first test, I strolled down to the set and looked around. I noticed one or two little things that weren't exactly in keeping with an old Kentucky parlor.

"SO, just offhand, I mentioned to Charlie Oelze, the prop man who was standing there, that it would have been better if we could have had a picture of a Confederate general over the mantel, and that the stuffed rainbow trout on the wall was kinda foreign to that part of the South. A big-mouthed, black bass would have been better, had there been such a thing as a stuffed big-mouthed black bass. And I also mentioned, offhand, that a horse doctor book was nearly always found in the front parlor of a Kentucky home.

"About twenty minutes later I strolled back to the set, and the first thing I noticed was a picture of General Fitzhugh Lee, himself, over the mantel, slightly gangrenous where the brass buttons had rubbed, but still game. The

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speckled trout was gone and a stuffed, big-mouthed bass hung on the wall! Then, to top it off, on the table lay old Doc Walters' book, 'Diseases of the Horse.'

"In twenty minutes time! With no talk, no boasting, no excitement, there was General Lee, a stuffed bass and a horse doctor book. Charlie, a fairy godfather in overalls, had merely waved his hammer, and lo and behold, there they were. Now, to me, Charlie is a wizard. A scientific artist. A real genius of the movies.

"Anyone with a funny face can be an actor. Acting is the most elementary of all impulses. When a baby reaches two he begins to act and imitate.

"BUT how many people can get hold of a stuffed, big-mouthed bass in twenty minutes? Or, if the producer demands a wigwam in thirty minutes, will go out and skin a buffalo if necessary, and stick up a teepee that would fool a Sioux?

"Who hears anything of Willis O'Brien, the man who created those marvelous prehistoric animals that were seen in 'King Kong'? Or Wally Westmore, over at Paramount, who created those grotesque masks for the 'Alice In Wonderland' characters? And who helped Freddie March ride up to the top-notchers with that *Mr. Hyde* make-up in the picture, 'Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde'? None other than Wally Westmore. Those are the boys that make motion pictures the scientific artistry they are today. It isn't the actor, it's those boys behind the actor.

"The producer is the general back of the line, mapping out the plan of attack. The directors are the colonels and majors, relaying the ideas to the actors, who are the airmen, the infantry or the cavalry. But the prop men are the shock troops who stand the real brunt of the battle, and come through every time with colors flying.

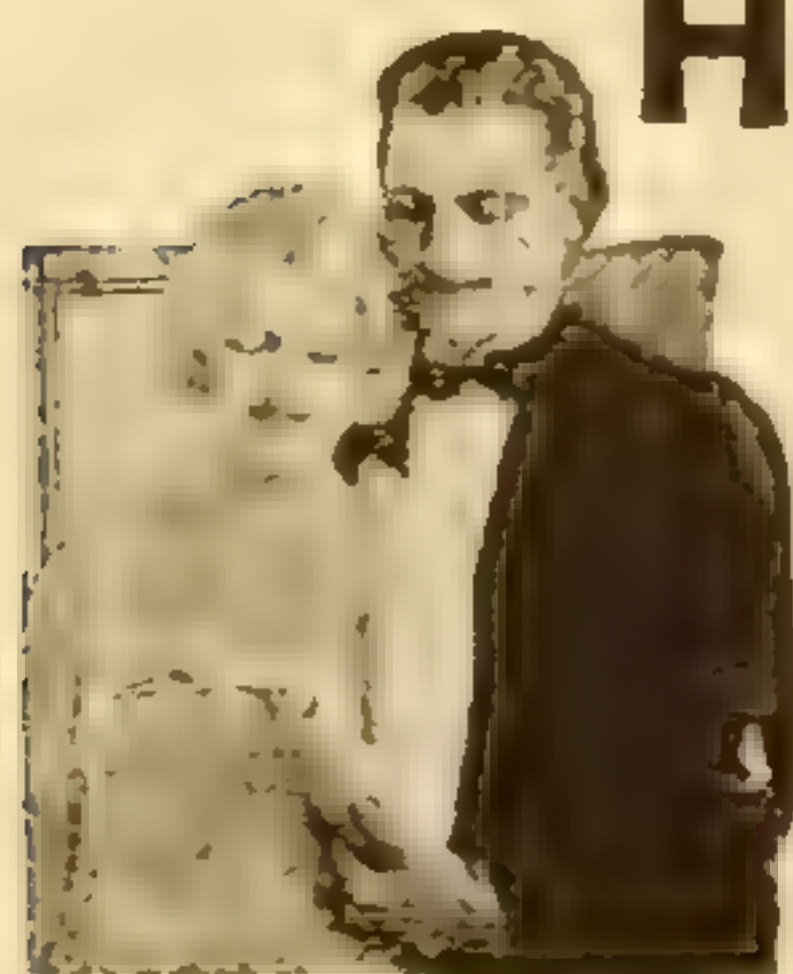
"THEY called me over on the Fox lot the other day to talk over the setting for one of my *Judge Priest* stories that Will Rogers is going to do. We were strolling around the lot when suddenly we came across a little New England village.

"'Why, look here,' I suggested to the prop man, 'you don't need to build a new set. Put up a few columns on the front of that building and you've got a typical Kentucky court house. Take a few bricks out of the sidewalk and erect a monument of a Confederate cavalryman right where that statue of Joan of Arc now stands. Of course, where I come from we don't have "tuna salad" signs in our drug store windows, either. We have two big bottles, one filled with blue water and one with red. And, of course, between the bottles, in a jar, reposes the largest tapeworm taken from any inhabitant of Paducah County.'

"Well, in a day or so I was wandering around that lot again with Rogers looking things over. I stopped dead in my tracks.

"Columns had been erected around the old New England building and there stood a typical Southern court house. The very street had the air of a lazy Kentucky village. There was something strangely familiar about the Confederate cavalryman who sat on his iron horse. I walked over to it. And, by golly, there sat Joan of Arc dressed in a Confederate coat, with a Confederate beard pasted on and looking more like Stonewall Jackson than old Stonewall himself. The darndest thing to happen to Joan of Arc that I've ever heard of. Well, sir, I was overcome at the whole trans-

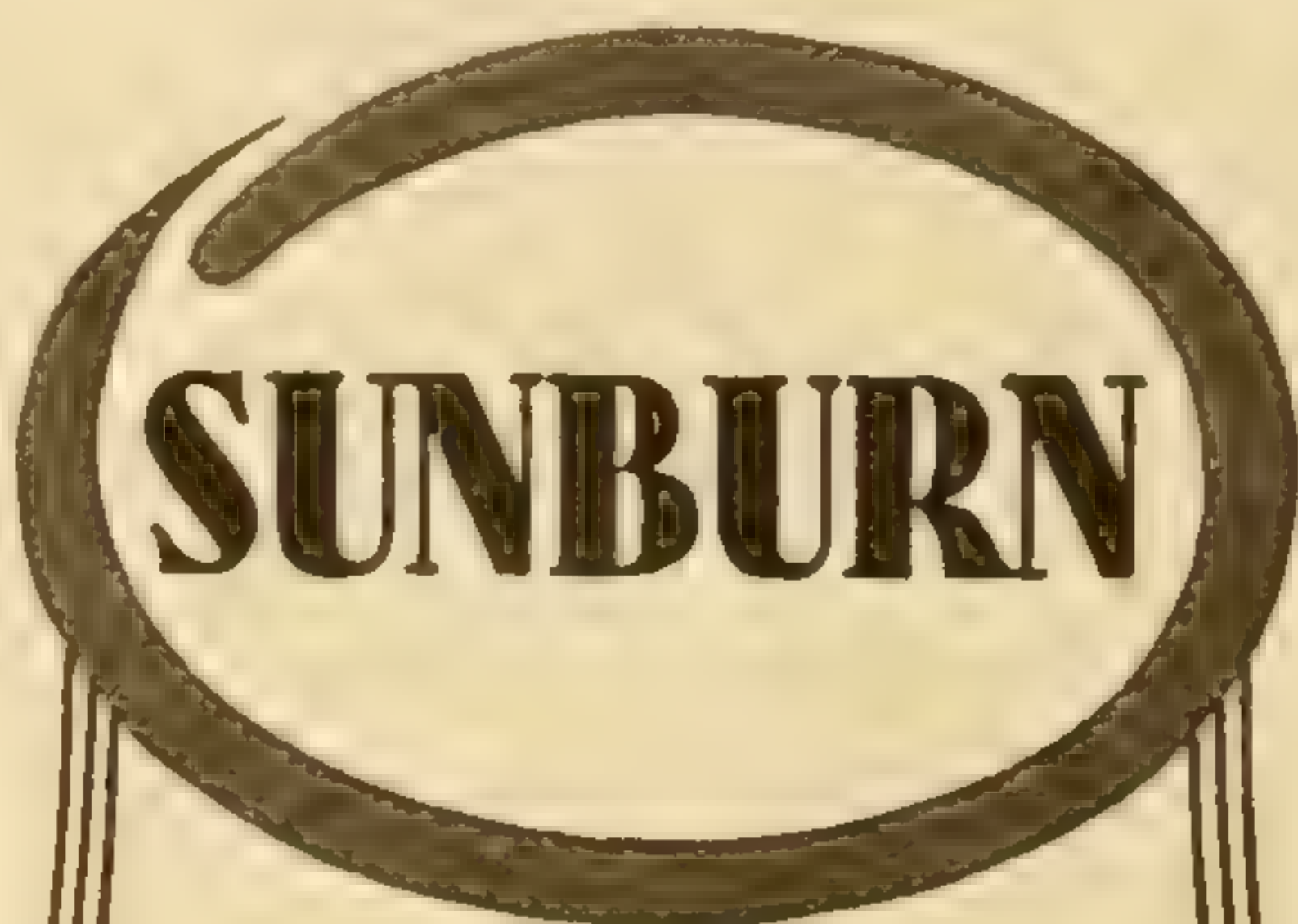
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formation. And then, just as I was leaving, something else caught my eye. The drug-store had taken on a familiar down-South village atmosphere. There in the window sat two bottles, one with red water and one with blue. And between them was a jar with the largest tapeworm taken from any inhabitant of any county anywhere.

"Yessir, I'm for the boys who can turn New England into Paducah, Kentucky; can transfigure Joan of Arc into Stonewall Jackson with one jacket and one prop beard, and produce the largest tapeworm in captivity, all from Monday morning to Tuesday afternoon.

"In what other department of the movies can you find geniuses like that?"

"Of course," Irvin went on to explain, "as soon as I heard Cecil B. DeMille was making 'Cleopatra' I hurried out here to Hollywood to see if I could play the part of the asp. But, after thinking it over and knowing how Cecil feeds one moth-eaten victim after another to the lions, I knew he'd never be content with one little asp in a basket of figs. He'd want a boa-constrictor brought in with half the jungle of Africa and a mess of pygmies thrown in. And expect me to play both the snake and the pygmies. So I didn't try for the part after all.

"The shock of taking my own movie test was enough. 'Just be natural, be natural, Mr. Cobb,' they kept telling me. Now there's nothing in the world so hard as just being natural before a camera. It requires more action to the square inch than to play *Hamlet* with gestures. I kept feeling all my vital organs coming up in my throat, and for the first time I discovered there was something vitally wrong with my liver. Nobody's liver could have that flavor and not have something wrong with it somewhere.

"Well, I went to see the finished product of myself on the screen the next day, and here was this huge, mountainous something moving about on the screen.

"I said, 'What's that?' 'Why, that's the back of you, Mr. Cobb,' they said. 'You're bent over, digging for worms.'

"I know only this. My friends, those mute, inglorious heroes of the prop department are in for another job. They've got to furnish a more genteel going-away view for Mr. Cobb, or the movies for me are out.

"And knowing those boys back there in the wood-shed as I do, I fully expect to be beautifully rebuilt in a most fascinating manner. And what actor in Hollywood can do that for me?"

Shirley, Take a Bow!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

of "darling, cute, beautiful, genius, and too, too divine," her wise mother grasps Shirley firmly by the hand and points out something up the street or across the set. All the mothers in the world will understand what a problem this mother has.

Shirley was five on the twenty-fourth of April.

She doesn't like spinach, but she might as well, because she gets it anyway. Her mother has charge of the spinach department, too.

She is no forced and artificial theatrical child, done up in ruffles, with a family to support. She wears plain, crisp, hand-made linens, and her father, George F. Temple, is the manager of a bank where Shirley's salary check goes into a savings account every week.

There are two older brothers, George and Jack, who attend the Santa Monica High School and Junior College. Shirley has them pretty well in hand, too. You can easily imagine what would happen in a household with two stalwart nearly-grown boys, when a morsel of pink doll-baby suddenly made her appearance.

SHIRLEY arrived when her parents were in their mature years—and if the scientists are right, these are most frequently the "wonder children."

She is a personality—definite, astonishing, and no wonder there is so much excitement about her. Consider how few real personalities have been discovered and developed by the screen in the last few years, irrespective of age. They come mainly from the stage now—a known quantity with proved ability. Shirley is a *picture* discovery. She made her debut at the age of three, in two-reelers—where, incidentally, a very large percentage of our good early picture material originated.

Shirley started right out as the leading lady in Educational's Baby Star series. She had the time of her life. Her dancing lessons began, and she couldn't hear music without practising. She can't now—only it isn't exactly practising any more. It's dancing.

She taught Jimmy Dunn the dance routine they did together in "Stand Up and Cheer." They rehearsed and rehearsed. After Jimmy, then the dance director, and finally the piano player were worn out, Shirley would rest a minute. It's well agreed that the picture was Shirley's—with Jimmy contributing such pleasing team-work that Fox is co-starring them now in "Baby Take a Bow" (this picture title was the name of her first song hit).

If you ever saw two kids having themselves a field-day, it's Jimmy and Shirley. Whole parties have been known to move out quietly, leaving Jimmy all alone—still in a rave over Shirley.

THE child's memory is astonishing. The old-timers regard her with joy—and despair. She knows her own lines and theirs, too. She rehearses her steps, runs over her dialogue for the next scene, and has her dress changed—all at once! Which will engage the understanding sympathy of all mothers of all little girls. It requires the dexterity of an acrobat to get her in and out of her clothes and to keep up with her, mentally and physically.

Mrs. Temple, wholesome-looking matron, attractively dressed, is not a chronic "don't" mother. Neither is she a "give-inny" who sits back and sighs and hands over the reins. Shirley is disciplined with a firm hand in a velvet glove, and her good manners are a gratifying result.

She is feminine all through. And original. The inventive—not the mimic—type. Most likely she will fight against ever falling in line and being rubber-stamped. She has theories about being different already, and this is one example—

An Eastern visitor at the studio told Shirley about her little girl, and invited Shirley to call. Shirley accepted, and then gave the matter thought.

"Has your little girl a pink dress?" asked Shirley presently.

"Oh, yes, she has a pink dress," answered the visitor.

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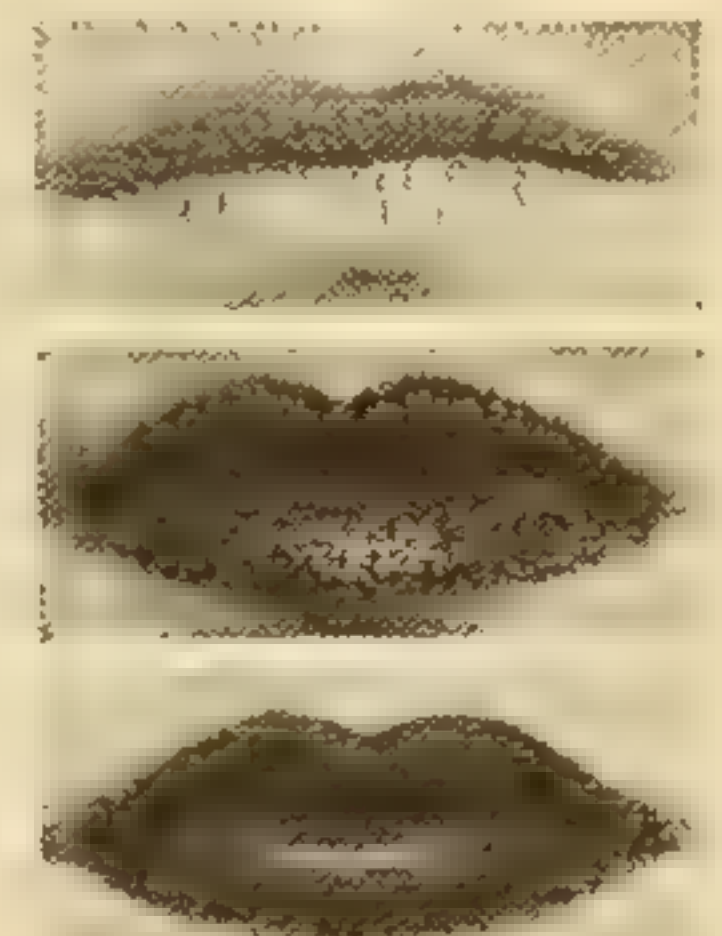
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"Has she a blue dress?" persisted Shirley.
"Yes, indeed, she has a blue dress," answered the lady, slightly puzzled.
"Well, has she a *riding habit*?"
"No . . . she's rather young for that," admitted the lady.

Shirley beamed.

"All right. I'll wear my riding habit!"

There was the little affair of Janet Gaynor's autograph. Shirley has been a Gaynor admirer for years and years—well, two years, anyway. Way back to the time when Mrs. Temple hired the laundress on Mondays who washed for Frances Deaner on Fridays. Frances handles all Janet's publicity at the studio, and is a close friend as well.

The washlady heard Shirley mention Janet, so she proudly spoke up about her Friday customer—who really *knew* Janet Gaynor!

That was enough for Shirley. She had to get acquainted with Frances Deaner right away. And who could guess that in a fairly short time, Frances would be writing stories about Shirley, too?

JANET was very busy on a picture and there were several delays. Shirley is not good at waiting. She wants what she wants when she wants it, and, like all efficient persons, has discovered the best way to get a thing done is to do it yourself. Her mother took her out to the studio. Frances gave her the photograph, but the youngster had to have the star's signature.

Clutching the picture, Shirley marched all over the huge Fox lot. Janet had just left the café, she could not be found on her own set or on any other set. Frances telephoned her home. No, Janet was still at the studio. She must be in her dressing-room. Frances turned to talk with someone—Shirley escaped like a shot. Straight to the *sanctum sanctorum*, Janet's dressing-room—the dressing-room inviolate of the Queen of the Lot, which prac-

tically takes an act of Congress to approach. Shirley didn't know about that. She walked right in and said, "How do you do, Miss Gaynor. Will you please put your name there?"

Now they share honors, and are very good friends.

It is a misstatement to say Shirley is "working" in pictures. She is having too much fun. When she played hostess at her fifth birthday party at the Café de Paris, she said, "It was as much fun as making a picture." That was the highest expression of enjoyment she could think of.

HER favorite diet would be vegetable soup and ice-cream with chocolate "gravy"—if it were left entirely to her.

She will begin her formal schooling in September, but she can read now, and write her name. She has two (toy) pups, a large family of dolls, a play house with real flowers in the window boxes—and an electric stove. But she has so little time for cooking any more!

Her father quietly took the afternoon off from the bank and went to look at his daughter's name in electric lights. He managed to remain calm—a little stunned (wouldn't you be?). But the friend with him stopped traffic in his excitement, exclaiming, "That's his little girl! That's Shirley!" Mr. Temple was embarrassed, but proud.

She is even a business asset to the bank her father manages. Since her success, business has improved. People come in to have a look at Shirley's papa—and remain to leave their money.

Her second picture is "Little Miss Marker," a story by Damon Runyon. It is all her picture, as intended, even though her support includes the veteran Adolphe Menjou.

So, as Tex Guinan used to say, let's give this little girl a great big hand. And you, Shirley, take a bow!



Shirley shoots everything on the place! She's her own cameraman, and director, too. Here's Miss Temple at work on one of her new nursery productions, with her pet rabbit in the star rôle

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 13]

MORNING AFTER, THE—British International.—Grand humor runs through Ben Lyon's adventures of the "morning after"—Graustarkian intrigue, countesses, secret papers. Sally Eilers rivals Ben for top honors. (April)

★ **MOULIN ROUGE**—20th Century-United Artists.—Gorgeous clothes, hot-cha dances, smart dialogue, and splendid performances by Constance Bennett and Franchot Tone put this film in the A-1 class. Tullio Carminati, Russ Columbo and the Boswell Sisters. (March)

MR. SKITCH—Fox.—The trip West in the family rattler of *Mr. and Mrs. Skitch* (Will Rogers and ZaSu Pitts) provides laughs galore. Florence Desmond's impersonations are grand. (Feb.)

MURDER ON THE CAMPUS—Chesterfield.—A worn murder plot with college setting. Police reporter Charles Starrett, in love with suspect Shirley Grey, solves the mystery. (April)

MYSTERY LINER—Monogram.—Poor acting, with exception of Noah Beery's performance, in this murder mystery which has for its locale a radio-controlled ship at sea. (April)

★ **MYSTERY OF MR. X**—M-G-M.—Gripping mystery centering around thief Robert Montgomery, also suspected of being the killer, *Mr. X*. Lewis Stone, Elizabeth Allan, Ralph Forbes. (May)

★ **NANA**—Samuel Goldwyn-United Artists.—Anna Sten, exotic Russian beauty, makes an impressive debut on the American screen as *Nana* in Zola's classic. Richard Bennett, Mae Clarke, Phillips Holmes, Lionel Atwill. (March)

NINTH GUEST, THE—Columbia.—Eight persons party with a mysterious ninth guest—Death. Suspense is well sustained. Donald Cook, Genevieve Tobin, Vince Barnett. (May)

NO FUNNY BUSINESS—Ferrone Prod.—British comedy about an agency which effects marital reconciliations. And funny is the word! Gertrude Lawrence and fine support. (May)

NO GREATER GLORY—Columbia.—George Breakston heads a grand cast in this tale of the Paul Street Boys who go through the military procedure of a regular army to protect their playground from rival group. See it. (May)

NO MORE WOMEN—Paramount.—Victor McLaglen and Edmund Lowe teamed again for some rowdy entertainment, with a grand battle over Sally Blane, owner of a salvage ship. (April)

NO RANSOM—Liberty.—In order to reform Robert McWade's unappreciative family, Jack LaRue kidnaps him and causes Leila Hyams and Hedda Hopper some anxiety. Good supporting cast. (June)

NOW I'LL TELL—Fox.—An interesting account of the life of the famous gambler, Arnold Rothstein, by his widow. Spencer Tracy is excellent in the lead. Helen Twelvetrees plays his wife. Alice Faye and fine support. (July)

ONCE TO EVERY WOMAN—Columbia.—One day in a big hospital. Drama, and romance with Fay Wray and Ralph Bellamy. Walter Connolly and support fine. Skillfully directed. (April)

ONE IS GUILTY—Columbia.—Ralph Bellamy comes in for honors as detective who solves mystery of prizefighter's death. Direction helps keep interest. Shirley Grey, Rita LaRoy. Fair. (June)

ORIENT EXPRESS—Fox.—Norman Foster, Heather Angel and Ralph Morgan become involved with several other passengers while traveling on the Continental Express. Fair. (March)

PALOOKA—Reliance-United Artists.—All about a country lad, Stuart Erwin, becoming a prize-fighter. Jimmy Durante, Lupe Velez, Marjorie Rambeau and Robert Armstrong. Grand fun throughout. (March)

PARTY'S OVER, THE—Columbia.—In this one, it's anything for a laugh. Stuart Erwin, satisfactory as the youth burdened by a shiftless family. Ann Sothorn, William Bakewell, Arline Judge adequate. (July)

POOR RICH, THE—Universal.—Edna May Oliver and Edward Everett Horton put on a grand show when unexpected guests, who do not know their hosts have lost their wealth, arrive. Excellent supporting cast. Lots of laughs. (March)

POPPIN' THE CORK—Fox-Educational.—Milton Berle in a three reeler with the "repeal" angle. Two good songs and some effective dance ensembles (March)

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PRIVATE SCANDAL—Paramount.—Comedy-mystery which doesn't succeed in being either. Lew Cody is murdered and daughter Mary Brian's fiancé, Phillips Holmes, is the chief suspect. ZaSu Pitts and Ned Sparks. (July)

★ **QUEEN CHRISTINA**—M-G-M.—As Sweden's *Queen Christina*, Garbo makes a magnificent appearance with John Gilbert, who does fine work in his screen comeback. Splendid support by Cora Sue Collins, Lewis Stone, Ian Keith, and Reginald Owen. (March)

QUITTER, THE—Chesterfield.—A slow-paced yarn about Charley Grapewin, publisher of small town newspaper, deserting Emma Dunn and son William Bakewell, and then returning years later for happy ending. Barbara Weeks, Hale Hamilton. (June)

REGISTERED NURSE—Warners.—Romance, tragedy, humor within the walls of a hospital. Nurse Bebe Daniels the object of Lyle Talbot's and John Halliday's admiration. Interesting plot details. (May)

★ **RIGHT TO ROMANCE, THE**—RKO-Radio.—Ann Harding, a plastic surgeon, tired of success and eager for love and adventure, marries playboy Robert Young, while constant doctor admirer Nils Asther patiently awaits the outcome. Sophisticated. (Feb.)

★ **RIPTIDE**—M-G-M.—Tense drama, with Norma Shearer vivid and compelling as the wife, and Herbert Marshall giving a flawless performance as the jealous husband. Robert Montgomery and good support. Direction excellent. (May)

★ **ROMAN SCANDALS**—Samuel Goldwyn.—United Artists.—Quite different from the ordinary musical. With Eddie Cantor and a bevy of beauties; Ruth Etting of radio fame; some lavish dance ensembles, and a chariot race that's thrilling to the finish. (Feb.)

★ **SADIE MCKEE**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford is in her real dramatic metier, but the film is highlighted by Edward Arnold's superb drunk scenes. Gene Raymond and Franchot Tone do fine work. Thoroughly entertaining. (July)

SAGEBRUSH TRAIL—Monogram.—An average Western with the usual bad hombres and rough riding, and John Wayne as the hero. Good photography. (March)

SCARLET EMPRESS—Paramount.—An uninspired presentation of the life of Catherine the Great, with Marlene Dietrich as the princess, and Sam Jaffee as *Grand Duke Peter*. John Lodge, Louise Dresser. Exquisite settings. (July)

SEARCH FOR BEAUTY, THE—Paramount.—The result of Paramount's world-wide beauty contest. Featuring Ida Lupino, Buster Crabbe, Robert Armstrong and James Gleason. Amusing. (March)

SHADOWS OF SING SING—Columbia.—Fairly entertaining story about Detective Grant Mitchell's setting a trap for real murderer of Mary Brian's gangster brother, to clear son Bruce Cabot of charge. (May)

SHE MADE HER BED—Paramount.—A gay merry-go-round of events—a tiger loose, a big fire, and baby Richard Arlen, Jr. in the ice-box—create an exciting finish. Sally Eilers, Richard Arlen, Robert Armstrong. (May)

SHOW-OFF, THE—M-G-M.—Spencer Tracy handles rôle as show-off with skill. Madge Evans does well as his patient wife. Clara Blandick, Lois Wilson, good support. Amusing. (May)

SIDE STREETS—First National.—Aline MacMahon's characterization of the love-starved woman who marries a jobless sailor (Paul Kelly) is superb. Ann Dvorak, Patricia Ellis. (June)

SING AND LIKE IT—RKO-Radio.—A devastating mirthquake. Soft-hearted gangster Nat Pendleton makes ZaSu Pitts a stage hit to distraction of Producer Edward Everett Horton and jealous Pert Kelton. Ned Sparks. (May)

SIN OF NORA MORAN, THE—Majestic Pictures.—The tragic story of a girl (Zita Johann) who dies in the electric chair to save her lover. Alan Dinehart, Paul Cavanagh, John Miljan. Very depressing. (March)

SISTERS UNDER THE SKIN—Columbia.—Clever dialogue and well-shaded portrayals by Frank Morgan, Elissa Landi, Doris Lloyd and Joseph Schildkraut makes this worthwhile film fare. (July)

SITTING PRETTY—Paramount.—Five popular songs do much for this musical. Song writers Jack Oakie and Jack Haley meet Ginger Rogers as they hitch-hike to Hollywood. Entire cast splendid. Fan dance finale at end, effective. (Feb.)

★ **SIX OF A KIND**—Paramount.—This is a howl. Charlie Ruggles, Mary Boland, W. C. Fields, Alison Skipworth, George Burns and Gracie Allen are six of a kind—ace comedians. If you crave action, stop here. (April)

SIXTEEN FATHOMS DEEP—Monogram.—Against the villainous opposition of George Rigas, Creighton Chaney succeeds in bringing in his sponges, and winning Sally O'Neil. Fair. (April)

SLEEPERS EAST—Fox.—Wynne Gibson is the only bright spot in a dull yarn. Entire cast, including Preston Foster, tries hard, but plot is weak. (April)

SMARTY—Warners.—This marital game in which Joan Blondell switches from Warren William to Edward Everett Horton, then back to William again, manages to be quite amusing. Claire Dodd and Frank McHugh help. (July)

SMOKING GUNS—Universal.—Perhaps children will like this Ken Maynard horse opera, but it's pretty certain the oldsters won't think much of it. Gloria Shea. (July)

SMOKY—Fox.—The life story of Will James' wild colt "Smoky," from colthood to "old age." Victor Jory turns in a good performance as broncbuster. (Feb.)

SON OF KONG, THE—RKO-Radio.—Helen Mack and Robert Armstrong find the twelve-foot offspring of fifty-foot *King Kong* much more friendly than was his father. Fine photography. (March)

SONS OF THE DESERT—Hal Roach-M-G-M.—Lodge members Laurel and Hardy have a gay time trying to escape wives Dorothy Christy and Mae Busch so they may attend the annual convention. And they do. See this. (March)

SPEED WINGS—Columbia.—Tim McCoy has his usual difficulties, this time in winning the air speed championship. William Bakewell, Evalyn Knapp. Plenty of thrills. (May)

★ **SPITFIRE**—RKO-Radio.—If you like character studies at all, this splendid one of Katharine Hepburn as a Kentucky mountain girl should appeal. Ralph Bellamy, Robert Young. (April)

SPRINGTIME FOR HENRY—Fox.—Ace high performances by Otto Henry Kruger and Nigel Johnny Bruce, both under Spring's influence. A gay, naughty whimsey, with Nancy Carroll, Heather Angel and Herbert Mundin. (July)

★ **STAND UP AND CHEER**—Fox.—Assisted by Madge Evans, Secretary of Amusement Warner Baxter cheers the nation with an inspiring presentation of music and dance numbers by Jimmy Dunn, Shirley Temple, John Boles and a score of others. (June)

STINGAREE—RKO-Radio.—An unusual production, having Australia for locale. Irene Dunne's voice is exquisite, and Richard Dix, as the bandit *Stingaree*, ably portrays his character. Conway Tearle, and good support. (July)

STRAIGHTAWAY—Columbia.—Lively moments for auto racing enthusiasts, with brothers Tim McCoy and William Bakewell as ace drivers. Sue Carol provides love interest. (April)

STRICTLY DYNAMITE—RKO-Radio.—Despite the popular cast—Lupe Velez, Jimmy Durante, William Gargan, Norman Foster, Marian Nixon, Sterling Holloway—this is a pretty weak attempt at humor. (July)

SUCCESS AT ANY PRICE—RKO-Radio.—Story material so poor that in spite of Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s fine work, and efforts of Colleen Moore, Genevieve Tobin, Frank Morgan, Nydia Westman, film just doesn't click. (May)

★ **SUCH WOMEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—Splendid casting, genuine situations, suspense, and deft direction put this up with the best of them. Warner Baxter is a novelist, and Rochelle Hudson the young poetess infatuated by him. Mona Barrie. (July)

TAKE THE STAND—Liberty.—Columnist Jack LaRue is murdered while broadcasting in locked room. Several persons have motive. But who did it? Good cast includes Thelma Todd, Leslie Fenton, Vince Barnett. (May)

★ **TARZAN AND HIS MATE**—M-G-M.—A breath-taking production that skilfully blends realism and fantasy. *Tarzan* Johnny Weissmuller, Maureen O'Sullivan and Neil Hamilton are aptly directed by Cedric Gibbons. Perhaps too gory for young children. (July)

THIRTY DAY PRINCESS—Paramount.—Sparkling humor, with a touch of satire in this yarn about mythical-kingdom princess Sylvia Sidney's eventful visit to America. Cary Grant handles his rôle with finesse. (July)

★ **THIS MAN IS MINE**—RKO-Radio.—Society comedy-drama. Irene Dunne, Ralph Bellamy, Constance Cummings form interesting triangle. Sparkling dialogue. Kay Johnson deserves honors. (May)

THIS SIDE OF HEAVEN—M-G-M.—A realistic tale—one hectic day in the life of the *Turner* family. Lionel Barrymore, Fay Bainter and children emerge no worse for the wear. (April)

3 ON A HONEYMOON—Fox.—Trouble starts when Sally Eilers pursues officer Charles Starrett on round-the-world cruise. Poor story, but cast including ZaSu Pitts and Henrietta Crosman creates fair amount of interest. (June)

THUNDERING HERD, THE—Paramount.—A well-directed Zane Grey tale with old-timers Harry Carey, Monte Blue, Noah Beery and Raymond Hatton. Randolph Scott and Judith Allen provide love interest. (Feb.)

★ **TRUMPET BLOWS, THE**—Paramount.—George Raft's scenes in bull-ring provide thrilling moments as brother Adolphe Menjou, bandit posing as rancher, and Frances Drake, loved by both men, tensely await outcome of the great encounter. (June)

★ **20th CENTURY**—Columbia.—Fast-moving, hilarious comedy, satirically veneered. As the eccentric producer, molding shop-girl Carole Lombard into a star, John Barrymore is superb. Walter Connolly and excellent supporting cast. (July)

★ **TWENTY MILLION SWEETHEARTS**—First National.—Through efforts of Pat O'Brien, and Ginger Rogers' "giving him the air," Dick Powell becomes radio sensation. Hit songs, grand supporting cast. (June)

TWO ALONE—RKO-Radio.—A dull farm tale, featuring Jean Parker as the enslaved orphan and Tom Brown, the boy she loves, also bound to farm drudgery by Arthur Byron. ZaSu Pitts and Nydia Westman. (March)

UNCERTAIN LADY—Universal.—A comedy of errors, with Edward Everett Horton making most of the errors, and Genevieve Tobin willing to divorce him if he'll find her another husband. (July)

UNKNOWN BLONDE—Majestic.—The fine work of Edward Arnold, Dorothy Revier, and John Miljan is the only thing that makes this yarn about unethical divorce practice worthy of some little mention. (July)

UPPERWORLD—Warners.—In self-defense Warren William shoots jealous lover who killed dancer Ginger Rogers. After his exoneration, William goes away with wife Mary Astor and son Dickie Moore. Good performances offset trite plot. (June)

VERY HONORABLE GUY, A—First National.—Honest gambler Joe E. Brown sells his body to science to pay debt, but when "delivery date" arrives, Joe escapes his bargain. Entertaining. (June)

★ **VIVA VILLA!**—M-G-M.—Action galore in this fine portrayal of the colorful life of Villa, Mexico's barbarous bandit, by Wallace Beery. Good work by Henry B. Walthall. (April)

VOICE IN THE NIGHT—Columbia.—Something going on every minute in this melodramatic telephone construction story with Tim McCoy in his usual hero rôle. Suspense well sustained. (June)

WE'RE NOT DRESSING—Paramount.—Sailor Bing Crosby romancing with wealthy Carole Lombard, George Burns and Gracie Allen do a knock-out show. Lots of grand songs, too, with Ethel Merman doing her bit. (July)

WHARF ANGEL—Paramount.—Good theme that didn't jell. Yarn about hard-guy Victor McLaglen selling out Preston Foster and finally making noble sacrifice to redeem himself. Dorothy Dell is the girl. Alison Skipworth. (May)

★ **WHERE SINNERS MEET**—RKO-Radio.—A bachelor's hobby of waylaying couples eloping over the Dover Road, provides interesting screen material. Clive Brook, Diana Wynyard, Billie Burke, Alan Mowbray, and especially Reginald Owen give brilliant performances. (July)

WHEELS OF DESTINY—Universal.—Plenty of action, with Indian fights, buffalo stampedes, prairie fires and a terrific rainstorm, to say nothing of Ken Maynard and his horse, Tarzan. Children will be thrilled. (March)

WHIRLPOOL—Columbia.—Powerful melodrama in which Jack Holt, railroaded on murder charge, fakes death notice to free wife Lila Lee. Later, he makes even greater sacrifice for daughter Jean Arthur. Donald Cook. (July)

★ **WILD CARGO**—RKO-Radio.—The film story of Frank Buck's most recent expedition into the Malay Jungle, with a detailed explanation of each scene. Interesting and beautifully photographed. (June)

WILD GOLD—Fox.—Good cast, but this misses being the saga of the old ghost mining towns by a long shot. John Boles plays drunken engineer in love with Claire Trevor, and Roger Imhof is a desert prospector. (July)

WINE, WOMEN AND SONG—Monogram.—To save her daughter (Marjorie Moore), in love with dance director Matty Kemp, from clutches of theatrical operator Lew Cody, Lilyan Tashman poisons Lew and herself. Nothing new here. (Feb.)

WITCHING HOUR, THE—Paramount.—If hypnotism has any appeal, you'll enjoy this screen version of Augustus Thomas' famous play. John Halliday, possessor of uncanny hunches, Tom Brown, Judith Allen Sir Guy Standing all do well. (July)

WOMAN'S MAN, A—Monogram.—In her screen comeback, Marguerite De La Motte causes prize-fighter Wallace Ford some concern as to his career. But she sets things right again after the big fight. Fair. (March)

WOMAN UNAFRAID—Goldsmith Prod.—Sufficient suspense in this tale of female detective Lucille Gleason, who defies perils of gangdom. Lona Andre, "Skeets" Gallagher. (April)

WOMAN WHO DARED, THE—Wm. Berke Prod.—Assisted by reporter Monroe Owsley, Claudia Dell manages to outwit gangsters who threaten to bomb her textile plant. Good cast; fair story. (Feb.)

WOMEN IN HIS LIFE, THE—M-G-M.—A very melodramatic tale about a lawyer (Otto Kruger) who finds himself in the odd position of defending the man who has murdered the woman he (Kruger) loved. Una Merkel, Roscoe Karns provide comedy relief. Ben Lyon is young love interest. (Feb.)

★ **WONDER BAR**—First National.—Al Jolson, Dick Powell, Dolores Del Rio and Ricardo Cortez furnish gay, sophisticated entertainment at the Wonder Bar Café. And Kay Francis does well with a small rôle. (April)

YOU CAN'T BUY EVERYTHING—M-G-M.—Excellent characterization by May Robson as scheming old woman who has devoted her life to pursuit of gold. William Bakewell, Lewis Stone, Jean Parker do fine work. (April)

YOU MADE ME LOVE YOU—Majestic Pictures.—In this swift-paced English farce we see a new Thelma Todd. The "Taming of the Shrew" idea, with Stanley Lupino adding much to the film. (Feb.)

YOU'RE TELLING ME—Paramount.—Assisted by Princess Adrienne Ames, W. C. Fields brings about marriage of his daughter Joan Marsh to wealthy Buster Crabbe. A barrel of fun, with Fields scoring high. Louise Carter. (June)

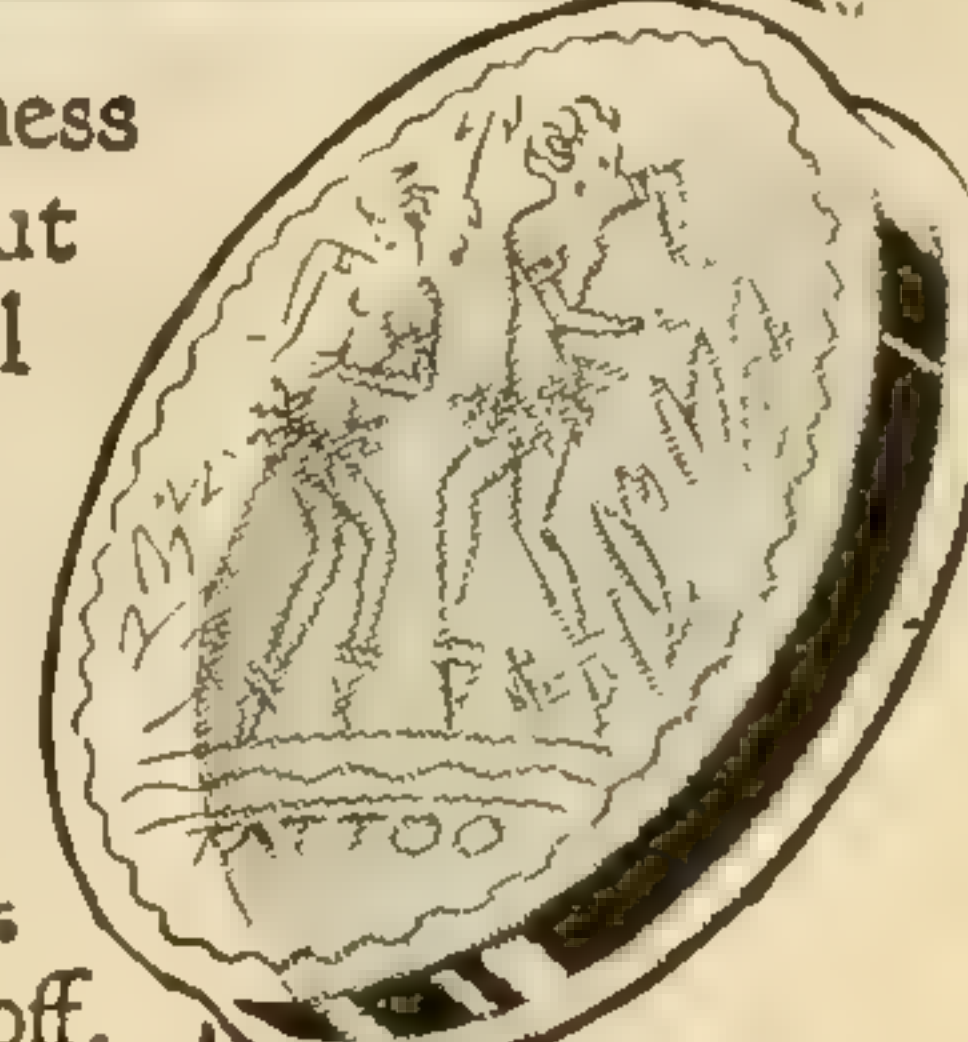
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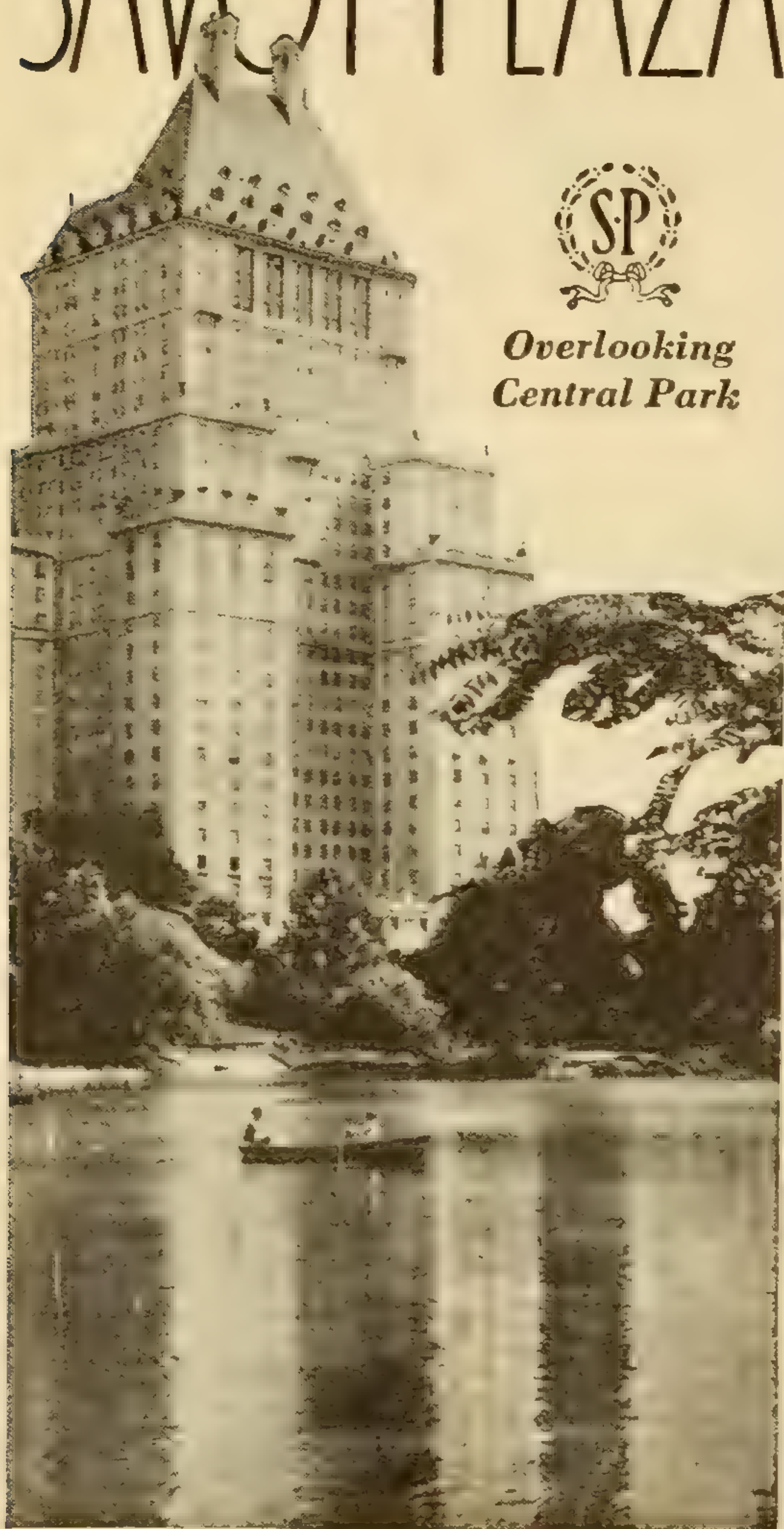
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Basking in the sun between polo matches at Delmonte (left to right): Mrs. C. M. Converse; Hal Roach, member of the winning Pacific Coast Senior team; Arthur Perkins, five-goal poloist; Mary Carlisle

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See Page 114, this issue, for offer that will bring PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE each month

Screen Memories From Photoplay

15 Years Ago

THE field of the motion picture broadened amazingly: They served science more and more. The queerest films yet projected revealed the work and love life of germs. As propaganda, Producer William A. Brady wrote: "The motion picture could, if it would, elect a President of the United States." Rupert Hughes pooh-poohed the idea that the films were an evil influence on youth. Doug Fairbanks directed W. G. (now Senator) McAdoo's family in a home movie. Our critic spoke of D. W. Griffith's "Broken Blossoms," with Lillian Gish and Barthelmess, as "the first genuine tragedy of the movies," and "the very finest expression of the screen so far." Other current hits included "Daddy Long Legs" (Mary Pickford), "Pretty Smooth" (Priscilla Dean), "I'll

H. B.
Warner

Get Him Yet" (Dorothy Gish), "The Knickerbocker Buckaroo" (Fairbanks), "Oh, You Women!" (Ernest Truex), "Fires of Faith" (Catherine Calvert). The immaculate H. B. Warner told "How to Hold a Baby," illustrating with his eight-month-old Joan. Warner is now to be seen in the British production of "Sorrell and Son," which he made over here in 1927. Pages of pictures of bathing beauties of the day looked as if they were dressed for a Byrd Antarctic expedition. Director Mickey Neilan, wanting the juvenile rôle in Pickford's "Daddy Long Legs" well played, decided to return to acting himself. Lovely Anna Q. Nilsson's middle initial, we discovered, stands for Querentia. Remember Katherine MacDonald? We had a story on her. On the cover—Alice Brady.

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10 Years Ago

FLORENCE VIDOR'S tennis teas were a social rage in Hollywood and she was toast of the town. Miss Vidor has been in retirement since 1928, the wife of Jascha Heifetz. Leading women were much excited over Ronald Colman, a new success. Continuing its search for old-time stars, PHOTOPLAY found Mary Fuller, who had lived in seclusion since 1916, and reported her plan to come back. Booth Tarkington wrote a tribute to Tom Meighan: "... his attitude, in reference to his success, is so little vainglorious that it might be called apologetic." Jobyna Ralston, a Harold Lloyd discovery, was blossoming into prominence at eighteen. And Ben Alexander, at thirteen, was described as "A Leading Man Whose Ambition Is to Have Long Pants." Fatty Arbuckle was ready to return to vaude-

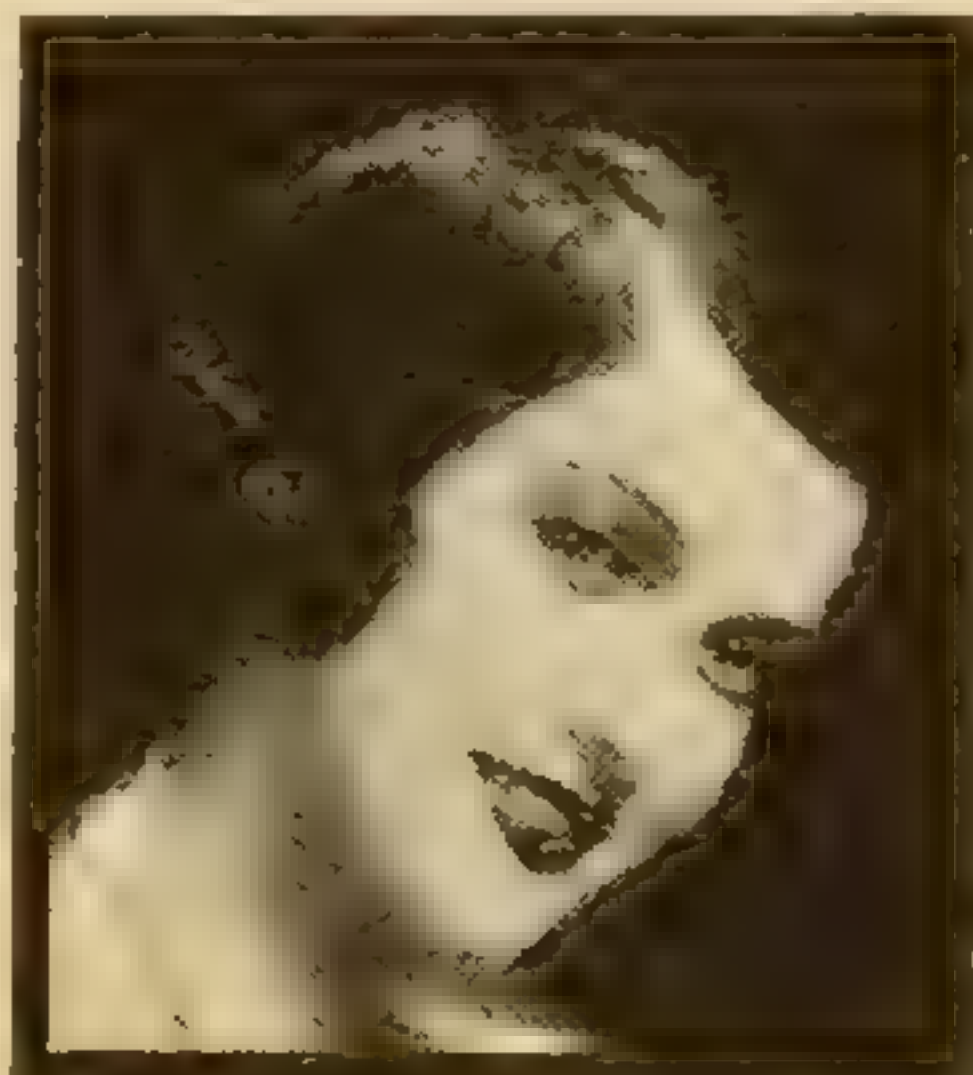
Florence
Vidor

ville. Oscar Shaw, the song and dance man, was called a success in pictures after making his first. Pauline Frederick and Nazimova planned to take a vacation from films for a brief return to the legitimate stage. The author of "Three Weeks" had incorporated herself, becoming Elinor Glyn, Ltd., to free herself from business cares. Estelle Taylor was leading the race of screen

beauties seeking to marry Jack Dempsey. Jetta Goudal was a new thrill in the picture colony. The six best pictures of the month were "The Sea Hawk" (Milton Sills), "Wanderer of the Wasteland" (Jack Holt), "The Signal Tower" (Wallace Beery), "Those Who Dance" (Blanche Sweet), "The Bedroom Window" (Ethel Wales), "Broadway After Dark" (Norma Shearer). Cover: Betty Compson.

5 Years Ago

GRETA GARBO (on our August, 1929, cover) had a double, Geraldine De Vorak, whose resemblance was such as to amaze even Garbo. Miss De Vorak could be mistaken for the star any time, any place. But one thing she could not do: she could not arrive on the set at her leisure and get by with it; as did Garbo. Miss De Vorak, however, has not abandoned her Garboesque appearance to this day—as show girl and model. Jack Gilbert explained why he married Ina Claire: "I simply met the nicest person I'd ever known in all my life." Ina Claire, Cal York discovered, married John Gilbert "because she liked his laughter!" The old line movie folk, long aloof and suspicious of the Broadway invaders who came to work in talkies, were joining hands with them now, to

Mary
Duncan

revolutionize film making. But screen actresses were offering no quarter to husbands who proved "excess baggage," hampering their careers. Jeanette Loff, Helene Costello, Pauline Garon, Dorothy Mackaill were some we told about who had checked their spouses with the judge. And Joan Bennett, just past eighteen, with a child and a divorce, was heading for stardom after appearing

opposite Colman in "Bulldog Drummond." Mary Duncan was the new sex-appeal riot. She retired when she married Laddie Sanford, the poloist, last year. The best pictures were "Broadway" (Glenn Tryon), "Evangeline" (Dolores Del Rio), "The Argyle Case" (Tom Meighan), "On With the Show" (Joe E. Brown), "Fashions in Love" (Adolphe Menjou), "Prisoners" (Corinne Griffith).

The Fan Club Corner

THE Second Annual National Convention of Movie Fan Clubs is fast approaching. It will be held in Chicago, August 11-12-13. Those planning to be in Chicago at that time are asked to write to the organization sponsoring this year's convention—the Movie Club Guild. Information regarding the entertainment, headquarters, business sessions, etc. may be had by writing either Lenore Heidorn, secretary of the Movie Club Guild, 5737 S. Artesian Ave., Chicago, or to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs, 919 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago. A large number of delegates from various clubs throughout the country will no doubt be at the convention again this year and a happy time is anticipated by all. Don't forget! Write for further details right away!

The new membership cards for the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs will be sent out soon. If you are a member of a fan club belonging to the Association, you are entitled to one of these new membership cards. They are attractively designed and will bear the official seal of the Association and the signature of your club official. Club presidents and secretaries are asked to be on the look-out for these membership cards and further instructions.

For the benefit of those who wish to establish fan clubs in their home towns, it is more easily accomplished in the following manner: Select your membership from friends and acquaintances, draw up plans for an organization to suit all members. Select a name in keeping with your interests and efforts. Do not select a star's name, or a motion picture player's name for your club, because you must, in such a case, obtain the personal approval and sanction of the star involved. This is often difficult to obtain. A club enjoying a program of entertaining activities such as movie parties, regular club meetings at the homes of club members etc., does not need the personal permission of any star or player to make it a happy and instructive movie friendship club. After your club is organized and your officers selected, write to the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs for an official membership application blank. When your club has been admitted into the Association, it will share in the benefits just the same as clubs sponsoring and bearing a star's name.

Welcome to the New Rudy Vallee Booster Club! This enthusiastic club sponsoring Rudy Vallee has a splendid membership and is doing great things. The club bulletin, "The Vallee Voice," is an interesting and well arranged news organ of club activities. Those interested in joining this new-member club of the PHOTOPLAY Association of Movie Fan Clubs should write to Beatrice Gordon, president, 1411 Wilkins Ave., New York City.

The new members of the Bodil Rosing Fan Club have their names listed in the latest issue of "Bodil and Her Fans," the club paper. Millie Wist, 177 S. Citrus Ave., Los Angeles, Calif., will send interested fans information.

The Bing Crosby Club recently appointed some officers, other than the president. Mrs. Doris Rivenbark is the new secretary. Maris Daniels and Adele Dracatos comprise the welcoming committee. Bing Crosby fans are asked to write to Mrs. Doris Rivenbark, 1881 Beersford Road, East Cleveland, Ohio.

"The Chronicle" is the new publication of the Ginger Rogers Club. The last issue of their club news contains the names of the sixty-seven active members, a list of the honoraries, and much news of the happenings of the club. Marion L. Hesse, 154 Elm St., Elizabeth, N. J., is president.

Donato R. Cedrone, president of the Tom Brown Fan Club, writes: "I wish to extend my thanks to the Association for acquainting so many fans with my club, as I have received many new members since my club joined the Association. Also, Tom Brown is planning a vacation trip to Cape Cod, in Massachusetts, this summer, if his work will permit him to leave the west coast. I hope to visit him there if all plans materialize." Mr. Cedrone's address is 288 Nevada St., Newtonville, Mass.

For all information regarding the Joan Crawford Fan Club please address Marion L. Dommer, 9717-81st St., Ozone, N. Y.

Miss Helen Moltz, Route No. 3, Sheboygan, Wis., sends word that she expects to be at the club convention again this year. She is president of the Joel McCrea Fan Club. McCrea fans are welcomed to write her about the club.

Many inquiries have been received regarding Dick Powell's club. For news of this organization write to Chaw Mank, 226 E. Mill St., Staunton, Ill. Mr. Mank is also president of the Movie Fans' Friendship Club. All "shut-ins" are invited to write him about this new department of their club.

Miss Lucile Carlson, president of the Alice White Fan Club, 206 E. Main St., Detroit Lakes, Minn., writes that her club will accept a few more girl members at this time.

The Chicago members of the Movie Club Guild are busy with arrangements for a large party to complete plans for the coming August convention.

Lenore Heidorn, president of the Billie Dove Club, entertained the Guild officers at a meeting in her home recently. It was decided at this time that a visit to the Century of Progress, the Hollywood Exhibit, and a trip to Chicago's Chinatown were to be definite entertainment features of the coming convention. Theater parties, luncheons and sight-seeing trips of special interest will be added to the many events already planned. The official program of events will be completed soon. Write for your copy.

The Movie Guild contains members of the following clubs: Agnes Ayres Club, Dolores Del Rio Club, Billie Dove Fan Club, Johnny Downs Club, Ivan Lebedeff Club, Ruth Roland Club, Barbara Stanwyck Buddies, Gloria Stuart Club and the Douglass Montgomery Club. Walter Dreffein, 951 N. Drake Ave., Chicago, is publicity director for the Guild.

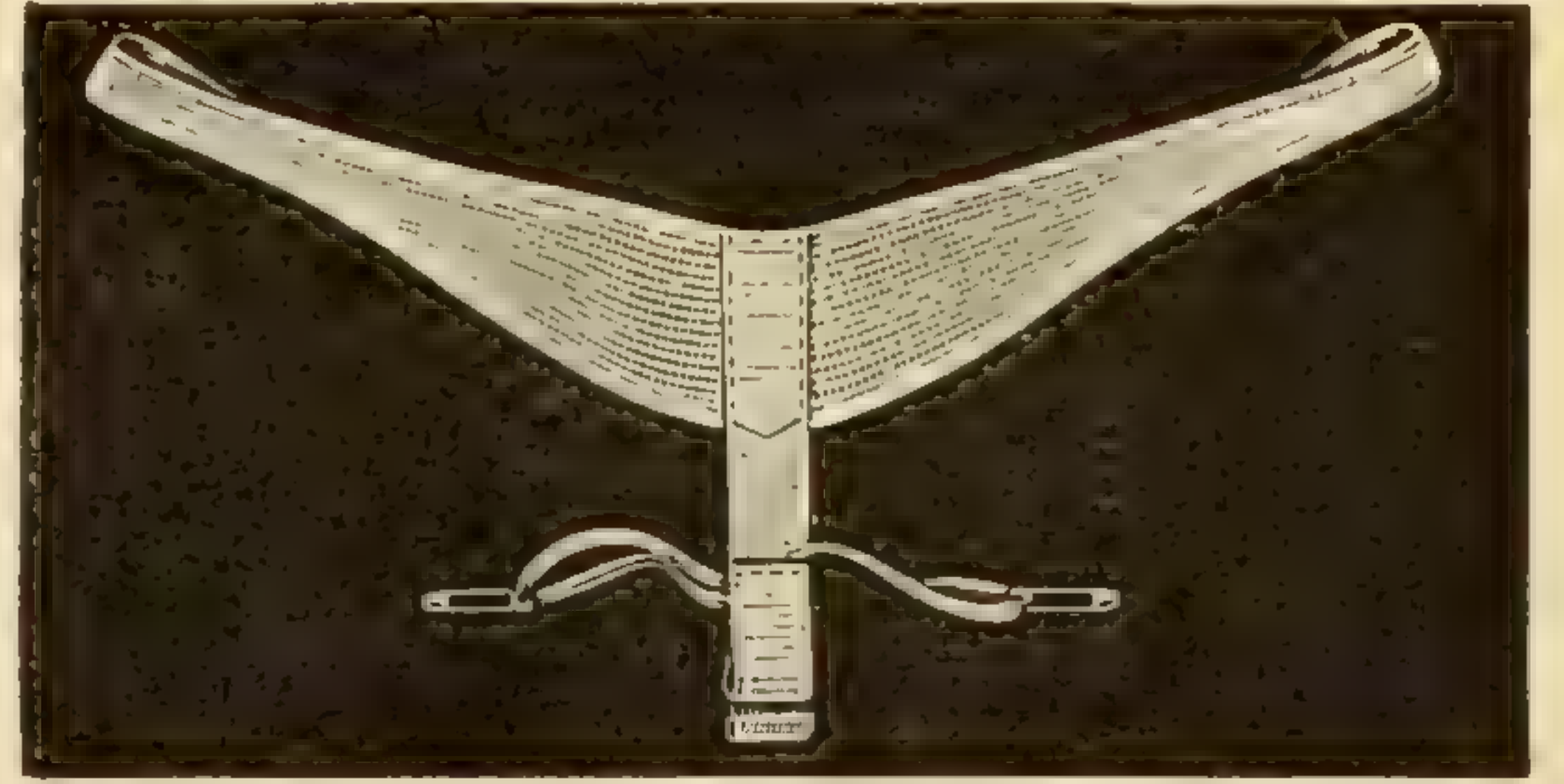
Franchot Tone fans are invited to write to Phyllis Carlyle, president of the Silver Star Club, 3 Cumberland Terrace, Portland, Maine, for membership news.

Irene Brettmann, 895 Park Ave., New York City, is president of the Maureen O'Sullivan Fan Club. Fans of Miss O'Sullivan can get information about her club by writing to Miss Brettmann.

Etheline Thornburg, 809 E. 15th St., Minneapolis, Minn., is president of the Foto Fans Club. Write her for club information.

Carl Lefler, president of the Dorothy Jordan Fan Club, 819 West Center St., Decatur, Ill., wants all of Miss Jordan's fans to write to him.

Comfort WHEN YOU NEED IT MOST

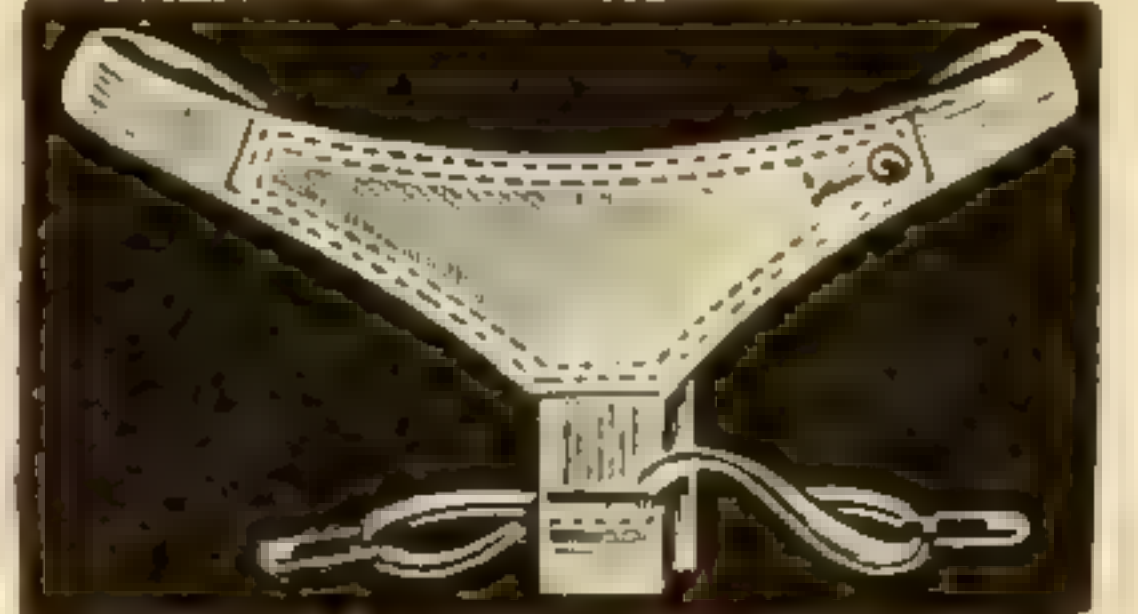


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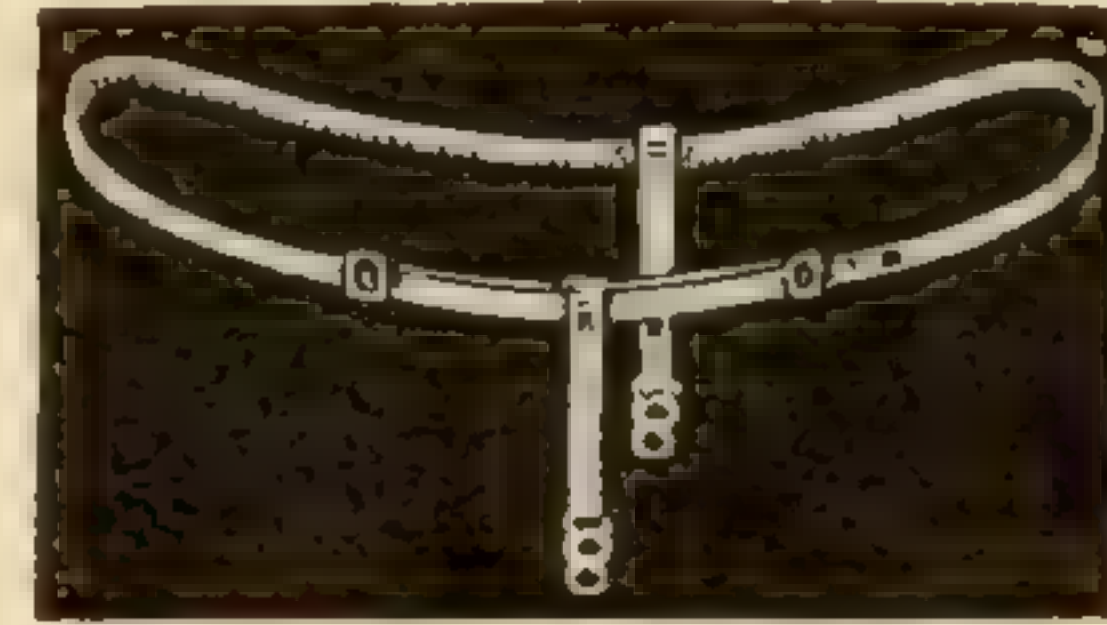
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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"BEYOND BENGAL"—SHOWMEN'S PICTURES.—From the story by Harry Schenck. Directed by Harry Schenck. The cast: Harry Schenck; *A British Scientist*, Joan Baldwin; *Miss Baldwin's Maid*, Bee; *Interpreter*, Badri; *No. One Gunner*, Captain Nain Sei; *No. One Native*, Tao Blin; *Schenck's Man-Servant*, Ali.

"BLUE LIGHT, THE"—MAYFAIR PROD.—Story and direction by Leni Riefenstahl. The cast: *Junta*, Leni Riefenstahl.

"BLUE STEEL"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Robert N. Bradbury. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *John Beaumont*, John Wayne; *Betty Mason*, Eleanor Hunt; *Sheriff*, George Hayes; *Melgrove*, Ed Peil; *Danti*, Yakima Canutt; *Innkeeper*, George Cleveland; *Bridegroom*, George Nash.

"BULLDOG DRUMMOND STRIKES BACK"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the novel by H. C. McNeile. Screen play by Nunnally Johnson. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Hugh Drummond*, Ronald Colman; *Lola Field*, Loretta Young; *Prince Achmed*, Warner Oland; *Algy*, Charles Butterworth; *Gwen*, Una Merkel; *Inspector Nielson*, C. Aubrey Smith; *Dr. Owen Sothorn*, Arthur Hohl; *Singh*, George Regas; *Lola's Aunt*, Ethel Griffies; *Hassan*, Mischa Auer; *Parker*, Douglas Gerrard; *1st Bobby*, Halliwell Hobbes; *2nd Bobby*, E. E. Clive.

"CALL IT LUCK"—FOX.—From the story by Dudley Nichols and Lamar Trotti. Adapted by Joseph Cunningham and Harry McCoy. Directed by James Tinling. The cast: *Pat Laurie*, Pat Paterson; *Herbert Biggelwade*, Herbert Mundin; *Stan Russell*, Charles Starrett; *"Lucky" Luke Barillett*, Gordon Westcott; *Amy Lark*, Georgia Caine; *Nat Underwood*, Theodore Von Eltz; *Lord Poindexter*, Reginald Mason; *Sid Carter*, Ernest Wood; *"Brainwave" Flynn*, Ray Mayer; *Alice Blue*, Susan Fleming.

"CHANGE OF HEART"—FOX.—From the novel "Manhattan Love Song" by Kathleen Norris. Screen play by Sonya Levien and James Gleason. Directed by John G. Blystone. The cast: *Catherine Furness*, Janet Gaynor; *Chris Thring*, Charles Farrell; *Mack McGowan*, James Dunn; *Madge Rountree*, Ginger Rogers; *Harriet Hawkins*, Beryl Mercer; *Dr. Kreutzmann*, Gustav Von Seyffertitz; *Shirley*, Shirley Temple; *Greta Hailstrom*, Irene Franklin; *T. P. McGowan*, Fiske O'Hara; *Mrs. Mockby, Jr.*, Drue Leyton; *Mrs. Rountree*, Mary Carr; *Mrs. McGowan*, Jane Darwell; *Howard Jackson*, Kenneth Thomson; *Mrs. Mockby*, Nella Walker; *Phyllis Carmichael*, Barbara Barondess.

"CHANNEL CROSSING"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—Based on the book by Angus MacPhail and W. P. Lipscomb. Directed by Milton Rosmer. The cast: *Jacob van Eeden*, Matheson Lang; *Marion Slade*, Constance Cummings; *Peter Bradley*, Anthony Bushell; *Nigel Gulhrrie*, Nigel Bruce; *Vi Gulhrrie*, Dorothy Dickson; *Trotter*, Edmund Gwenn; *Dr. Walkley*, Douglas Jefferies; *The Captain*, H. G. Stoker; *A Traveler*, Max Miller.

"CIRCUS CLOWN, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story by Bert Kalmar and Harry Ruby. Directed by Ray Enright. The cast: *Happy Howard*, Joe E. Brown; *Alice*, Patricia Ellis; *Bebe*, Dorothy Burgess; *Poodles Hanneford*, himself; *Vaudeville act*, Ernest Clarke; *Jack Oakley*, Donald Dillaway; *Happy, as a boy*, Gordon Evans; *Ajax*, Harry Woods; *Dickie*, Ronnie Cosby; *Moxley*, John Sheehan; *Barker*, Earl Hodgins; *Ringmaster*, Wm. Demarest; *Mac*, Tom Dugan; *Sheldon*, Charles Wilson; *Slim*, Lee Moran; *Kingsley*, Wm. Davidson.

"COCKEYED CAVALIERS"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Edward Kaufman and Ben Holmes. Directed by Mark Sandrich. The cast: *Bert Wheeler*, Bert Wheeler; *Robert Woolsey*, Robert Woolsey; *Lady Genevieve*, Thelma Todd; *Lucette*, Dorothy Lee; *The Baron*, Noah Beery; *Duke of Iveskil*, Robert Greig; *The Baron's Friend*, Henry Sedley.

"EMBARRASSING MOMENTS"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by William Anthony McGuire. Screen play by Gladys Unger and Charles Logue. Directed by Edward Laemmle. The cast: *Jerry*, Chester Morris; *Jane*, Marian Nixon; *Paul*, Walter Woolf; *Runyon*, Huntly Gordon; *Ahearn*, Alan Mowbray; *Slug*, John Wray; *Morganza*, Henry Armetta; *Miss Dudd*, Gay Seabrook; *Bartender*, Herman Bing; *Mrs. Stockleburger*, Jane Darwell; *Saunders*, Charles E. Coleman; *Mother*, Virginia Sale; *District Attorney*, Charles Wilson; *Jose*, Christian Frank; *House Guest*, Carl Miller; *Attorney*, John F. Murray; *Louie*, George Stone.

"FRIDAY THE 13TH"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Sidney Gilliat and G. H. Moresby-White. Directed by Victor Saville. The cast: *Alf*, Sonnie Hale; *Frank Parsons*, Frank Lawton; *Eileen*, Ursula Jeans; *Millie*, Jessie Matthews; *Fred*, Cyril Smith; *Joe*, Max Miller; *Wakefield*, Edmund Gwenn; *Flora*, Mary Jerrold; *Blake*, Emyln Williams; *Mary*, Belle Chrystal.

"FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Elmer Davis. Screen play by Warren Duff and Sidney Sutherland. Directed by Edward Ludwig. The cast: *Asaph Holliday*, Charlie Ruggles; *Beulah*, Ann Dvorak; *Rixey*, Eugene Pallette; *Olga*, Dorothy Tree; *Alex Romanoff*, Robert Barrat; *Folsom*, Harry Beresford; *Brumbaugh*, Berton Churchill; *Prime*, William Davidson; *Millie*, Dorothy Burgess; *Mike*, Harry Tyler.

"GREAT FLIRTATION, THE"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story "I Loved An Actress" by Gregory Ratoff. Screen play by Humphrey Pearson. Directed by Ralph Murphy. The cast: *Zita Marishka*, Elissa Landi; *Karpalh*, Adolphe Menjou; *Larry Kenyon*, David Manners; *Joe Lang*, Lynne Overman; *Henry Morgan*, Raymond Walburn; *Mikos*, Adrian Rosley; *Herr Direktor*, Paul Porcasi; *Arpad*, George Baxter; *Queen*, Judith Vosselli; *Paul Wengler*, Akim Tamiroff; *Bigelow*, Vernon Steele.

"HERE COMES THE GROOM"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Richard F. Flounoy. Screen play by Leonard Praskins and Casey Robinson.



He's twenty-six now and married, but Wesley Barry, of "Penrod" fame, plays a barefoot boy rôle in "The Life of Vergie Winters"

Directed by Edward Sedgwick. The cast: *Mike Scanlon*, Jack Haley; *Mrs. Widden*, Mary Boland; *Patricia Randolph*, Patricia Ellis; *Jim*, Neil Hamilton; *Angy*, Isabel Jewell; *Marvin Hale*, Larry Gray; *Lieut. Detective Weaver*, Sidney Toler; *George Randolph*, E. H. Calvert; *1st Cop*, James Burtis; *2nd Cop*, Ward Bond; *3rd Cop*, James Farley; *Porter*, Snowflake; *Buller*, Arthur Treacher; *1st Gunman*, Ernest S. Adams; *2nd Gunman*, Edwin Sturgis.

"HE WAS HER MAN"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Directed by Lloyd Bacon. The cast: *Flicker Hayes*, James Cagney; *Rose*, Joan Blondell; *Pop*, Frank Craven; *J. C. Ward*, Harold Huber; *Deering*, George Pat Collins; *Nick*, Victor Jory; *Mrs. Gardella*, Sarah Padden; *Monk Shevlin*, Russell Hopton; *Red Deering*, Ralph Harold; *Dutch*, J. M. Qualen; *Dan*, Bradley Page; *Whitey*, James Eagle; *Waiter*, George Chandler; *Gassey*, Samuel Hines.

"HIGH SCHOOL GIRL"—BRYAN FOY PROD.—From the story by Crane Wilbur. Adapted by Crane Wilbur and Wallace Thurman. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: *Beth Andrews*, Cecilia Parker; *Jane Andrews*, Helen MacKellar; *Will Andrews*, Mahlon Hamilton; *Rob Andrews*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Bryson*, Crane Wilbur; *Phil Cudahy*, Noel Warwick.

"I CAN'T ESCAPE"—BEACON PROD.—From the story by Jerry Sackheim and Nathan Asch. Screen play by Faith Thomas. Directed by Otto Brower.

The cast: *Steve*, Onslow Stevens; *Mae*, Lila Lee; *Tom*, Russell Gleason; *Bonn*, Otis Harlan; *Harley*, Hooper Atchley; *Donovan*, Bill Desmond; *Irish Cop*, Eddie Gribbon; *Princeton*, Kane Richmond; *Mrs. Wilson*, Clara Kimball Young; *Mr. Watson*, Nat Carr; *Douglas*, John Elliott.

"I GIVE MY LOVE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Vicki Baum. Screen play by Doris Anderson. Directed by Karl Freund. The cast: *Paul Vajda*, Paul Lukas; *Judy Blair*, Wynne Gibson; *Paul Jr. (at 21)*, Eric Linden; *Alex Blair*, John Darrow; *Bogey*, Sam Hardy; *Paul Jr. (at 12)*, Tad Alexander; *Alice*, Dorothy Appleby.

"KEY, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by R. Gore-Brown and J. L. Hardy. Screen play by Laird Doyle. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Norah*, Edna Best; *Captain Tennant*, William Powell; *Andrew Kerr*, Colin Clive; *Pauline*, Maxine Doyle; *Conlan*, Donald Crisp; *O'Duffy*, J. M. Kerrigan; *Kirby*, Philip Regan; *Dan*, Henry O'Neill; *Barmaid*, Gertrude Short; *Homer*, Hobart Cavanaugh; *Lt. Merriam*, Arthur Treacher; *The General*, Halliwell Hobbes; *Flower Girl*, Dawn O'Day.

"KISS AND MAKE-UP"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Stephen Bekeffi. Screen play by George Marion, Jr., and Harlan Thompson. Directed by Harlan Thompson. The cast: *Dr. Maurice Lamar*, Cary Grant; *Anne*, Helen Mack; *Eve Caron*, Genevieve Tobin; *Marcel Caron*, Edward Everett Horton; *Max Pascal*, Lucien Littlefield; *Countess Rita*, Mona Maris; *Vilma*, Katherine Williams; *Magda*, Lucille Lund; *Rolando*, Rafael Storm; *Mme. Severac*, Mme. Bonita; *Mme. Durand*, Doris Lloyd; *Maharajah of Baroona*, Milton Wallace; *Plumber*, Sam Ashe; *Landlady*, Helena Phillips; *Consuelo Claghorne*, Toby Wing; *Chairman of Banquet*, Henry Armetta; *Taxi Driver No. 1*, Chick Collins; *Taxi Driver No. 2*, John Sinclair; *Jean, valet*, George Andre Beranger; *Mme. Dupont*, Rita Gould; *Greta*, Dorothy Christy; *Vilma*, Katherine Williams; *Magda*, Lucille Lund; *Beauty Clinic Nurses*, Judith Arlen, Jean Gale, Hazel Hayes, Lu Ann Meredith; *Exercise Instructor*, Dorothy Drake; *Radio Announcer*, Helene Cohan; *Maharajah's Wife*, Jean Carmen; *Radio Listener*, GiGi Parrish; *Lady Rummond-Dray*, Ann Hovey; *Beauty Clinic Patients*, Betty Bryson and Jacqueline Wells.

"LAST GENTLEMAN, THE"—20TH CENTURY-UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play by Katharine Clugston. Screen play by Leonard Praskins. Directed by Sidney Lanfield. The cast: *Cabot Barr*, George Arliss; *Augusta*, Edna May Oliver; *Rachel*, Janet Beecher; *Marjorie*, Charlotte Henry; *Loring*, Ralph Morgan; *Claude*, Edward Ellis; *Allan*, Frank Albertson; *Relta*, Rafaela Ottiano; *Judd*, Donald Meek; *Dr. Wilson*, Joseph Cawthorn; *Professor Schumacker*, Harry C. Bradley.

"LAUGHING BOY"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Oliver La Farge. Screen play by John Colton and John Lee Mahin. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Laughing Boy*, Ramon Novarro; *Slim Girl*, Lupe Velez; *Hartshorne*, William Davidson; *Laughing Boy's Father*, Chief Thunderbird; *Laughing Boy's Mother*, Catalina Rambula; *Tall Man's Boy*, Wounded Face; *Yellow Singer*, F. A. Armenta; *Jesting Squaw's Son*, Deer Spring; *Red Man*, Pellicana.

"LET'S TALK IT OVER"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story "Loves of a Sailor" by Dore Schary and Lewis Foster. Screen play by John Meehan, Jr. Directed by Kurt Neumann. The cast: *Mike McGann*, Chester Morris; *"Pat" Rockland*, Mae Clarke; *Mr. Rockland*, Frank Craven; *Alex*, John Warburton; *Sandra*, Irene Ware; *Gravel*, Andy Devine; *Bill*, Russ Brown; *Peter*, Anderson Lawler; *Helen Wray*, Goodee Montgomery; *Sailor Jones*, Douglas Fowley; *Sailor Murphy*, Tom Dugan; *Buller*, Herbert Corthell.

"LIFE OF VERGIE WINTERS, THE"—RKO-RADIO.—From the story by Louis Bromfield. Screen play by Jane Murfin. Directed by Alfred Santell. The cast: *Vergie Winters*, Ann Harding; *John Shadwell*, John Boles; *Laura Shadwell*, Helen Vinson; *Joan (19 years)*, Betty Furness; *Banny Truesdale*, Frank Albertson; *Hugh McQueen*, Creighton Chaney; *Winnie Belle*, Sara Haden; *Sadie*, Molly O'Day; *Barry Preston*, Ben Alexander; *Mike Davey*, Donald Crisp; *Ella Heenan*, Maidel Turner; *Pearl Turner*, Cecil Cunningham; *Madame Claire*, Josephine Whittell; *Herbert Somerby*, Wesley Barry; *Jim Winters*, Edw. Van Sloan; *Mr. Preston*, Wallis Clark; *Mr. Truesdale*, Edwin Stanley.

"LITTLE MAN, WHAT NOW?"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Hans Fallada. Screen play by William Anthony McGuire. Directed by Frank Borzage. The cast: *Lammchen*, Margaret Sullivan; *Hans Pinneberg*, Douglass Montgomery; *Jachman*, Alan Hale; *Mia Pinneberg*, Catherine Doucet; *Communist*, Fred Kohler; *His Wife*, Mae Marsh; *Emil Kleinholz*, DeWitt Jennings; *Franz Schuller, the Actor*, Alan Mowbray; *Marie Kleinholz*, Muriel Kirkland;

Nurse, Hedda Hopper; Widow Scharrenhofer, Sarah Padden; Frenchman, Earle Foxe; Shultz, George Meeker; Frau Kleinholtz, Bodil Rosing; Kleinholtz, Jr., Donald Haines; Kessler, Monroe Owsley; Heilbut, G. P. Huntley, Jr.; Lauderback, Paul Fix; Dr. Sesam, Carlos de Valdez; Mr. Sesam, Tom Ricketts; Lehman, Frank Reicher; Pullbreeze, Christian Rub; Spannuss, Etienne Girardot; Chauffeur, Max Asher.

"LOVE CAPTIVE, THE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Max Marcin. Continuity by Karen de Wolf. Directed by Max Marcin. The cast: *Dr. Alexis Collender, Nils Asther; Alice Trask, Gloria Stuart; Dr. Norman Ware, Paul Kelly; Roger Loft, Alan Dinehart; Larry Chapman, Russ Brown; Jules Glass, John Wray; Valerie Loft, Renee Gadd; Mary Williams, Virginia Kami; Butler, Robert Greig; Mrs. Forndyce, Jane Meredith; Annie Nolan, Ellalee Ruby; Pete Nolan, Franklin Ardell; Dr. Collins, Addison Richards; Dr. Blake, Sam Godfrey; Dr. Freund, Dimitrius Alexis.*

"MADAME DU BARRY"—WARNERS.—From the story by Edward Chodorov. Screen play by Edward Chodorov. Directed by William Dieterle. The cast: *Du Barry, Dolores Del Rio; Louis XV, Reginald Owen; d'Aiguillon, Victor Jory; Richelieu, Osgood Perkins; Duchess de Grammont, Verree Teasdale; Lebel, Ferdinand Gottschalk; Countess de Berne, Helen Lowell; Adelaide, Dorothy Tree; Marie Antoinette, Anita Louise; Duc de Choiseul, Henry O'Neill; The Dauphin, Maynard Holmes; Professor de la Vauguyon, Hobart Cavanaugh; Bandit Leader, Robert Barrat; English Ambassador, Halliwell Hobbes; Mme. Noailles, Nella Walker; Sophie, Virginia Sale; Master of the Bedroom, Arthur Treacher; Zamore, Jesse Scott; Victorie, Camille Revelle.*

"MAN FROM UTAH, THE"—MONOGRAM.—From the story by Lindsley Parsons. Directed by Robert N. Bradbury. The cast: *John Weston, John Wayne; Marjorie Carter, Polly Ann Young; George Higgins, George Hayes; Cheyenne Kent, Yakima Canutt; Barton, Ed Peil; Dolores, Anita Compillo; Judge Carter, Lafe McKee; Sheriff, George Cleveland.*

"MAN WITH TWO FACES, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by George S. Kaufman and Alexander Woollcott. Screen play by Tom Reed and Niven Busch. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Damon Wells, Edward G. Robinson; Jessica Wells, Mary Astor; Ben Weston, Ricardo Cortez; Dr. Kendall, Arthur Byron; Stanley Vance, Louis Calhern; Patsy, Dorothy Tree; Curtis, David Landau; Inspector, Henry O'Neill; Barry, John Eldredge; Peabody, Virginia Sale; Martha, Margaret Dale; Daphne, Mae Clarke; Morgue Keeper, Harry Tyler; Hattie, Emily Fitzroy.*

"MERRY FRINKS, THE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Gene Markey and Kathryn Scola. Directed by Alfred Green. The cast: *Mom Frink, Aline MacMahon; Uncle Newt, Guy Kibbee; Emmett, Allen Jenkins; Grandma, Helen Lowell; Joe (Pa Frink), Hugh Herbert; Lucille, Joan Wheeler; Norman, Frankie Darro; Mrs. Shinliver, Mabel Turner; Dr. Shinliver, Harry C. Bradley; Oliver, James Bush; Frieda, Joan Sheldon; The Russians, Ivan Linow; Michael Visaroff; Crooked Theatrical Agent, Harold Huber; Ramon Alvarez, Ivan Lebedeff; Camille, Louise Beavers; Mr. Brumby, Harry Beresford; Settlement Worker, Ethel Wales; Truant Officer, Ed Keane; Buller, Charles Coleman.*

"MERRY WIVES OF RENO"—WARNERS.—From the story by Robert Lord. Directed by Bruce Humberstone. The cast: *Frank Hammond, Donald Woods; Madge Hammond, Margaret Lindsay; Bernice, Glenda Farrell; Col. J. Kingsley Fitch, Hugh Herbert; Al, Frank McHugh; Tom Frazer, Guy Kibbee; Lois Frazer, Ruth Donnelly; Trapper, Rosco Ates; Mr. Derwent, Hobart Cavanaugh.*

"MIDNIGHT ALIBI"—FIRST NATIONAL.—Based on the story "The Old Doll's House" by Damon Runyon. Screen play by Warren Duff. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Lance McGowan, Richard Barthelmess; Joan, Ann Dvorak; Abigail, Helen Chandler; The Old Doll, Helen Lowell; Ardsley, Henry O'Neill; Angie, Robert Barrat; Senator, Robert McWade; Wilson, Purnell Pratt; Hughie, Harry Tyler; Babe, Paul Hurst; Blind Man, Arthur Aylesworth; Black Mike, Vincent Sherman.*

"MONEY MEANS NOTHING"—MONOGRAM.—From the play "Cost of Living" by William Anthony McGuire. Adapted by Frances Hyland. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Kenneth, Wallace Ford; Julie, Gloria Shea; Green, Edgar Kennedy; Mrs. Green, Mabel Turner; Mrs. Ferris, Betty Blythe; Robby, Eddie Tamblyn; Helen, Vivian Oakland; George, Richard Tucker; Silverman, Tenen Holtz; Mrs. Silverman, Ann Brody; Buller, Olaf Hytten.*

"MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Travis Ingham. Screen play by Ethel Hill and Dore Schary. Directed by Lambert Hillyer. The cast: *Ellen, Jean Arthur; Bob Kelsey, Donald Cook; Chris Kelsey, Richard Cromwell; Patty O'Day, Anita Louise; Mrs. Kelsey, Mary Forbes; Mrs. O'Day, Jane Darwell; Gubby Gerhart, Ben Alexander; Carter, John Wray; Head Coach, Dutch Hendrian; Assistant Coach, Ward Bond; Mr. Kelsey, Paul Stanton.*

"MURDER AT THE VANITIES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Earl Carroll and Rufus King. Screen play by Carey Wilson and Joseph Gollomb. Directed by Mitchell Leisen. The cast:

Eric Lander, Carl Brisson; Bill Murdock, Victor McLaglen; Jack Ellery, Jack Oakie; Ann Ware, Kitty Carlisle; Norma Watson, Dorothy Stickney; Rita Ross, Gertrude Michael; Mrs. Helene Smith, Jessie Ralph; Homer Boothby, Charles B. Middleton; Sadie Evans, Gail Patrick; Dr. Saunders, Donald Meek; Walsh, Otto Hoffman; Ben, Charles McAvoy; Beryl, Beryl Wallace; Vivien, Barbara Fritchie; Nancy, Toby Wing; Lona, Lona Andre; Stage Manager, Colin Tapley.

"MURDER IN TRINIDAD"—FOX.—From the novel by John W. Vandercock. Screen play by Seton I. Miller. Directed by Louis King. The cast: *Bertram Lynch, Nigel Bruce; Joan Cassell, Heather Angel; Howard Sutter, Victor Jory; Major Bruce Cassell, Murray Kinnell; Gregory Bronson, Douglas Walton; Duval, J. Carrol Naish; Sir Ellery Bronson, Claude King; Inspector Henley, Pat Somers; Davenant, Francis Ford; Meah, John Davidson; Queechee, Noble Johnson.*

"MURDER ON THE BLACKBOARD"—RKO-RADIO.—From the novel by Stuart Palmer. Screen play by Willis Goldbeck. Directed by George Archambaud. The cast: *Hildigard Withers, Edna May Oliver; Inspector Piper, James Gleason; Addison Stevens, Bruce Cabot; Janey Davis, Gertrude Michael; Young Detective, Regis Toomey; Detective Donahue, Edgar Kennedy; Mr. MacFarland, Tully Marshall; Boy Student, Jackie Searl; School Janitor, Fredrik Vogeding; The Teacher Murdered, Barbara Fritchie.*

"ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR"—LIBERTY.—Story suggested by "Search for the Spring" by Eleanor Gates. Screen play by George Waggoner. Directed by William Night. The cast: *Natalie, Marian Nixon; Lyle Stuart, Neil Hamilton; Matheus, William Austin; Uncle John, Raymond Hatton; Judy Bryant, Aileen Pringle; Aunt Henrietta, Kathleen Howard; District Attorney, Bradley Page; George Bryant, George Irving.*

"ONE NIGHT OF LOVE"—COLUMBIA.—From the story by Dorothy Speare and Charles Beahan. Screen play by S. K. Lauren, James Gow and Edmund North. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *Mary, Grace Moore; Monteverdi, Tullio Carminati; Bill, Lyle Talbot; Lally, Mona Barrie; Angelina, Jessie Ralph; Giovanni, Luis Alberni; Galuppi, Andres De Seguro; Frappazini, Rosemary Glosz; Muriel, Nydia Westman.*

"OPERATOR 13"—M-G-M.—From the stories by Robert W. Chambers. Screen play by Harvey Thew, Zella Sears and Eve Greene. Directed by Richard Boleslavsky. The cast: *Gail Loveless, Marion Davies; Captain Jack Gaillard, Gary Cooper; Eleanor, Jean Parker; Pauline, Katherine Alexander; Doctor Hitchcock, Ted Healy; Littledale, Russell Hardie; John Pelham, Henry Wadsworth; General Stuart, Douglas Dumbrille; Captain Channing, Willard Robertson; Sweeney, Fuzzy Knight; Major Allen, Sidney Toler; Colonel Sharpe, Robert McWade; Mrs. Shackelford, Marjorie Gateson; Gaston, Wade Boteler; Operator 55, Walter Long.*

"ORDERS IS ORDERS"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the play by Ian Hay and Anthony Armstrong. Screen play by Sidney Gilliat and Leslie Arliss. Directed by Walter Forde. The cast: *Ardis, Charlotte Greenwood; Waggoner, James Gleason; The Colonel, Cyril Maude; Dave, Finlay Currie; Zingbaum, Percy Parsons; Brigadier, Cedric Hardwicke; Pavey, Donald Calthrop; Captain Harper, Ian Hunter; Patricia, Jane Carr; Dashwood, Ray Milland; Quartermaster, Edwin Lawrence; Slee, Eliot Makeham; Goffin, Hay Plumb.*

"PERSONALITY KID, THE"—WARNERS.—From the story by Gene Towne and Graham Baker. Screen play by Hugh Herbert and Erwin Gelsey. Directed by Alan Crosland. The cast: *Ritzzy, Pat O'Brien; Joan, Glenda Farrell; Patricia, Claire Dodd; Stephen, Henry O'Neill; Gavin, Robert Glecker; Rankin, Thomas Jackson; McPhail, Arthur Vinton; Clarence, Clarence Muse; Duncan, Clay Clement; Tiny, George Cooper; Ed, George Pat Collins; Louie, Al Hill.*

"RETURN OF THE TERROR"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Edgar Wallace. Screen play by Eugene Solow and Peter Milne. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Olga, Mary Astor; Dr. Goodman, Lyle Talbot; Dr. Redmayne, John Halliday; Joe, Frank McHugh; Burke, Irving Pichel; Reinhardt, Frank Reicher; Steve Scola, J. Carrol Naish; Virginia, Renee Whitney; Pudge, Robert Barrat; Soapy, George E. Stone; Bradley, Robert Emmett O'Connor; Mr. Tuttle, Etienne Girardot; Cotton, George Cooper; Jessop, Charles Grapewin; Tony, George Humbert; Mrs. Elvery, Maude Eburne; Miss Doolittle, Cecil Cunningham; Prosecuting Attorney, Frank Conroy.*

"SORRELL AND SON"—BRITISH & DOMINION-UNITED ARTISTS.—Based on the novel by Warwick Deeping. Screen play by Lydia Hayward. Directed by Jack Raymond. The cast: *Sorrell, H. B. Warner; Kit, His Son (child), Peter Penrose; Kit, His Son (adult), Hugh Williams; Molly, Winifred Shotter; Dora, Margot Grahame; Dr. Orange, Donald Calthrop; Buck, Wally Patch; Roland, Evelyn Roberts; Ethel, Hope Davy; Duncan, Louis Heywood; Mrs. Palfrey, Ruby Miller.*

"STOLEN SWEETS"—CHESTERFIELD.—From the story by Karl Brown. Directed by Richard

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Thorpe. The cast: *Patricia Belmont*, Sallie Blane; *Bill Smith*, Charles Starrett; *Barrington Thorne*, Jameson Thomas; *Belmont*, Claude King; *Pralley*, Jane Keckley; *Thorne*, Phillips Smalley; *The Butler*, Tom Ricketts; *Sam*, Johnny Harron; *Betty*, Polly Ann Young; *Rose*, Goodee Montgomery; *Phil*, Maynard Holmes; *Mrs. Belmont*, Ethel Griffies; *Mrs. Thorne*, Maude Turner Gordon; *The Cook*, Aggie Herring.

"THIN MAN, THE"—M-G-M.—From the story by Dashiell Hammett. Screen play by Albert Hackett and Frances Goodrich. Directed by W. S. Van Dyke. The cast: *Nick*, William Powell; *Nora*, Myrna Loy; *Dorothy*, Maureen O'Sullivan; *Guild*, Nat Pendleton; *Mimi*, Minna Gombell; *MacCaulay*, Porter Hall; *Tommy*, Henry Wadsworth; *Gilbert*, William Henry; *Nunheim*, Harold Huber; *Chris*, Cesar Romero; *Julia Wolf*, Natalie Moorhead; *Morelli*, Edward Brophy; *Wynant*, Edward Ellis; *Tanner*, Cyril Thornton.

"TOMORROW'S CHILDREN"—BRYAN FOY PROD.—From the story by Wallace Thurman. Directed by Crane Wilbur. The cast: *Alice*, Diane Sinclair; *Dr. Brook*, Donald Douglas; *Dr. Dorsey*, Sterling Holloway; *Dr. Crosby*, John Preston; *Mrs. Mason*, Sarah Padden; *Jim*, Carlyle Moore, Jr.; *Mr. Mason*, Arthur Wanzer; *Dr. MacIntosh*, Guy Bellis; *Nurse*, Constance Kent; *Spike*, Hiram Hoover.

"TWIN HUSBANDS"—INVINCIBLE.—From the story by Robert Ellis and Anthony Coldewey. Directed by Frank Strayer. The cast: *Jerry Van Trevor*, John Miljan; *Chloe Werrenden*, Shirley Grey; *Colton Drain*, Monroe Owsley; *Gordon Lewis*, Hale Hamilton; *Sergeant Kerrigan*, Robert Elliott; *Red*, Maurice Black; *Chuck*, William Franklin; *Buller*, Wilson Benge.

"WHEN STRANGERS MEET"—LIBERTY.—From the story by Zona Gale. Screen play by Adele Buffington. Directed by Christy Cabanne. The cast: *Paul Tarman*, Richard Cromwell; *Ruth Crane*, Arline Judge; *Barney Crane*, Lucien Littlefield; *John Tarman*, Charles Middleton; *Capt. Manning*, Hale Hamilton; *Mrs. Tarman*, Sarah Padden; *Nell Peck*, Maude Eburne; *Elaine*, Barbara Weeks; *Dolly*, Sheila Terry; *Steve*, Ray Walker; *Mrs. Rosinsky*, Vera Gordon; *Sam Rosinsky*, Lee Kohlmar; *Nick*, Louis Alberni; *Mrs. Mason*, Julia Haydon; *Mr. Schultz*, Herman Bing; *Mr. Peck*, Arthur Hoyt; *Ed Mason*, Franklyn Parker; *Leon Rosinsky*, Sidney Miller; *Mr. Pendleton*, Bryant Washburn.

"WOMAN COMMANDS, THE"—GAUMONT-BRITISH.—From the story by Douglas Furber. Directed by Maurice Elvey. The cast: *Sebastian Marvello*, Edward Everett Horton; *Maisie Marvello*, Jenny Marvello; *Cicely Courtneidge*, Lt. Donald Jamison; *Anthony Bushell*, *Judie Marvello*, *Dorothy Hyson*, *Col. Philip Markham*, *Frank Cellier*, *Albert Marvello*, *Rebla*, *Dan Marvello*, *Bransby Williams*.



A promising young newcomer with an M-G-M contract, you'll be seeing more of this exotic lady soon. Her name is Poppy Wilde

The Shadow Stage

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 51]

EMBARRASSING MOMENTS— Universal

HAVING played one too many jokes on his sweetheart, Marian Nixon, and on a friend, Walter Woolf, Chester Morris has the tables turned on him, with result that he believes himself a murderer, escapes to Mexico and endures harrowing experiences. Grand work by Morris, and never a dull moment.

KISS AND MAKE-UP—Paramount

PLENTY of laughs in this one. Beauty specialist Cary Grant, his patient Genevieve Tobin, Edward Everett Horton, the husband whom she divorces to marry Grant, and Helen Mack, the latter's secretary, are all involved in this merry romantic mix-up. Grant's taxi chase after Helen and Edward Everett will have audiences rolling in the aisles.

I GIVE MY LOVE—Universal

THE players all deserve better than this hoary old tale of the mother (Wynne Gibson) who makes a great sacrifice for her son (played by Tad Alexander, and later by Eric Linden). Paul Lukas surpasses himself as the art instructor who brings up the boy after his father's (John Darrow) death, accidentally, at the hands of the boy's mother.

MOST PRECIOUS THING IN LIFE— Columbia

AS the wife who is railroaded out of her home, Jean Arthur gives a performance that rates right up with the best of them. Too bad it's tossed away in a chromo like this. She turns up in the son's (Richard Cromwell) later life as the "biddy" in his college dormitory, and with her understanding, makes a man out of what was a first-class heel. Donald Cook is excellent.

THE MERRY FRINKS—First National

EVERY cast member is of definite value in making up a comedy well worth your time. Aline MacMahon is superb as *Ma Frink*; Hugh Herbert is *Pa Frink*; Allen Jenkins, their Communist son; Frankie Darro, his smart-aleck brother, and Joan Wheeler, the daughter who believes she can sing. To top everything, Uncle Guy Kibbee moves in.

HERE COMES THE GROOM— Paramount

THIS picture is just so-so. Jack Haley, whom Patricia Ellis introduces to the family as her crooner husband, has his high moments. The real crooner (Larry Gray) turns up, and besides this difficulty, it just happens that Haley's best girl, Isabel Jewell, is maid in the house. Mary Boland and Neil Hamilton are in it. Fair evening's entertainment.

THE LOVE CAPTIVE—Universal

A CONFUSED issue over use of hypnotism in certain illnesses. Nils Asther is the doctor who effects marvelous cures—some-

times, and affects lovely ladies more. Two of these are Gloria Stuart and Renee Gadd. It is reasonably certain that any lady would enjoy being hypnotized by Asther. Paul Kelly and rest of cast fine, but story is weak.

HE WAS HER MAN—Warners

ANOTHER gangster picture, but with a new angle. On the spot, Jimmy Cagney flees from the big town, meets courtesan Joan Blondell and goes with her to a small village where she is to marry fisherman Victor Jory. Jimmy and Joan are right there. Fair entertainment, but not recommended for children.

CALL IT LUCK—Fox

HERBERT MUNDIN'S characterization of a cockney cabby and the fresh charm of the dainty Britisher, Pat Paterson, with a few laughs and a bit of suspense in the story, are the only worthwhile points in this overworked plot—that of a supposedly broken-down horse, winning a big race.

LAUGHING BOY—M-G-M

THE Oliver LaFarge story of Indian Ramon Novarro's love for Lupe Velez who has learned the evil ways of the white race, makes

poor screen fare. Besides the fact that photography is excellent, little can be said for this dull, slow-moving film.

THE GREAT FLIRTATION— Paramount

FAMOUS in his native Budapest, actor Adolphe Menjou goes down-grade upon annexing a wife (Elissa Landi) and trying his luck in America. But now, through a ruse, the wife becomes a star, and falls in love with playwright David Manners. Story is jumbled and sentimental, but colorful. It's Menjou's picture.

FRIENDS OF MR. SWEENEY— Warners

A COMEDY without one guffaw. Weak gags, stale situations and slapstick antics handicap Charles Ruggles who puts forth noble efforts as a once rowdy college lad who becomes a brow-beaten editorial writer. Eugene Pallette, a college chum, shames the old fight back into Charlie. There are gaming tables, false fire alarms and a crooked politician. Ann Dvorak, Berton Churchill.

ORDERS IS ORDERS— Gaumont-British

AN amusing skit from the British film factories, well up to anything that has come out of Hollywood. Excepting Jimmy Gleason and Charlotte Greenwood—a grand comedy team—the cast is all English. As a director and his nervy assistant, filming scenes at the barracks, they are a riot. Good support.

MERRY WIVES OF RENO—Warners

FEEBLE and unamusing, weak material, too much even for its good cast. Margaret Lindsay catches husband Donald Woods in a falsehood and heads for Reno with Ruth Donnelly, bent on divorcing Guy Kibbee. Guy, unaware of this, accompanies Woods to Reno to help patch up things. Then comes trapping of the innocent wives with Hugh Herbert, Glenda Farrell, Frank McHugh, Rosco Ates, and Hobart Cavanaugh.

SORRELL AND SON— British & Dominion—United Artists

WARWICK DEEPING'S famous story of love of a father and son is beautifully told in this English production. Not an exciting picture, but one that will hold your interest and make you weep. H. B. Warner does a splendid acting job as *Sorrell*, the rôle he played in the silent version of the film some years ago.

MURDER IN TRINIDAD—Fox

AN exciting melodrama in a romantic setting. Diamonds in great quantities are mysteriously smuggled out of Trinidad. When the British attempt to find the smugglers, two Englishmen are murdered. Nigel Bruce, as the eccentric detective who unravels the mys-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]



Unfaithful! And Bette Davis has just confessed. It's a close-up of the actress in a dramatic scene from "Of Human Bondage"

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 125]

tery, is excellent. Good work by Heather Angel, Douglas Walton, and Victor Jory.

FRIDAY THE 13TH—Gaumont-British

AND on this day of days we check back the events of six different groups, all involved, directly or indirectly, in a bus accident occurring at midnight. Cast is English, and every member does a splendid dramatic acting job. Carefully directed; generally appealing.

BEYOND BENGAL—Showmen's Pictures

MORE excitement in the jungle, wild elephants stampeding, flipping boats filled with natives around like straws, crocodiles crunching away at tasty humans, pythons throwing new and old wrestling holds on screaming monkeys—and, in addition, a touching native romance.

THE PERSONALITY KID—Warners

PAT O'BRIEN as *Ritz* an egotistical prize-fighter believes he is winning on his ability, instead he is framed by friend wife, who is also his manager, Glenda Farrell. But he finds out, and leaves her, going down, down, down, until he learns he is to become a father. He accepts a framed fight and then crosses up the crossers and goes home to the little woman. Old stuff, well done.

TWIN HUSBANDS—Invincible

THERE'S a plentiful helping of suspense, action and romance, but the story is a bit too melodramatic and, at times, illogical. John Miljan plays a polished crook who, forced to assume a false identity, turns the situation to his advantage, thereby foiling villainous Monroe Owsley and winning Shirley Grey. Miljan carries the burden of the acting.

CHANNEL CROSSING—Gaumont-British

LOCALE of this melodramatic British offering is a ship enroute from Dover to Calais. And the scurrying about of pleasure-seeking passengers makes it all the more convincing. Besides Constance Cummings, Anthony Bushell and Nigel Bruce, known to American audiences, there is Matheson Lang who handles the rôle of a ruined financier with *finesse*.

WHEN STRANGERS MEET—Liberty

THE Grand Hotel idea, applied to a bungalow court. Richard Cromwell, son of the rascally landlord, and Arline Judge, daughter of the court drunk, are in love. The landlord is caught by a tenant making advances to his wife. The landlord murders the two. And, of course, everybody is suspected. However, it finally works out and Richard and Arline plan their own future.

I CAN'T ESCAPE—Beacon Prod.

ONSLow STEVENS' splendid characterization keeps this story running smoothly and interestingly. In a hired dress suit, his

first night out of jail where he has been railroaded by crooked bond dealers, he meets Lila Lee, a free and easy lady. They fall in love and decide on the straight and narrow. Onslow is saved from another dirty deal by Russell Gleason, and everybody's happy.

BLUE STEEL—Monogram

FOR the amusement of Western addicts and the youngsters, our handsome hero John Wayne once again shoots and gallops his way out of several jams when a band of outlaws attempt to take over a community because of gold deposits. George Hayes is the sheriff, and Eleanor Hunt the romantic interest.

MONEY MEANS NOTHING—Monogram

WALLY FORD, shipping clerk, is pursued and married by a rich girl, Gloria Shea. He loses his job, indirectly through her wealthy relatives who make fun of his boss, Edgar Kennedy. Then the panic is on. But Gloria sticks, Wally gets another job and traps a gang of thieves for good measure. Maidel Turner stands out as a gossiping neighbor. A few dull spots, but as a whole quite entertaining.

THE BLUE LIGHT—Mayfair Prod.

EXQUISITE photography and Leni Riefenstahl's inspired performance are a combination for intelligent audiences. Story is about superstitions of the Tyroleans when a blue light appears on a mountain peak at each full



Barbara Pepper is one of the newest and loveliest blonde menaces on the screen. She's the "other woman" in "Our Daily Bread"

moon. There is little dialogue—part Italian, part German—but those not knowing either language will have no difficulty in following the story.

ONCE TO EVERY BACHELOR—Liberty

A VETERAN comedy-drama plot, but the cast gives it life and sparkle. Neil Hamilton, young Park Avenue-er, marries Marian Nixon when his aunt threatens to close her purse, rumors having reached her in Paris of an affair with Aileen Pringle. Neil takes his wife over to straighten things out, not knowing she's in a jam with police and gangsters.

TOMORROW'S CHILDREN—Bryan Foy Prod.

AN argument against the delicate subject of sterilization for the habitual drunkard, the weak-minded and the congenitally crippled. The Welfare Board, aiding a degenerate family whose sole support is one daughter, Diane Sinclair, insist upon sterilizing the whole family. But the girl is saved when it is discovered she is only a foster child. Sterling Holloway is the picture's one bright spot. Not recommended for children.

THE MAN FROM UTAH—Monogram

EXPOSING a gang of bank robbers who work a neat rodeo racket is John Wayne's job in this bang-up Western. And, in league with sheriff George Hayes, Wayne takes the situation in hand. Effective rodeo scenes add thrills. Polly Ann Young is the hero's prize.

THE WOMAN COMMANDS—Gaumont-British

ALTHOUGH Edward Everett Horton helps this English film considerably, he has appeared to much better advantage. Neither the comedy situations nor Cicely Courtneidge's portrayal as Queen in command of the *Marcello* vaudeville troupe rate more than a few hand-claps. Anthony Bushell and Dorothy Hyson are the romancers.

HIGH SCHOOL GIRL—Bryan Foy Prod.

PLOT and dialogue are directed toward propaganda for early sex-knowledge to prevent youthful tragedies. It's more a preachment than screen drama. Crane Wilbur, who dares to teach sex hygiene in the high school, is ousted by Cecilia Parker's parents. But when trouble comes, they see the light. Well presented with Noel Warwick and Carlyle Moore, Jr. in support.

STOLEN SWEETS—Chesterfield

THINGS just jumble along in an on-again off-again sort of way in this picture about heiress Sallie Blane, who can't make up her mind between the first-class boy she's engaged to and the second-class fellow she falls in love with. Finally, Charles Starrett takes the situation in hand, but gets himself a peck of trouble. Pretty poor screen fare.



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